THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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More Than 2,000,000 Circulation Weekly

Kleinert's

Dress Shields Chart

ALL Kleinert's Dress Shields carry a positive guarantee against *damage to the garment* by fault of the shield.

ALL Kleinert's Dress Shields carry a positive guarantee against *damage to the garment* by fault of the shield.

My friends who perspire between the bust and arm need protection that no regular shape can give—even in the larger sizes. I advise for them a specially designed shield—high in front—Kleinert's *Proper Shape* Dress Shield.

For every day use under ordinary circumstances in house dresses and street gowns, I wear Kleinert's *Regular Shape* Dress Shield.

For evening dress—I require a short flap shield that will not show; so I wear Kleinert's *Opera Shape* Dress Shield.

For balls and receptions, with very low, very short sleeved gowns, I want even a shorter flap; so I ask for Kleinert's *Full Dress* Dress Shield.

Even the "Proper Shape" is not high enough in front for some women. They perspire so freely that the *only* shield that gives them full protection is Kleinert's *High Point* Dress Shield.

With my shirt waists I want a short flap too,—invisible even in sheerest waist—But *back* flaps may be short and give me all the protection I need.

*So I select Kleinert's *Crescent Shape* Dress Shield

FOR TRAVELING and for convenience I always have a pair or two of Kleinert's *Onandoff*—a shield that goes in quickly with the safety pin and loop that come with it. Also have some of Kleinert's *E-so-on*, a regular shaped Kleinert's Dress Shield that fastens into the waist with a little clip which comes attached to the shield—takes no sewing.

Kleinert's Gem

Made of pure de-odorised rubber,—double covered with fine nainsook. Pure rubber, as any surgeon will tell you, is the only substance absolutely proof against every acid. Kleinert's Gem is a little more costly than any other dress shield. It is by a *great deal* the best dress shield ever made.

Kleinert's Featherweight

Made of fine nainsook coated with rubber. The lightest, whitest of dress shields. Many of my friends prefer it for this reason.

*The *Lingerie*—a Crescent shaped shield,—lace trimmed.
Double Black Fauné—The warranted *fast* black shield.

BE sure you choose the right *shape* of dress shield. A shape expressly for *your* figure and the purpose for which you are going to use the shield. Be sure it is the right *size*.

As to material.

There are four good *kinds* of dress shields. Kleinert makes all four,—and in *all* shapes.

Choose the kind you like best. It's a matter of taste.

FOR NEGLIGEE COSTUMES—with kimona sleeve—I wear Kleinert's *Eton*. It goes on like a jacket,—and fits beautifully.

Kleinert's *Kimona* garment shield is like the Eton—but has only tapes to hold it in place. The lightest, simplest arrangement imaginable.

Kleinert's Olympia

Like the Featherweight—with an extra inside cover of nainsook. The only dress shield that may be sent to the laundry *in a garment* and come back uninjured.

Kleinert's Juno

No rubber. Made by the most experienced, oldest firm in the dress shield business, it is natural this should be quite the best of *no rubber* shields.

Kleinert's Dress Shields come also covered in pure linen which many prefer; and in Japanese silk, which is not so serviceable as nainsook. Both these coverings are more costly than nainsook.

All Kleinert's Dress Shields may be washed in hot water and ironed back to perfect freshness.

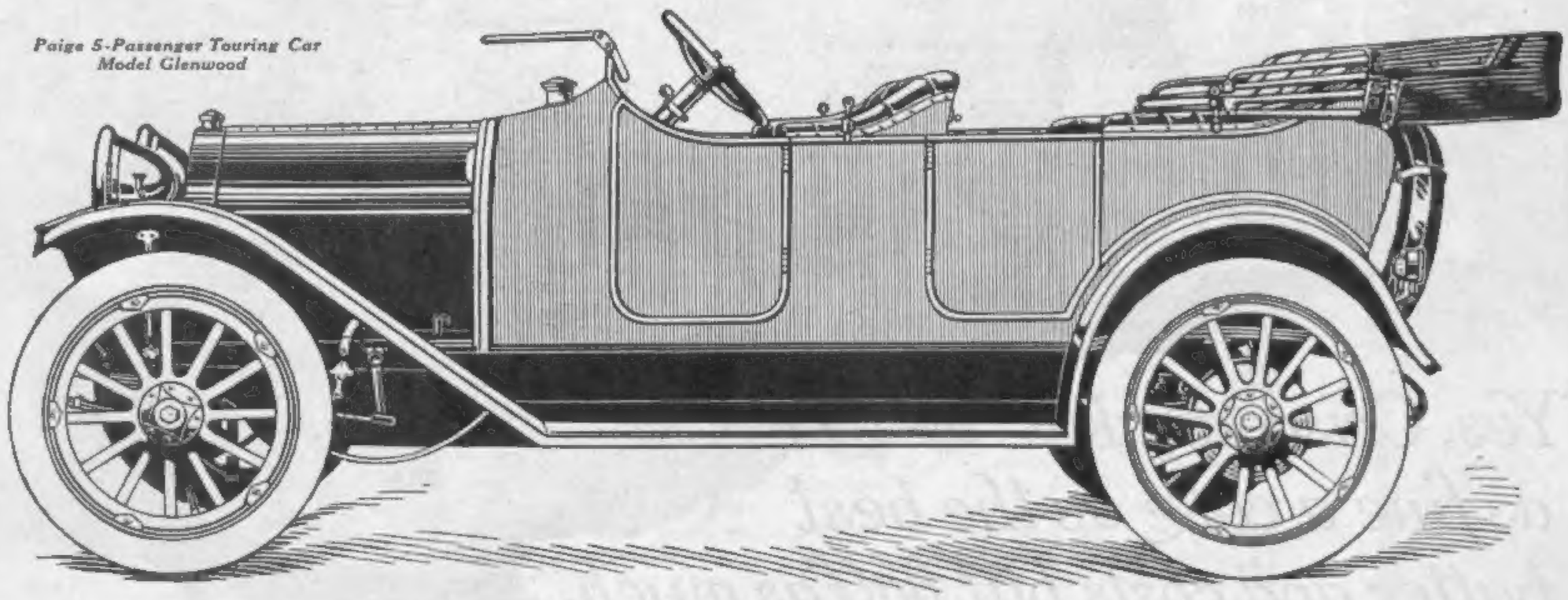
The construction of this remarkable car is as extraordinary as its equipment.

PAIGE 36

$1275

Gray & Davis Electric Starting and Lighting System—116 inch Wheel Base—Silent Chain Driven Motor Gears—Left Side Drive—Center Control—Cork Insert Clutch.

Paige 5-Passenger Touring Car
Model Glenwood



YOU KNOW a good deal about the *unusual* equipment of the Paige "36." You know it has the famous Gray & Davis Electric Starting and Lighting System. That point of itself is enough to mark the Paige as a *distinctive value* in its price field. You know it has the Bosch Magneto, for ignition. No better to be had. Then think of all the rest of the equipment—ventilating windshield (built into the body), silk mohair top (tan lined), top boot and curtains, Stewart revolving dial speedometer, 12-inch electric headlights, electric side and tail lamps, five demountable rims, robe and foot rails, extra tire irons, license bracket and all the incidental equipment such as horn, pump, jack, tools, etc. The trimmings throughout are of heavy nickel.

But now we want to emphasize this one fact—that this EXTRAORDINARY equipment is not one whit more extraordinary than the CONSTRUCTION of the car.

IT IS generally conceded that we have accomplished a great work in being able to produce and sell the Paige "36," with such splendid equipment, for $1275.

It *is* a great work because, leaving aside any consideration of the equipment, the car itself is an extraordinary car.

The quality of the car, from any viewpoint, measures right up to the quality of the equipment. If anything, *above* it.

This statement is easily *provable*.

We want your primary consideration on the CAR, not the equipment.

The Paige motor has made the Paige reputation. For the Paige motor is *right*. We build our own motors in our own modern plant, and we could not build them more carefully or test them more accurately if we were building them for a $2500 car.

The Paige "36" motor is a powerful, quiet, economical 4-cylinder engine. It has a 5-inch stroke, with 4-inch bore. The cylinders, of gray iron, are cast en bloc, giving the utmost rigidity and perfect alignment, with the highest degree of simplicity.

We do not simply bore and ream our cylinders. We bore and ream them and then we *season* them for weeks. And *after* they are seasoned we *grind* them to a *hair-line precision*. It's a high-price practice but it contributes to Paige motor efficiency.

Paige water jackets are large, and Paige owners never have trouble with an overheated motor.

The intake manifold is of aluminum and *very short*—made possible by location of gasoline tank in the dash. This eliminates condensation of gas vapor in the manifold and gives most effective carburetion.

The connecting rods are *drop-forged* from high-carbon steel, and very long—10½ inches. These long connecting rods, together with the fact that the cylinders are off-set in the direction of rotation, reduce side-thrust to a minimum and eliminate unequal wear in the cylinder walls.

The heavy crankshaft is made of very strong, drop-forged and heat-treated steel and runs in three extra long bearings—front bearing 3 inches, center bearing 2½ inches, rear bearing 4 inches.

The Paige "36" motor is as quiet as the watch in your pocket. We believe it is as quiet as any motor ever built. Our chain drive for camshaft and pump shaft help *make* it quiet.

The *aluminum* crankcase is light and strong, as a crankcase should be.

Paige "36" lubrication is a feature of this unusual car. In no other detail of Paige "36" design do we feel greater pride. It is *perfect* and *constant lubrication* for every working part.

If there is any more efficient clutch than the *multiple disc cork insert clutch* we don't know it. That's why we use this clutch which is found elsewhere only on higher priced cars.

There is strength all through the Paige "36." Strength in the 4-inch deep pressed steel frame. Strength in the drop-forged front axle and the floating type rear axle—axles that are strong enough for a car of *twice* the weight. Strength in the drop-forged steering knuckles. Strength in the big 34-inch wheels. Strength in the brake control.

There's strength and safety in every part and every detail of the Paige. And there is sturdiness, too, in the sheet steel body and the heavy, firm fenders.

We have given you here just a few hints of the nicety of Paige construction. We can't tell you *all* about it in space like this. We want you to see the car itself, to take it *all apart*, figuratively speaking, and see for yourself that it is *just as good as its equipment, or better*.

There are five body types of the Paige "36," each a distinctively stylish, serviceable car—touring car, roadster, raceabout, coupé and sedan.

PAIGE 25 $950

The Paige Line also includes Paige "25," a most excellent car for those who want a smaller car than the Paige "36."

Paige "25" is just as remarkably priced. We do not believe any other manufacturer ever offered such value at less than a thousand dollars.

Careful construction and painstaking workmanship have made the Paige "25" a leader in its field. These same qualities will keep it in its leadership.

Two popular types, Model Brunswick, 5-passenger touring car, and Model Kenilworth, a snappy, graceful roadster, both at $950.

Regularly equipped in nickel trimming, with rain-vision windshield, silk mohair top, top boot and curtains, Stewart speedometer, 5 nickel and black enamel lamps, Prest-O-Lite tank, 5 demountable rims, tire irons, horn, pump, jack, tools, etc.

If you don't know your Paige dealer, ask us. Write for catalogue today.

PAIGE-DETROIT MOTOR CAR COMPANY, 265 Twenty-first Street, DETROIT, MICH.

"Yes, Crisco makes as fine a cake as the best butter and costs but half as much."

Any woman who uses Crisco for cake making will tell you so.

Why shouldn't it?

It is even richer than butter. Butter is almost one-fifth water. Crisco is 100 per cent. shortening.

It is shortening of the best grade. Strictly vegetable in origin and manufactured by a scientific process which produces a product of the highest quality and of absolute uniformity.

It has only a mild, delicate, natural odor and flavor.

It is absolutely pure and clean—easy to digest, perfectly wholesome.

It is of just the right consistency—neither too hard nor too soft—to cream readily with the other ingredients.

In a word,

CRISCO
For Frying-For Shortening For Cake Making

embodies *everything* that, up to the present, has enabled butter alone to produce the most delicious cake.

In addition, it makes the cake keep fresh so much longer that women need bake but once a week to have fresh cake all the time.

Yet, with all these desirable qualities, Crisco costs only half as much as butter.

Women are as successful with their bakings as when they used butter. Women who always have been careful to use the best butter, now are enthusiastic about Crisco. Is not the promise of such perfect satisfaction and great economy enough to make *you* try it?

GET a package from your grocer today. Try Crisco in your favorite cake recipe. Try it also in frying and for pastry, bread and biscuits. It gives such pleasing results in the most delicate cake that it must be greatly superior to ordinary fats for all other kinds of cooking.

Use a fifth less of Crisco than you would of butter or lard. When using it where you would butter, add salt in the proportion of a level teaspoonful to each cupful of Crisco.

This Free Cook Book

gives 100 tested recipes showing the best way to use Crisco throughout your cooking. Send for a copy to The Procter & Gamble Co., Dept. K, Cincinnati, Ohio.

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LETTING GEORGE DO IT

By Henry Kitchell Webster

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

"I Never Minded When We Were Poor"

MELISSA should not be allowed to cry! That was an axiom at the foundation of cosmos. She was too pretty—and it spoiled her looks. When her eyelids got puffy and her nose red, and her delicious little short upper lip, which ought to come curving out under her small nose, began to bulge, you would hardly have known she was a pretty girl at all. George did not like to look at her, even when he had not done it. This time he had done it.

She had been smiling when she came into his den and sat down on the arm of his chair, though the news she had come to bring him was that both the maids were going to leave. The thing was rather a joke, because they were sisters, and they had quarreled as to which sink the silver was to be washed in and which of them was to do it. If there were a third upstairs maid, they represented to Melissa, the matter would be easy of solution. Failing that, they would have to leave. They had quarreled to the point where they would not speak to each other, addressing all their remarks through Melissa; but they were unanimous about this. Melissa had suggested that she keep one of them and let the other find a job somewhere else, but the answer to that was they could not be separated. They would not work together, but they could not live apart. So there was nothing for it but to let them go. And they were both so good!

"What is the matter with their solution?" George wanted to know. "We can afford it, of course. Don't forget that we've struck oil! This month's check was over three thousand dollars! Three maids for two people and a small house are ridiculous, I know; but, if it makes things simpler, why not?"

"But it doesn't!" cried Melissa. "If I got another maid, then I'd have to hire a housekeeper to keep them busy. It's just impossible, any way you try to work it! Oh!—and I forgot! You'll have to speak to the new furnace man. He won't empty the garbage pails. He says it isn't his job, and that it isn't his fault the house doesn't get warm until half past ten in the morning. Perhaps if you talk to him you can make him see things differently."

"Why in blazes should I talk to him? I haven't anything to do with it!"

Melissa did not get cross at that, though it was her cue to do so. Instead, she patted George's hand indulgently and laughed. And then she waited a minute, looking down on the top of his head with a thoughtful, cautious expression, as if she were trying to make up her mind whether the dog would bite or not. George, of course, saw nothing of that.

"Just hopelessly impossible—in the suburbs!" she said, and then went on, with a little rush: "But there is a way to be comfortable, ducky: Let the maids go, and the furnace man too; and call in the plumber to drain the pipes—and go into town and rent the dearest love of an apartment——" The dog bit.

"No!!" roared George.

Melissa turned stately and rose from the arm of his chair. She had not begun to cry yet.

"I never minded when we were poor, or even when we were comfortable but economizy—having the cook leave and doing the work myself; and spoiling my hands and my complexion and my clothes; and pretending I liked it—so that you wouldn't worry; and peeking through the portières when the doorbell rang, to see whether I dared answer it or whether it was some one come to call. But, now we're getting rich, I hate it. It seems as if we might afford to be decently comfortable."

"And you want to go for comfort to a cooped-up little flat, where there isn't room to throw anything, or turn round, or breathe! Where'd I have my workshop? How could I get any exercise? What if I wanted to bore a hole in anything?"

This was when Melissa began to cry in a quiet, forlorn little way, so that it was a minute or two before George noticed. But the fact that she did not answer made his victory seem rather cheap. So he went on:

"Of course it is ridiculous that we should have to live along, never knowing where our next cook is coming from, and having the pipes freeze and the furnace threaten to blow up every few days; and never seeing the last act of anything, because if we missed the ten-fifty-eight and had to stay in town all night there was no knowing what would happen at home! It's rougher on you, I suppose, than it is on me—though I hadn't thought of that before. But the answer isn't an apartment!"

He felt rather pleased with the fairness of these remarks until Melissa turned tragically away from the window, sniffled, and applied her wet little wad of a handkerchief to each eye and then to her nose. Then George's heart smote him—so hard that she was out of the room before he could muster a word to say.

It was about an hour later that he found her in the kitchen peeling potatoes.

"The maids are both going on the noon train," she said; "so I thought I'd better be getting ready for lunch." The potatoes were knobby and the knife was dull, and George did not like the way it threatened to gash one of her pink fingers every time she brought it round. He reached out and took the potato away from her—and the knife too—and sat down on the table, holding her hands.

"It isn't being out here in the country you hate—is it?" he asked—"having a big yard, and no need to pull down the curtains, and lots of room and air? It's the accessories. If the job could be properly done you wouldn't mind?"

"I'd love it," said Melissa. "I suppose I love it anyway."

"Well," said George, "I've been thinking it over, and I've decided to find out what's the matter with the job. I'm going to take it myself."

Melissa pulled her hands away and got up.

"What are you thinking about? What job?"

"Running this house—our domestic plant! The system's wrong somehow. I'm going to find out what's the matter with it. I think it will be interesting. And I need a vacation, anyway."

"So you're going to try your hand at hiring the next cook——"

"Hire nothing!" said George. "I'm going to be the next cook!"

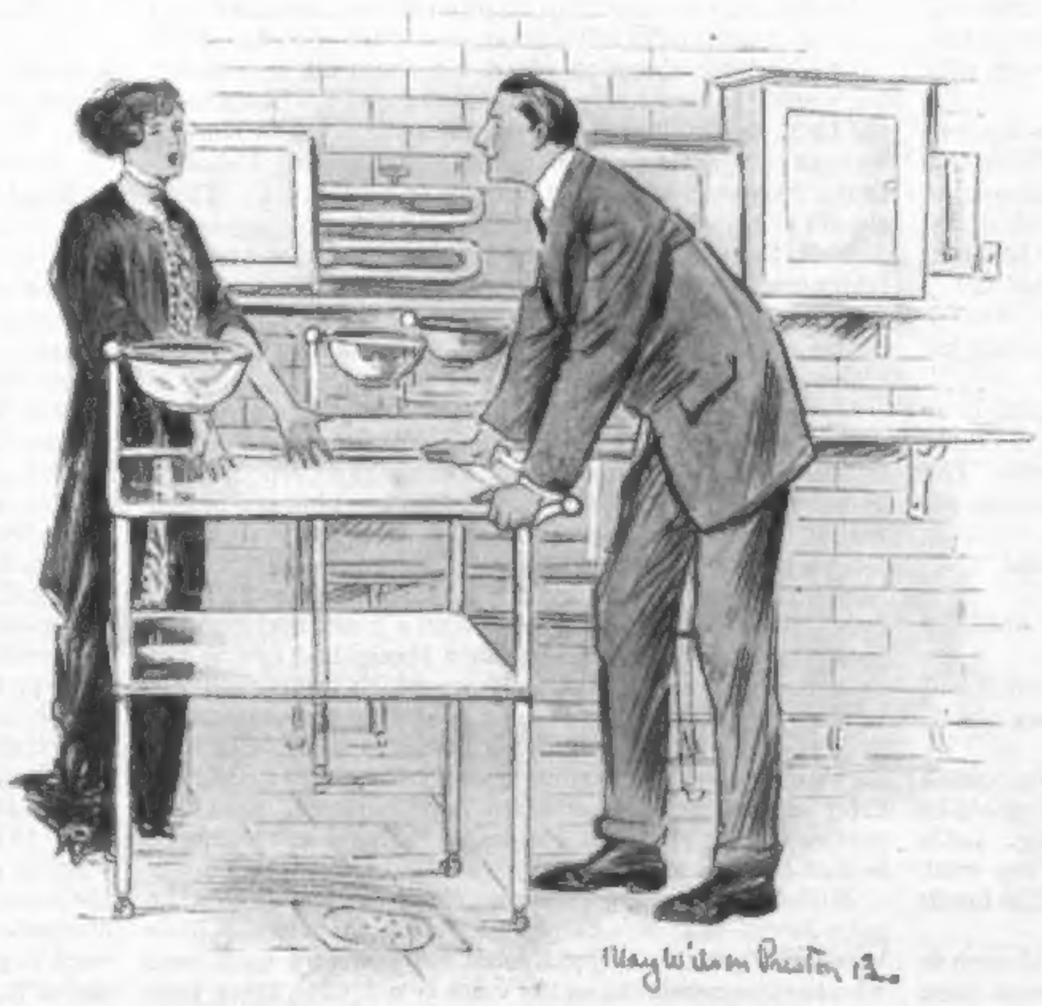
Melissa shrugged her shoulders.

"If you think it's anything to joke about——"

"I was never more serious in my life," he grinned.

"If you think," she went on, "that it will help matters any to have you messing round the kitchen for a day or two, breaking half the

They Quarreled as to Which Sink the Silver Was to be Washed In



"It's Like an Operating Room in a Hospital"

dishes and getting things into such a state that it will take me three days, with a cleaning woman, before I dare let a new cook come out here—you're very much mistaken! It's ridiculous! You never cooked anything in your life."

"Lots of things," he contradicted—"in the laboratory. Ever so much more dangerous things than potatoes! I guess I can read a cookbook. There can't be any mystery about it. I'm going to see if the combination of a little common sense with a certain amount of scientific intelligence won't accomplish something. You've got plenty of common sense"—he went hastily, for a sudden gleam in her eyes made him nervous—"but when it comes to scientific intelligence you don't show! You never started."

Melissa took off her big apron.

"All right!" she assented briefly. "Let's see if your scientific intelligence is up to getting the lunch."

George caught the apron as it crumpled to the floor.

"At half past one," he announced firmly, "your lunch will be ready."

She watched him buttoning on the apron. He was not quite so clumsy about it as she expected. She could not make up her mind whether to be heartless and laugh or to be sorry for him or to stay indignant. He looked up and seemed surprised that she should still be standing there, but he smiled amiably.

"Run along," he said; "but please be prompt at half past one."

That settled it. With a haughty inclination of her beautiful head, she turned and swept from the room. That was how George described it to himself as he heard the door slam. But then his taste in fiction was low. When she had walked half a block she turned and came back.

"Let's not be silly," she said, pausing tentatively in the kitchen doorway. "You can't possibly get lunch. You don't know where anything is."

George looked at her and made his eyes glare and his cheeks puff out.

"Shoo!" he said. "'*Raus!*"

This time Melissa really was mad! She had only been pretending before. She was going away and she was not coming back—at least, not to eat his ridiculous lunch. She would catch the eleven-seventeen into town and shop apartments. She would get Florence to go with her and they could have lunch together. Perhaps when she came home at night he would be tired of his joke.

Suppose he did manage to have an eatable meal ready at half past one though! It was impossible, of course. But would it not be better to be on hand at the exact hour and gloat over him? If he got into enough of a mess perhaps he'd be willing to go to town with her on the two-twenty-two and look at apartments himself. Anyway, Florence was in the hands of a dressmaker and could not go.

Florence's new frock was rather exciting; and the question whether you should get that new draped-in effect round the knees, with a rigid braid or with a band of garter rubber sewed on inside, was so absorbing, with its various corollaries and connotations, that Melissa forgot all about George and narrowly missed being late for lunch. She made it, though, by half a minute, and walked hurriedly into the dining room with her coat and hat on.

Now here is where you are going to be surprised—because you are expecting just what Melissa did. You think this paragraph is going to contain a lurid account of chaos; of greasy black smoke settling in the curtains; of sticky liquids dripping from shelves and tables on to the floor; of a saffron nimbus of profanity floating about the head of poor George, who has been overtaken by poetic justice for his rash invasion of woman's sphere—and who, when his wrath has cooled, will humbly ask to be forgiven.

Melissa was so clear about this, she had her kind little words of condolence so well rehearsed, that it was rather a shock to her to find the house looking as usual. The next thing she noticed was that the dining table was set for one. The worst of it was, it was correctly set.

George came in and pulled her chair back for her.

"How about you?" she asked.

"It was your lunch that was to be at half past one," he told her. "I've had mine."

The lunch consisted of bouillon, creamed eggs, salad and cheese—and there was coffee afterward. Melissa ate it, course by course, in the silence of stupefaction.

"Well!" she sighed, as he poured her coffee into a small cup. "I don't see how you did it. But I'm not going to apologize until I've seen the kitchen. Come along. Let's wash up. I don't care how bad the kitchen is," she went on, for a peremptory gesture had arrested her. "The lunch was worth it."

"It was a pretty good lunch," he admitted, "though it was rather low in carbohydrates. But that won't hurt you. You're going to be fat if you don't look out!"

"Just for that," observed Melissa, after an ominous silence, "you can wash up the dishes yourself! And I don't care what the kitchen looks like."

"Precisely," said George; "and you aren't going to know until I've got this job finished."

"How long do you think it's going to take?"

"I don't know. Probably longer than I thought. I'm inventing a potato peeler just now. And I expect I'll have to write a cookbook—unless there's one somewhere that's written by a man."

"Oh!" cried Melissa. "You're simply ——" And again she swept majestically toward the door.

"Let me know if you're having any one in to tea," said George calmly. "And dinner will be at seven, as usual."

She called him up from Florence's about four o'clock to say that she wouldn't be back for tea. She had meant to stay home, to be ready to rush to the rescue the moment he flew distress signals. She had gone to the kitchen door two or three times, but the disconcerting silence out there had been too much for her courage. If only he would smash a dish! So she went back to Florence.

"Perhaps it's just as well," he said over the 'phone, when she told him she was not coming back. "I'm pretty busy."

"The Maids are Both Going on the Noon Train, So I Thought I'd Better be Getting Ready for Lunch"

"Got the dishes washed up yet?" asked Melissa. "And don't you want me to help with the dinner?"

He did not want any help with the dinner, it seemed, and he was downright evasive about the lunch dishes. If she would be back sharp at seven, that was all he wanted. "It's going to be a really good dinner; and it's likely to be the last one you'll get at home for some time." No—he was not getting tired of the job and going to quit; but after today he was going to be too busy to cook much. There should always be a bite for her, of course.

Well, there was nothing to be got out of him over the telephone, that was clear—especially with Florence there listening and wondering what it was all about. Melissa controlled her curiosity until six. Then she went home and walked straight out into the kitchen.

George had on a suit of overalls and was slicing an onion, derisively reading aloud the while from the cookbook, which lay propped open before him with a monkey wrench. Also he was smoking a pipe, and the kitchen was blue and brown with it. But it wasn't George that caused her gasp of horror!

The person he was reading aloud to was Florence's husband! He was smoking a cigar. He was sprawled out over the table in his shirtsleeves with a pencil and a pad of paper; and he was gazing with a thoughtful eye at the open doorway to her pantry, from which there exuded a miscellaneous heap of kitchenware—frying pans, stewpans, boilers, blazers. The whole kitchen was horrible to look at, with its own litter rampant everywhere and a different litter of George's importation superimposed. But the particular part of it that Florence's husband was gazing at in that fascinated sort of way was the worst.

Melissa, as I said, gasped and stood there staring. She gave Jerry—that was Florence's husband's name—a little bow and then turned on George. She wasn't quite sure whether she could control her voice or not; also, there were tears that were going to spill over in a minute.

"I'd like," she said, "to speak to you a minute, George."

"You'll spoil the brown sauce if you keep me too long!" he began when he had followed her into the room she could not break him of calling the parlor.

She had gone in there because it was farthest away from the kitchen. But it would have taken more than brown sauce to divert Melissa. She closed the door behind him. Then, her blue eyes dark with tragic indignation, she turned on him.

"I never knew you to do a downright mean thing before. You're silly sometimes, and stupid. I suppose all men are. But this is the first really lowdown thing I've ever known you to do. And I don't see how you could!"

"When you tell me what it is I've done," said George politely, but really because he was cross and knew that tone made her wilder than anything else—at least, that was Melissa's explanation—"then perhaps I may be able to explain."

"Didn't you tell Jerry what you are doing—cooking my meals and washing my dishes? Didn't you deliberately take him out to the kitchen and show him? I suppose you'll say it was time to get dinner when he came and that you hadn't any other place to take him! What if it was time to get dinner! Do you suppose I'd have minded if it had been late? That horrible kitchen! And he'll go home and tell Florence—and tomorrow it'll be all over town. Oh! And you needn't pretend you weren't laughing—because I saw you!"

"We laughed," said George, "in order not to weep. We were horrified—really. I never suspected before what a frightful place a kitchen is, and neither did Jerry. It's simply medieval!"

"Huh!" sniffed Melissa. "Does Jerry think that Florence's is any better? Or would be after he had been messing round in it all day?"

"No," said George. "It was the thought that this one was probably as good as any in town that really made us sick."

Melissa observed frostily she did not see that it was any business of Jerry's anyway.

"That's exactly what it is," said George—"business! He didn't drop in. I sent for him professionally. This thing is going enough beyond my depth so that I wanted his services as consulting electrical engineer. I've got to pay him fifty dollars a day. We're going to the bottom of this business. We're starting a new epoch—that's what we're doing."

The new epoch did not impress Melissa very much, but the fifty dollars a day did. When she discovered that George meant it; that it was not just a low, masculine joke, the notion of paying a man three hundred and fifty dollars a week to work in her kitchen—a man, mind you, who didn't begin to know as much about such things as an ordinary seven-dollar cook—reduced her to a comparative speechlessness that gave George his opportunity.

"That's the point," he said. "Exactly! The wisdom of the seven-dollar cook has been the sieve that everything in the kitchen has been strained through. If a man made any appliance it had to be something that would appeal to her. Some of them are ingenious enough, but nothing has any relation to anything else. The cooks themselves, professional and amateur, have accumulated a lot of facts—how to make short piecrust and chicken *à la* King—but they never put two and two together. There's nothing really complicated about cooking. You have to apply heat to things to make them fit to eat, and then you have to put things in to make them taste good—salt, and so on. But the trouble is that none of your appliances really applies. Nothing is where you want it. You break your back leaning over a sink and almost get a stroke of apoplexy trying to look into the oven, which is fifteen inches above the floor, and where no light can possibly shine into it anyway. Everybody knows that water doesn't dissolve fats; yet women have gone on for a thousand years trying to get greasy dishes clean by putting them into a pan of warm water and swabbing them with a rag. Then they empty the water down the drain, which the grease clogs up, and hang up the rag to dry."

It began to look as if George had forgotten about the brown sauce himself.

"Now," he went on, "Jerry and I are going at this as if it were any other sort of manufacturing proposition. He's going to attend to the electrical end of it. That's the only way, of course, of handling power—or heat, it comes to the same thing—discontinuously. And the essence of the domestic problem is that it is discontinuous. You never want anything long. I'm going to look after the efficiency end of it. You get in your raw material and manufacture it—that's cooking; deliver it to the consumer—that's

serving; and dispose of the refuse. And that, except for keeping your house clean and warm, is all there is to it."

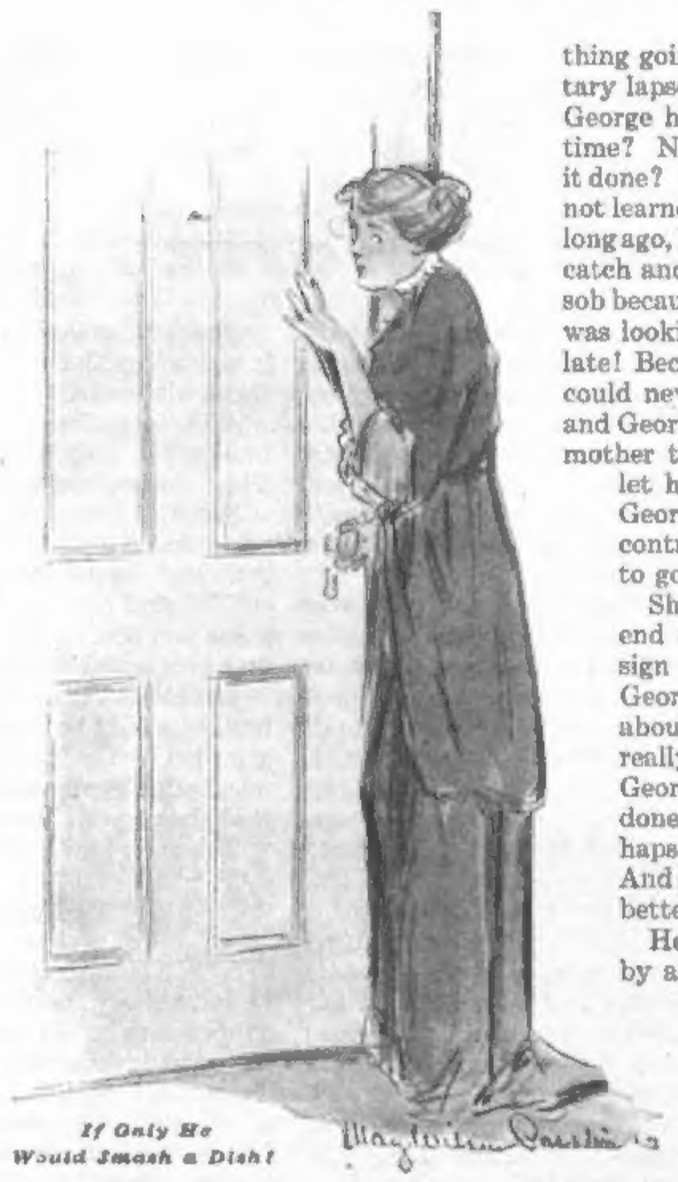
At that moment there arose frantic cries from Jerry in the kitchen, their purport being that something in the oven was burning up.

"There's another thing," said George: "Bergson says that what gave us the bulge over the animals was that we could start things going and go away and leave them, while the animals had to stay right on the job until they had finished what they had to do. It gave us leisure to use our minds. But women, you see, have had to stay right by the oven door all the time to see that the roast didn't burn. That's why they are so much stronger on instinct than they are on intelligence. That's another thing we'll fix."

Melissa flung open the door with a gesture that reminded George of one of those haughty princesses who were always the heroines of his favorite sort of fiction.

"Will you go and put out the fire?" she demanded. "Or shall I?"

"It's just the roast; and I'm afraid it's spoiled by now, anyway," sighed George; and then he paused in the doorway. "Look here! Why don't you go and dine with Florence? You can tell her that Jerry is going to be working late. When we get through I'll come down with him and bring you home."



If Only He Would Smash a Dish!

"I don't believe I care for any dinner." Melissa spoke with quiet dignity, but the throaty quaver in her voice would have melted George's heart if he had heard Ethel Barrymore do it on the stage.

"I think I'll just go to bed."

He might have shown a little remorse at that, but he didn't. He positively brightened up.

"That'll simplify things quite a lot," he observed as he started down the hall. But when he had gone a pace or two he stopped again.

"There's some sort of patent biscuit I found in the pantry; and it says on the box that one of them contains as much nourishment as half a pound of porterhouse steak. Perhaps, if I got you one of those ——"

"Those were got for Fido," said Melissa icily. "I used to try to get him to eat them, but the poor little dear never would. So I don't believe you need bring one to me."

She ran in to say good-by to Florence next morning on her way to the eleven-seventeen.

"Oh, we only decided on it in a hurry—last night," she explained—"though mother has been at me to come for ever so long. But both the maids left yesterday and the house is all torn up; so we thought it would be a good time for it."

"But," gasped Florence, "what is poor George going to do, with no cook and the house like that?"

"'Poor George' says he is going to have the time of his life."

"Well, we shall do our best to make him comfortable."

"That's lovely of you, dear," said Melissa.

II

MELISSA'S mother was a perfect housekeeper, which is probably one reason why perfect housekeeping had never made a very vivid appeal to Melissa. There never was a servant problem at mother's home. Her cook had worked for her twenty-seven years; the second maid, a mere upstart, twenty; while the coachman looked down on both of them from the pinnacle of thirty years of service.

To Melissa, during her six hours' ride on the train, this seemed like a port after storms. She saw now that she had never appreciated it when it was her own home. She had not appreciated her mother either. Could she remember, in all those years, a single thing going wrong?—an even momentary lapse into chaos, such as she and George had been slipping into all the time? No—she could not. How was it done? And why in the world had she not learned the secret from her mother long ago, before—Melissa let her breath catch and only managed to swallow a sob because the woman across the aisle was looking at her—before it was too late! Because, of course, it was! Things could never be the same between her and George again. But she'd make her mother tell her the secret anyway—let her practice it; so that when George had shown himself properly contrite she would be in a position to go back and show him.

She waited a week; but at the end of that time, there being no sign of a proper state of mind in George, she told her mother all about it. She supposed it had been really her own fault. Of course George had been silly and said and done outrageous things, but perhaps she had driven him to it. And she wanted to learn how to do better.

Her mother rather surprised her by agreeing with her about that.

Of course a man in a kitchen was a mere bull in a china shop. Women had an instinct for such things—a foreordained, *a priori* knowledge, providentially bestowed—which it was downright irreligious for a man to question. But if the angel of the house had allowed her instinct to become dormant, as was the case with Melissa, and did not tread her own quarter-deck with any assurance, you could not blame a man for being a fool and rushing in!

Those were not her mother's words exactly, but that was the general idea.

Melissa swallowed it dutifully, though it was not palatable. It sounded too much like what George had said about Bergson and the animals.

"The secret, my dear Melissa, is in two words: regularity and persistence. Three times since you came you have been late for the meal—twice for breakfast and once for dinner. Ellen has really been upset about it. You can't expect the servants to do their part unless you do yours. I don't believe that I've been late to a meal for twenty years!"

"But," Melissa protested, "you don't always want your breakfast at the same time! How can you tell when you want it until you find out how wide awake you are in the morning? And, of course, there are times when you simply have to be late for dinner."

"I know," her mother assented. "I felt the same way at your age. But man, my dear child, is a creature of habits."

"Not George!" Melissa interrupted. "He never cares whether things are on time or not."

"A creature of habits!" her mother proceeded firmly. "They may be irregular, careless habits, or they may be very different. What sort they are will depend very largely on his wife. If she gives him the right sort of habits he will find that she is necessary to him. And just in proportion as she is necessary to him she will be a happy woman."

Melissa thought that over for a while.

"I see," she mused at last. "I never thought you were so clever, mother. I always thought I was cleverer than you. But I never could have thought of that. You mean that it's up to me to get George into a set of habits that will make him perfectly helpless without me. When he's like that I'll have him where I want him!"

"Never in my life," said her mother severely, "have I said anything so slangy—not to say indelicate—as that!" It was what she meant though.

"I think I'll try to learn," said Melissa, though she repeated with a burlesque shiver: "Persistence and regularity!"

The postcard she got next morning from George clinched her resolution. "We are making mistakes, of course," he wrote, "but we're on the right track. Flexible and discontinuous—that's our motto and we're going to get it." The expression on her mother's face when Melissa read that to her spoke volumes. "Flexible and discontinuous!" She did not know exactly what he meant by it, but it sounded dangerous. "He'll be wanting his marriage to be flexible and discontinuous next!" she observed.

Melissa spent the rest of the day blistering her fingers, laming her wrist and scorching her face in an attempt to make apple dumplings. If she could make the only sort of apple dumplings George liked, and if he got so that he could not be happy unless he had them every Saturday night, it was clear that to that extent, at least, she would "have" George.

She went at other things besides cooking too—got hints on bedmaking, dusting, dishwashing, and so on, from her mother. There should be nothing in the whole domestic bag of tricks that she did not know when she went back to George! He would not like it at first. It took time to form the right sort of habits and she had wasted precious years. But from now on the Medes and Persians would have nothing on Melissa when it came to establishing an inflexible routine.

She worked so hard she worried her mother, until one day a postcard came from George that read like this:

"Gee, but it will be good to have you back! When I think about you getting off the train in that dinky little new blue suit of yours, with the fur trimming round it, I quit thinking I'm tired and put in another hour's work. But don't you dare come until I telegraph!"

She slowed down a little on the cooking and dusting after that, and took to brushing her hair religiously a hundred strokes every night. Also she sent a mail order for her own particular sort of cold cream.

Consequently, when she did get off the train at last, in the new blue suit George had specified, though her stock of domestic lore was undoubtedly greater than when she went away she was rather more sharply aware that she had never looked any prettier in her life than she did right then. And if the expression she saw in his face were any criterion she certainly looked good to George.

He took her to a jeweler's and bought her one of those gold-chain bags; and then to an expensive place—without music—for luncheon; and after that, to her surprise, suggested they go to a matinée.

"But if we're to have dinner at home, and you haven't a cook, hadn't we better go straight home and begin getting it? Because we can't get home from the matinée before half past six."

"That's all right," George assured her. "You don't want dinner before seven, do you? You'll have plenty of time to wash up."

(Continued on Page 24)

"I'd Like to Speak to You a Minute, George"

THE ODD WOMAN

By Maude Radford Warren

IT IS a safe wager that every day in the world, in some street car or bus, a woman bearing the unmistakable hallmark of the unmated—the odd woman—will sit opposite some other woman bearing the equally unmistakable mint of the married. The spinster will say to herself: "I am better looking than she is and every bit as attractive. Why, she's homely, and she looks stupid too! Anyway I'd never let myself go as she has. But she got some man to marry her; I can see the ridge of the wedding-ring under her glove. Wonder what's the matter with me!"

They are Sure That Love and Marriage are Their Right

Her thoughts will sheer away from the woman opposite to one after another of her married friends, with no more good looks or charm or brains or unselfishness than herself, who have nevertheless married men well worth while. Yet no one worth spending her life with has proposed to her, and again she wonders what is wrong.

There are millions of odd women who ask themselves these questions. A whole series of Odysseys of the soul could be compiled from the answers they make to themselves. Some of them, who have remained humble and sentimental in spite of working like a man in a world made for men, will reply that whoever is worthy of love wins it. This moth-eaten fallacy is warranted in some cases to drug the heart quite as much as it dulls the edge of common sense. But the majority of odd women will reply that there is no accounting for the chances by which men choose their mates. Millions of women who would make excellent wives and mothers are left unmarried, and life, and the world, and their immediate families seem unaware that they have any problem, and enter into an unconscious conspiracy to complicate it.

Follow the homeward progress of one Jessie, somewhat past her first youth. Since about a quarter to five Jessie has been keenly aware of the office clock. She has half of her mind fixed on that and half of her mind fixed on a closed door leading to the inner office, because it is always possible that her particular species of the genus brute-employer may take a notion to dictate a few extra letters, quite oblivious of the fact that he pays for Jessie's time only until five P. M. With the rest of her mind Jessie types letters, till at two seconds past five the head clerk slams down the top of his desk. Then she goes to the cloakroom, dabs a bit of powder on her nose and the shiny places on her cheeks, puts on her wraps, and descends into the street surging with other girls like herself, hurrying a block or two to meet a street car in the hope of getting a seat.

Four times out of five she stands up, swaying on a strap, passively enduring the crush until the crowds thin out. As she stands she rests her brain. Jessie has only a fifteen-dollar-a-week brain, but for that very reason it tires more easily than would a thousand-dollar-a-week brain. If she isn't worth very much, at least she puts all of her mediocre self into that little. She gives quite as much as she gets. Perhaps, as she nears home, she begins to think a little, to wonder what mother will have for supper and whether Jim will call. If the ironing is done she can wear that white piqué Jim likes. She gets off the car and turns up the street and into the apartment building that is home.

Work to Do After Office Hours

NOW suppose Jessie were a man getting twenty-five dollars a week. She would be met, perhaps, by a cheery wife who would give her a conjugal kiss, of a degree of warmth depending on the length and strength of the marital tie, and would then say:

"Read your paper a moment, won't you? I'll have supper on the table in two shakes."

But what really happens is that when Jessie unlocks the door of the flat her mother, a very good mother too, calls out:

"That you, Jessie? Take off your things right away, dear, and lend me a hand setting the table. I'm late with things tonight, and you know how your father hates to wait for supper."

It never occurs to the mother—or to Jessie, if she is sweet-natured—that the girl is the victim of a paradoxical situation. She is no longer a home woman by occupation; she has to carry on the transactions of her outside world with less than a man's physical energy. Yet when she comes home no one arranges for her to rest and to be quite untrammeled by any home duties. On the contrary, as soon as she enters the flat she becomes a daughter of the house. She is not at all regarded as a worker in the world, but merely as the flesh and blood of her parents.

After supper, if Jim is expected, Jessie is urged by her mother to go to her room and dress. For no mother in the world can fail to put ahead of everything else her daughter's chance to marry. If Jim is not expected that particular evening Jessie may be called in for service to the family, or she may offer it. Perhaps her mother will say:

"I don't need you to help with the dishes tonight, Jessie. Just rest, child; you've had a hard day."

But Jessie is quite as likely to say:

"Mother, I'll wash and you wipe, and then you'll have time to darn Bob's stockings so that he can look decent going to school tomorrow. His knees are a sight!"

Even if Jessie's mother is of such stern stuff that she has decided to treat her breadwinner daughter, domestically, exactly as she treats her breadwinner husband, and permits no physical household service, still she cannot help relating to her daughter all the domestic calamities that have befallen her during the day, and she expects Jessie to help with the household problems.

However good-natured Jessie is, consciously or unconsciously she finds the home life wearing. In a dozen little ways her personality is being constantly invaded. Had she been able to stay in her home she would have taken these invasions for granted; they would have been part of the price she had to pay for financial dependence. But now she is independent financially and yet she still has to make feminine sacrifices in the home. Aunt Sarah comes to stay all night, bringing her daughter; Jessie has to share her bed with this daughter, who is a restless person. Jessie, feeling under par next morning, can scarcely avoid the reflection that if she had even a hall bedroom in some boarding house this sort of imposition could not have occurred. If her school-girl sister wants to borrow any of Jessie's clothes she does it as freely as if the father were paying for them instead of Jessie. If Bob brings a boy home after school to play, and is warned not to muss up the living room, he slips his friend into Jessie's room out of earshot of an admonishing parent.

Moreover, Jessie's mother, like most mothers, cannot consistently remember that her daughter is grown up, and has the habit of lessoning her and advising her. A score of such remarks as: "I would not wear that today," "Why didn't you do this?" "I told you what would happen if you didn't do this," grow wearisome. The very fact that Jessie must curb herself in her work, that she must there exercise self-control, crush down irritations, means that she has just so much less energy to spend in exercising self-control in her parents' home. She wants to do things in her own way without oversight.

Further, the more Jessie moves in the world outside, the stronger may grow her sense of social obligation to her friends. Yet whatever hospitality she disperses to these friends is borrowed from the family. Besides that, she cannot entertain as much as she would, for that might be encroaching on the rights of other members of the family; nor does her hospitality always take just the form she would prefer, for she must adapt herself to the ways of the real hostess, her mother.

"Mother," Jessie says, "I've just got to have some of the girls here to Sunday supper. It looks shabby to put it off any longer."

"Mattie wants some of her sorority girls in," says the mother. "How would it do to combine the two sets?"

"It wouldn't do at all," says Jessie with an irritated consciousness that she has got to argue and argue to make her mother realize that you can't do your entertaining by simply lumping together everybody you are indebted to and feeding them wholesale.

After long discussion it is agreed that Mattie may have her people one Sunday night and Jessie hers the next. Then the mother says:

"And as long as your friends are so much older, would you mind if I invited your Aunt Sarah? She goes out so little and she does so love a supper party, and she would be sure to find out I was giving it and be vexed. Besides, I guess you don't realize how much it takes out of me to get up a supper. I'm not as young as I was once."

Doubtless Jessie responds with the proper filial feeling, but she would be scarcely human if she were not a bit disgruntled by the fact that other energetic personalities keep unconsciously reminding her that the house is not hers, and that she must fit herself to it and not try to pull it into line with herself and her own wishes.

The Odd Women of Bygone Centuries

JESSIE'S case is not simplified by the fact that there have always been odd women, though once they were not supposed to have problems. The demand for marriageable men was greater than the supply, even in those practical days which we insist on regarding as romantic—the days of chivalry. But history ignores these old-time odd women just as their world did. We hear enough of the beauteous maiden whose knight chivalrously carried her favor on his lance, and desolated as many other maidens as he could—with no thought here of finer chivalry—by hewing down their knights. He said he did this for his lady-love, and in that he was no more truthful than is the modern musician who makes a great masterpiece for his sweetheart, or the business man who makes a great killing for his. Men do their work for the sake of the work and not for the sake of their women. We also read of the great nobles' wives, supreme in authority over their households, the unquestioned arbiters of the fate of those under them. To these beauteous maidens and authoritative wives the odd women bore the relation that the background women on the stage do to the star—only more so. We must make our own vision of these old-time odd women, withering inconspicuously in the quiet corners of their fathers' or their brothers' homes. In those robust days younger and prettier women would openly despise them for being unsought, and little nephews and nieces, like the young today, would not fail to follow the examples of scorn.

And they were absolutely helpless! They couldn't change their jobs. An odd woman today can to a certain extent mitigate disagreeable circumstances. She can change from an employer who keeps his feet on the table while he dictates to one who merely growls out his letters at breakneck speed; she may change from Mrs. Green's lodging-house—no light housekeeping allowed and extra gas charged for—to Mrs. Brown's—hot water strictly watched and no lady would lie about the laundrying. But in the chivalric days, while the low-born wenches doubtless achieved a kind of freedom, well-born and middle-class spinsters were inexorably held down by convention to what must have been stinging humiliation, for the romantic world was unkinder to what it called failure even than we are. Today the great-brained and great-hearted of our odd women mother towns or cities or altruistic movements. In the chivalric days a very few odd women made a compromise between the world and God, and through becoming abbesses won to a certain measure of power and freedom. But such good fortune was not the lot of the average woman whom no man called. If one cared to be fanciful one might wonder if it had not somehow been allowed to all these disappointed, wasted souls to gather together through the ages into a strong and eager choir invisible, singing their modern sisters on to such victory

To Want One's Own Corner and One's Own Things is the Most Primitive of Instincts

over chance and circumstance as Dame Nature and present-day conditions will permit.

For the lot of the present-day odd woman has many compensations. And yet the compensations ought to be greater than they are. A sympathetic observer of the hordes of Jessies going home toward six o'clock, and of those other Jessies pouring out of schoolrooms toward four o'clock, with papers under their arms which are to be corrected during those hours while more fortunate girls are entertaining callers—such an observer would wish that these women had been born with the knowledge that they were odd. But they live for a long time in happy ignorance of their fate. They are allowed to go to work without much protest, for economic necessity is a stronger urge than any convention that the place for a girl is her sheltered home. All their natural instincts and hopes they have fostered by a course of injudicious reading of novels which they have taken symbolically to represent the reality of their particular futures. They have not corrected their expectations by sound observation of the real life about them. They are merely sure that love and marriage are their inalienable right. Gradually and unwillingly they learn the truth. To look at the matter only superficially, it is a far cry indeed from spending money on clothes to please the eye of the prospective husband, to the hard necessity of saving so that their old age shall not be dependent as well as lonely.

Nature is as wasteful a jade as she is imperious. No wonder these women express their reaction by wishing they were men. Nature so endows them that by instinct and training they are fitted preëminently for but the one vocation of motherhood, and then withholds from millions in every generation the right to exercise the function, at the same time making them pay even a heavier price for sex than do their more fortunate sisters. Likewise Nature, when she gives women physical burdens and disabilities of a painfully cramping sort, sets men a bad example. It is not strange that men, imitating her, should impose conventions tending to limit the mental and vocational freedom of women. Meanwhile the number of odd women is growing disproportionally greater. This increase will continue as long as the present economic conditions remain unchanged. So long as that wolf at the door, "the high cost of living," barks its menace, young men will shrink from giving to fortune the hostages of a wife and children. And besides distrusting life, many young men and a few young women distrust themselves. At a pinch they could encompass marriage, but they object to the pinch; they do not want to give up their dearest creature comforts for the sake of facing the world two by two.

The Canny Reply

"IT ISN'T the state of not being married that is so trying," confessed a clear-headed spinster, willing, as it were, to tell her real name. "Rather it is the way the married half of the world treats you. Instinctively these married women patronize you, perhaps pity you, and more than possibly at heart despise you, because you have not been able to create for yourself, in a universe full of men, the normal life of a woman. And they leave you at that. You could forgive them if they would keep that attitude as the groundwork, and then go on to help you solve your problem. But just because you have that barren thing called work—something to keep you out of their way and prevent them from having to support you—they don't realize that you need help. They don't really know that you have a difficult problem—none the less difficult because it is so old."

Sometimes it would seem that the most oblivious person in the world is a happily married woman. How many, many times she says smugly to the unmarried woman:

"I wonder why you have never married?"

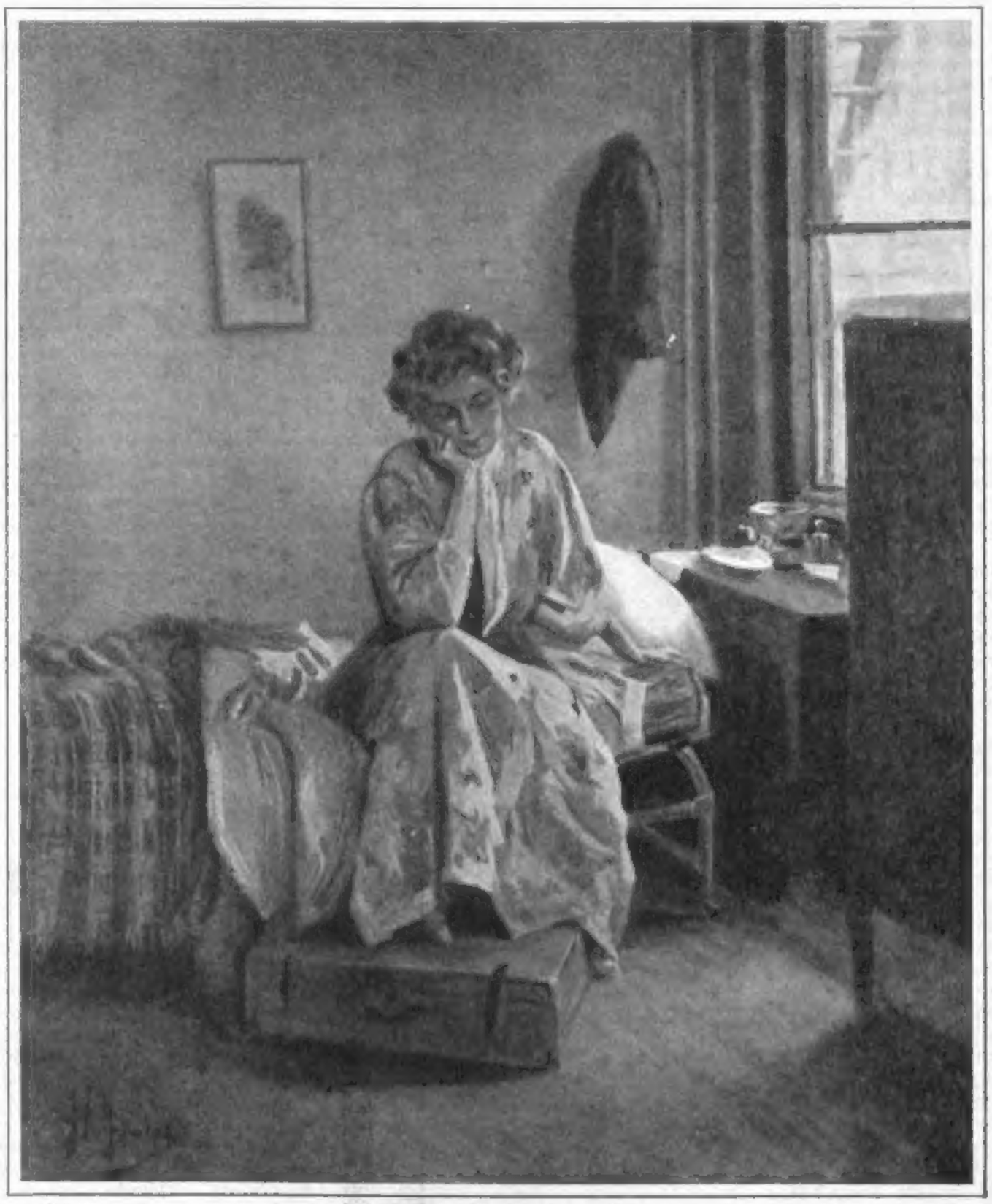
No unmarried woman likes to hear that remark. It can rarely be made without, on the questioner's part, a sense of superiority or of pity, and without a faint assumption that the two are worlds asunder, because the wedded woman has had a richness of experience from which her sister is forever barred, thus becoming an outlander from real living.

Sometimes the spinster will reply:

"I am quite contented, thank you. I look younger than my married friends of my age, I have better health, better clothes, more pleasures and many interests. My life is quite as full as I want it to be. I don't see why I should change."

This is the wrong answer to make. The married woman will not believe her, for at heart all married women believe that there is simply no other state worth while, and that it is even better to be unhappily married than not to be married at all, and that every spinster in the world wishes she were married. Besides, not believing this excuse, the married woman will draw the old but perennially vivid picture of what life in old age is if one has no husband and children.

The canny odd woman should make this reply about her unmarried state to all inquiring friends:



No One But the Odd Woman Herself Realizes That She Has a Problem

"Of course I wish that the right man had appeared for me. The normal lot of wife and mother is the happiest lot. At the same time, no woman worth her salt would marry for the sake of a home, or would try to convince herself that the wrong man was the right one."

This leaves the questioner with an added respect for the odd woman, who envies the married lot, but has too fine an ideal to compromise. Such an answer is about the only way of contending against a prejudice that sometimes inspires the odd woman's denial that she would care to marry—the stupid, hard-dying, age-old convention that not to have married is to have failed in life.

It isn't failure; but a competent life alone is not the kind of success the average woman would choose. And as the clear-headed spinster aforementioned stated, it is not generally recognized that she has a problem. The world judges her state entirely from the outside. No one but the odd woman herself, living intimately with her inner state, realizes that she has a problem. Sometimes she will not or cannot face it four-square. She rarely goes far enough in her analysis to admit that she must always be, in a sense, a partial person. She may undergo unconscious repressions and inhibitions, unhealthful and nerve-racking because they are unconscious. "Nice" women are not supposed to feel or understand these inhibitions and repressions. It is simply because they are not admitted that they are so injurious. The odd woman can be free from them or unhampered by them only by bringing them up from her subconsciousness into the open field of her consciousness. If she is the kind of woman who can get this far in her analysis she will be able to transmute her inhibitions and repressions into some form of activity, thus clearing the way to a state of content and usefulness.

"When I was a child," said this same clear-headed spinster, "and wanted anything that I was not supposed to have, my old Scotch-jawed nurse used to say, 'Think shame to yourself. You've enough to eat 'n' drink 'n' wear, and you ought to be happy.' That's the attitude, roughly, that the world has. Curiously enough the world lets you ask for aid along some lines. Suppose you have lost some beloved one by death, the world does not think less of you nor do you think less of yourself if you look for help. You can read that great poem, In Memoriam, which generalizes the world's experience of death and grief and slow recovery. You can say frankly to friend after friend who has had the like experience: 'How did you feel? How did you get away from yourself when you woke in the night? What did you do to help yourself?' You can fumble about until you have found your own guide ropes."

Learning Alone

"BUT you'd feel like a fool asking some other woman: 'What did you do when you found no man was going to love you?' She wouldn't tell you if you did ask, and yet her experience, a statement of her psychology, might be of great use to you. You wouldn't leave a child to learn to read by himself, and yet you leave a woman to learn by herself how to live alone."

There really should be some store of the synthesized experience and philosophy of others like herself which the odd woman could draw from. It should be taken from the lives of the average women of the ranks, and not from those of the great souls among the odd women—those who stand out from the ranks as patterns to the world by virtue of special initiative in philanthropic and social work. For such women as a rule have rarely contemplated marriage, or else have early given up the thought of it, being born with the more abstract call in their blood. All honor to them! Their sense of social responsibility has been too strong to permit them to seek the personal joys of wifehood and motherhood when there is so much work in the world from which the average wife and mother considers herself exempt, but which only women with the fertile mother-heart can accomplish. These great souls run no risk of narrowing and withering.

But the average odd woman who really finds a solution does a little more than express her exaltations and tragedies through the click of a typewriter, or in the teaching of other people's children, or in the handling of fabrics across a counter. And it seems a pity that she cannot give her sisters the benefit of her own experience.

"Jessie feels a lack, she says," complains Jessie's mother to Aunt Sarah, after Jim has married Jessie's high-school sister. "She has started teaching in the Sunday-school. I say it's too hard for her, working as she does all week, but she says she wants to try it because she feels a lack. I don't see why she should feel a lack. She has a good home and plenty of friends, and her employer thinks a lot of her."

"Girls nowadays don't seem to think their parents ought to interfere," sniffs Aunt Sarah. "If she wants something to do, why shouldn't she help you get the Sunday supper?"

Not so very many months afterward Jessie's mother is dissolved in grief because Jessie has left her own church and joined the Episcopal church. Jessie's mother and her Aunt Sarah see only that Jessie has inconsiderately left the faith of her fathers, trampling on some of the most sacred feelings of her family. They do not see that Jessie has found her solution, that in the beautiful and consoling Episcopal faith she has found an emotional vent, has discovered the easiest way of adjusting herself to life, of securing what solace and fitting herself for such service as there is for her. Jessie, if she had been born an Episcopalian, might have become a Presbyterian; the kind of creed she chose is not significant; it merely means that she is, in a sense, making herself over for a world she was not born to, and in so doing has changed her form of faith.

Jessie had come to the point when she was lonely and unhappy. She knew at last that she was going to be an odd woman and, looking round with new eyes at other odd women, she saw them apparently making a proper ethical combination of the golden rule and of practical wisdom by absorbing themselves in their work and doing good to others. Jessie couldn't absorb herself in her typewriter; she tried doing good to others by teaching in Sunday-school, and this was the beginning of a deep interest in that world of the hereafter which would give her all she lacked here. If she had been a school-teacher she might have taken to Browning. But Jessie's mother and Aunt Sarah, women who had been given the normal lot, instead of being sympathetic with Jessie, who had less than they, merely felt that she had caused them distress. People's families love them, of course; but they often love them like a dose of medicine.

If Jessie had been of another type, something more than a fifteen-dollar-a-week mind, she would have tried to translate her needs of the heart into exercises of the brain. She would have so disciplined and stepmothered her heart as almost to have given it some mental qualities. The world is full of odd women who admit to themselves if not to men that most women have to be urged to real thinking. Here the married woman is at a disadvantage.

"The married woman," said an odd woman with a well-developed power of criticism, "knows that once she has her man her market is made. She sinks into her sheltered rut, bears and rears her children, and feels no need of keeping her mind shining. The countless needs arising from the daily housekeeping and through the many demands of her children she settles half mechanically, with no notion of using them to keep her brains on the march. When her husband talks to her about his business she listens with that half-intelligence that somehow seems to satisfy a married man. She ought to be enriched mentally by constant contact with a man's way of looking at things, and sometimes she is. Only too often she neither knows nor cares about the great issues of the world. She has merely read a few newspaper headlines and heard some discussion, which she deceived herself into thinking she understood because she recognized here and there a familiar phrase.

"But when the spinster makes up her mind it's time to prove she has a mind she makes herself felt. Maybe she doesn't give the effect of rounded experience which the exceptional married woman gives, but she heightens her experience and she makes herself felt by the way she gets hold of all the great impersonal movements and events that form the vague uncomprehended background of most people's lives."

Learning to think is a help to the odd woman; but it is not the only thing she ought to have. It is in the air for women, both married and single, to learn how to think. They enter into the work of clubs—no longer merely literary clubs, but civic and philanthropic clubs—and they take their share in ameliorative movements of all sorts. The keenest ones go into politics. The odd woman is of immense value as a social worker, because since she is not diverted by constant personal calls she is capable of intense concentration. Yet this is not enough. The odd woman ought not to starve all the instincts that belonged to her before she knew she was going to be odd. For her own sake, as well as for the sake of service to the world, she ought to develop and foster every instinct she has that is susceptible of gratification. Stark and unnecessary deprivation never yet caused a soul to grow a harvest for the benefit of others. A judicious amount of one's own way nourishes ungrudging service.

Just because the odd woman has given up her hope of husband and children she has not lost other inalienable instincts, usually associated with these human assets. And the greatest of these is the instinct for homemaking. A home without husband and children may be a good deal like a Christmas tree without gifts, and yet a Christmas tree by itself is a beautiful object.

Is it strange that the aforesaid Jessie, annoyed because she cannot seek a resource for loneliness without criticism,

(Concluded on Page 34)

THE ACID TEST

By ARTHUR STRINGER

ILLUSTRATED BY STANLEY M. ARTHURS

GENTLEMAN JOE—alias High-Collar Jones—alias Josey—swung panting and wheezing over the rails of a snake-fence and, dropping on his knees, burrowed his way into the cedar thicket.

He crouched there, still on his hands and knees, as he heard his pursuers go by. His straining ears could even catch the crunch of the road-gravel as those hurrying feet sped past. He could hear voices, loud and excited, in the darkness of the night.

"Ginks!" he sighed with weary contempt as he squatted down between the thick cedars. "Just ginks!" Then he fell to exploring the upper and outer portion of his left hip, to see if the running had reopened his bullet wound.

He winced a little, even at the touch of his own fastidious fingers. He could tell by the feeling of moisture that the wound was either bleeding again or oozing serum. And he knew what that implied.

Josey saw now that he would have to lay up somewhere; that he would have to get under cover until that open wound healed over.

The nursing of that wound, in fact, had been the root of Josey's misfortunes. It had stopped his work on the new check game and driven him up across the Line. He had imagined when he had slipped over the Detroit River on a car ferry that he was entering a land of freedom; that nothing could be so acceptable as getting away, if only for a few weeks, from Uncle Sam and his officials.

However, Josey—alias Gentleman Joe—soon learned his mistake. His first discovery was that in Ontario the hobo was unwelcome and the tramp was taboo. The Province permitted no vagrants, and the exigent traveling of the last few days had left Gentleman Joe both short of funds and shabby of attire. County constables viewed him with open disapproval. Train crews declined to countenance his presence. Farmers' wives denied him even a handout. He soon realized how little hope there was of ever panhandling his way to the Falls.

So, being a man of many accomplishments, Josey had determined to yegg it—not that yegging it greatly appealed to him. He hated what was called the roughneck work. He preferred the subtler and more adroit vocations of the underworld—the cuff-shooter's tricks; the queer-pushing and bank-sneaking and check-plugging, and the confidence man's game in general—the vocations for which Nature had so peculiarly endowed him.

For High-Collar Jones—alias Gentleman Joe—did not carry those names for nothing. He had always prided himself on being a good dresser. He was also not only a good talker but a good actor. He could stand beside any Broadway star in assuming and sustaining a rôle. His face was clear-cut, straight-nosed and ascetic-looking, with a seal-brown eye that was as mild as a ruminant's. That placidly melting eye could always disarm criticism—it could always make things easy for Josey and elicit the confidence of the unsuspecting stranger.

A suave and ingratiating manner of address had served to make it still easier for Gentleman Joe to thrive at the new check game, working his artless way up through the larger cities of Indiana and Michigan. His method of procedure was simplicity itself: Presenting himself, scrupulously attired and shaved to the blood, at some leading city jeweler's, he would languidly study that tradesman's array of "ice," as diamonds were denominated in Josey's circle; and if there was no chance to work the "substitute" game over a trayful of rings he would casually select a stone or two from the collection. He would then casually produce a checkbook, make out his check, and mention the fact that, since he was unknown to the firm, he would leave both check and rings until the next day, so there might be no question as to the validity of the check.

Gentleman Joe Neither Answered That Look Nor Stopped to Explain

When Josey dropped in the next morning he was invariably informed that the bank had reported "No account" or "No funds." At this Josey would feign unbelief and then indignation, incidentally enlarging on his recent arrival and his impending business ventures. Then he would suddenly comprehend the situation. His account had been opened only that morning! He could soon settle that matter! He'd simply take his own check to the bank himself and have it cashed!

The jeweler, nine times out of ten, saw no harm in handing Josey over his own innocent slip of paper, confident that his stock had at least remained intact. So Josey would take that slip of paper, now bearing on its back the jeweler's indorsement, and promptly carry it to some more distant bank, where, nine times out of ten, it would be as promptly cashed. Then Josey would amble on to the next town, repeat the trick and again migrate.

In his last town, however, luck had not been with Josey. A paying teller had even requested him to wait a minute or two; but in work like Josey's hesitation always meant danger. So Josey had decamped from that bank, leaving his check and his bamboo walking-stick behind him. And a tip must have gone on to the next town in some way, for when Josey sauntered up to the cashier's wicket a detective was there to take him in.

The next few minutes had witnessed a battle royal between the bank sneak and the detective; for when cornered Josey could fight like a rat, and in the end the check-plugger had bitten off a goodly portion of the detective's ear and effected a getaway. The prostrate man with the lacerated ear had promptly emptied his revolver at his fleeing and cannibalistic enemy; but Josey, scarcely knowing he was even hit, had dodged into a side street, cut through an alley, rounded a block, and boarded a suburb-bound electric car before a general alarm could be given. He had then made for the open country; had hidden overnight in a farmer's barn, where he had squeezed the bullet from his torn hip-muscle, very much as the pit is squeezed from a plum; and had calmly faced the exquisite torture of washing the wound out with raw turpentine.

He accepted it more or less as a part of the day's work, for Josey and gunplay were not altogether strangers. Sore hips were at least better than flymen and falls. So he

He Could Stand Beside Any Broadway Star in Assuming and Sustaining a Rôle

made his limping way stoically on to Detroit and slipped over the river, propelled by a fixed feeling that the East was calling him.

Ontario, however, proved inhospitable to the wanderer without funds. And with that limp of his Josey knew he was a marked man—that not one of the old con games could get him very far on his way. So Gentleman Joe in his extremity descended to yegging it. He resorted to the crude expedient of invading a village post-office at the unseemly hour of one o'clock in the morning, overturning a forty-year-old sheetiron safe and chiseling out its bottom; he was, in fact, actually thrusting an explorative hand into that safe's interior when the interruption came. It came in the form of an old army rifle and a hastily trousered postmaster. And as Josey took the window, sash and all, the army rifle sent a bullet past his ear!

Josey effected a getaway, but not before the postmaster and a goodly sprinkling of his villagers were on the trail. And they were still hot after him when he sagely sidestepped into the cedar thicket and crouched there while his enemies, whom he designated as ginks, went sweeping past him. Once his breath had returned to him, he placed himself more comfortably with his back against a cedar tree. The one thing he still feared, he told himself, was dogs; but as no dogs appeared his composure returned to him. He even rolled a cigarette. He sat there smoking contemplatively, waiting for the first gray streaks of dawn.

At the first faint inkling of daylight he circled back through the cedars, rounded a couple of farms to the east, and struck due south toward Lake Erie. He kept to the woodlands as well as he could, still in mortal terror of farm collies. He kept on until he came to the cliffs and the slate-gray expanse of the lake itself. Then he slid down a cut-bank into a ravine, and along the stony bottom of this ravine made his way to the very water's edge.

Along this shore he limped doggedly hour after hour—sometimes, when the sand narrowed and the waves washed the very cliffsides, walking knee-deep in the water. He did not greatly object to this, though the March wind left his wet legs numb with cold. It would at least throw pursuers off the trail, he solaced himself, in case they kept after him and used hounds.

It was a lonely shore and he was glad of it. Once or twice, in the deeper coigns of the cliffs, he saw traces of the winter's ice. Once or twice, too, when he came to springs along the hillside, he stopped to drink, for he was a little feverish and weak with hunger by this time; but he did not stop long. He knew the need of putting distance between himself and that overturned post-office safe.

He kept on until he came to a boat-landing and a rustic stairway that vermiculated quaintly up the cliff-face. That stairway, he decided, must lead to some city man's country villa—to a summer home that, ten to one, would be empty. He was able to discern on the clifftop a pagoda-like structure half covered with vines, and beyond this the white top of a flagpole.

Gentleman Joe decided to investigate that villa. He climbed the meandering stairway cautiously and slowly. At the clifftop he beheld a row of stately silver birches, a wide lawn and a circling gravel driveway. Behind this stood a wide-verandaed, many-windowed, white-painted house, its gables somber with moss-green shingle stain.

About that house there was something gratefully desolate-looking to Gentleman Joe's anxious eyes. No smoke came from the red chimney-tops. Every window and door on the ground floor was closely boarded up.

He advanced cautiously, skirting the lawn and pushing his way in through the shrubbery. He even circled the house as a coyote circles its meal, edging circumspectly about what was a stable that had been turned into a garage, and a windmill, and a watertower, and a dismantled kitchen garden, and a tennis court, and what must have been a runway for domestic fowls. Behind the building, in one corner of this runway, he found a garden spade with a broken handle. Of this broken spade he promptly took possession. Then he once more studied the house—studied it with the eye of a connoisseur. He decided, once he had made sure it was not wired with a burglar-alarm system, that his best point of attack would be a rear door.

From this door he quietly and efficiently jimmied the wooden shutter. The door itself he as easily pried open with the spadehead; but before he entered the house he carefully replaced the shutter behind him, forcing the screwpoints of the crosspieces back into their holes by spearing the shutter boards with his spade and drawing them gently inward. Then he closed the door and stood there inhaling, like a stag with his nose upwind; for Josey had long since learned to depend on his sense of smell. Alert as was his eye and acute as was his ear, there were times when his nose alone was the dependable organ. And now some subtle olfactory reaction told him as plain as day that the house was an empty one—that it must have been empty for months.

He groped his way forward until he came to what he accepted as the kitchen. He struck matches and explored this room, a few steps at a time and at every angle of the compass. On a stand beyond the gas range he discovered a row of lamps, as shimmering and orderly as though they had been placed there the night before.

He lighted one of these lamps, turned it up and continued his explorations. He went from musty-smelling room to musty-smelling room; he traversed hallways and mounted stairs and peered into closets. The sepulchral coldness of the place chilled him to the bone, but the more he saw of that house the more he liked it.

Then some instinctive propulsion of hunger prompted him cellarward. There he was confronted by a padlocked door covered with sheet iron. Formidable as that padlock looked, he was able to pick it in precisely one minute's time, and passed on into the warmer air of the cellar itself.

A sigh of relief escaped him as he stepped through that opened door; for, as he had half hoped, he found himself in a veritable storehouse of comestibles. Along the shelves of a second locked room he encountered orderly rows of preserves in glass jars, all neatly labeled and dated. Along the other side of this room he found potted meats and pickles, and two upper shelves crowded with wine bottles. He also found a carefully covered flour barrel, nearly full, two tin boxes of table biscuits, and a pail of leaf lard the seal of which had never been broken. In a deeper compartment he found two barrels of winter apples, a box of heterogeneous canned goods that had been stored there against the winter frosts, and a bin of garden vegetables sadly in need of sorting.

Gentleman Joe went no farther. The call for food was too urgent to be denied. He gravely and calmly selected a jar of brandied peaches, a potted tongue, a tin of unsweetened biscuits and a bottle of Burgundy. These he put out on the flour barrel. Beside them he put his lamp. Then, with a deft sidesweep of the spadehead, he knocked the neck off the Burgundy bottle, draining deep of the wine where he stood. Then he squatted down on the floor and ate calmly but ravenously—ate until the wine and food made him blink with sleepiness. He roused himself with an effort and crawled off upstairs, where he touched a match to a hickory-log fire already laid for him, and rolling himself up in two heavy steamer rugs fell asleep.

How long he slept he had no way of knowing, for he and his watch had long since parted company; but when he woke the fire was out, his joints were stiff, and he was a little startled to find himself hungry again. So he relighted his lamp, cautiously opened a few of the upper windows, and made his way to the cellar again, where he commandeered another bottle of Burgundy and partook of another meal that left him almost happy in mind.

He would, indeed, have been happy, he concluded, if it were not for his wound, which hurt him more than ever. The fact that his shirt had matted about the hip, where that wound was, forced home the thought that he must have water, that his body must be washed and cleansed, and his clothing changed; but before that was possible he had to know still more the house in which he found himself.

He went to the kitchen and lighted one of the larger lamps. Then, making sure it was still night to the world without, he began his explorations. He began them with a certain placid excitament, going from room to room very much as a Robinson Crusoe might go from coast to coast on his island. He experienced none of the disquieting tremors of the housebreaker. It was almost with a sense of proprietorship that he examined and investigated and appraised. When he came to a locked door he quickly but dexterously forced it. When he found entrance to a trunk or drawer denied him he promptly broke in. When he stumbled on a sealed humidor he calmly pried off the lid.

He did not find much loot that would delight the heart of a burglar; but he found much clean linen, and roomy beds and soft blankets, and a closetful of men's clothes, and tobacco and cigars, and liqueurs and French brandy, and a talking machine, and a cabinetful of records, and a roomful of books and wide-armed reading chairs.

Yet the discovery that pleased him most was that the house was piped with its own water supply and with what, from its obnoxious odor when he turned a jet, he knew to be natural gas. And in three of the rooms he saw there were gas grates. The kitchen range, he was relieved to find, was also fed with this same gas; so he knew his heating and cooking could be done without danger of discovery.

When he had finished his tour of inspection Gentleman Joe was eminently satisfied with life. Along that northern shore, he knew, it would be at least the end of May before the owners of such a house would think of occupying it for the summer; and that would give him ten good weeks at least—more than the time he needed to rest up and get the stiffness out of his side. With ordinary discretion, for ten weeks he could dwell in peace! For ten weeks he could be in clover; he could live high without being harried from pillar to post—without worrying where he was to find a roof over his head and a handout for his empty belly. For ten weeks he could make a stab at respectability; but before everything else he felt the need of water, the hunger to be clean again. So his next task was the attack on the windmill.

As he had surmised, this windmill had been disconnected for the winter. So he reinspected the cellar and found the drainplug, which had been removed from the piping. Then he took what tools he could find, saw it was still night in the outer world, and made his cautious way to the windmill, where he studiously explored the pumphead and the switch-lever, and oiled what bearings he could reach. He also remembered to lubricate the pumprod, so that it might work silently. Then he threw on the mill, and was disturbed by the whining of the millhead bearings, deciding that early the next morning the tower would have

The Prostrate Man Promptly Emptied His Revolver at His Fleeing and Cannibalistic Enemy

to be scaled and every oilcup filled. But he could hear the flow of water in the pipes, and he knew that his greatest problem had been solved.

In half an hour's time he discreetly turned the windmill off again and crept back to the house, replacing the door-shutter after him. Then he tried the watertaps, lighted the gas range and heated water for his bath. While this water was heating he carefully selected what would best suit his purpose from the closetful of men's clothing.

Of the two bathrooms abovestairs he chose what was plainly the woman's—the one done in white and cream. There he bathed luxuriously, with fine soap and violet salts, washing out his wound with alcohol and making a neat dressing of sterilized cotton and a torn-up linen sheet. Then he incased himself with a suit of silk underwear, ludicrously large for his gaunt body, but ineffably grateful to his relishing skin. To this he added a soft-collared outing shirt and a suit of blue serge that was equally loose-fitting. Then he put on a pair of green silk socks and a pair of white buckskin tennis shoes. The rubber soles of these, he remembered, would make his movements practically noiseless. Then, having grimly and scrupulously burned every vestige of the tattered cocoon from which he had so recently emerged—the cocoon of which he now felt wordlessly ashamed—he lighted a cigar and basked in the glow of a gas grate, pervaded by a sense of relief—by a newborn feeling of well-being such as he had seldom before experienced.

As Gentleman Joe achieved that outward tranquillity, however, he was disturbed by an inner sense of curiosity as to the owners of the house in which he found himself. He assumed them to be prosperous and high-spirited city folks, who probably went to Florida for the winter and to New York for the opera. An eye less observant than Josey's could easily have seen that this couple were not childless. The evidence of children stood all about the house in the form of toys and picture books, in the very character of many of the rooms. And Josey, as he started a more thorough search through the personal things that littered the living room, could not help envying that happy couple who had been born into such a luxuriously easy life. It was no trick to be respectable when, from the first, luck had handed you the cards! And respectability brought with it a few things that nothing else could make up for. Josey could vaguely sense that truth, since some innate fastidiousness about his mental makeup left him still appreciative—ironically appreciative—of the finer things of life. If that fastidiousness had not saved his good name it had at least influenced his career. He had never been a mollbuzzer or a blackjacker. His very name of Gentleman Joe was born of some ghostly aspiration toward gentility. He had merely started wrong and been kept on the run.

Josey, as he unearthed an armful of morocco-bound portfolios into which family snapshots had been pasted, sat back in a wicker club chair to peruse these more intimate pictures at leisure. He hadn't been given a decent chance, he told himself as he peered over photograph after photograph of a small boy and girl in all the activities of childhood. He could have enjoyed a home of his own as well as the overfed man whose clothes he was wearing. He could have made his high collar stand for something more than the make-up of a con man equipped to dupe "suckers." He could have fitted into that same sort of life. He was never muddleheaded. He was as quick as the next man. But his brains had brought him nothing beyond a circus man's "pork-chop fund" to tide him over a winter's lay-off. It came home to him, as he gazed down at the summery open-air snapshots on his knee, how hard he had worked and schemed and plotted and worried—and got nothing out of it but a police record and the life of a street cat. Even his biggest hauls had never really counted. The criminal could never save—worldly possessions only left him the prey of those higher powers that so relentlessly graft on the grafter.

Then he turned the page and found a woman's face smiling up at him. Under it was written the one pregnant word "Mother." He stooped and studied the face; and the more he studied it the more he felt deep within him the stirring of some new discontent. This, his intuition told him, was the mistress of the house. And she was good to look at, with her sensitive mouth and her slightly arrogant air of well-being. He liked the half-sorrowful eyes, set wide under the judicial, smooth brow; the full lips, with their touch of warmth; the alert poise of the head. But she stood there an emblem of something he could never attain—the owner of everything about him; the queen of the kingdom that a street cat with a game leg had been brazen enough to invade!

He sighed openly as he turned the page of the portfolio. His lips were still parted with that listless sigh as his glance fell on the next photograph, playfully labeled "Father." It was the picture of a bareheaded man in flannels, holding a tennis racket, with an Airedale scratching at his knee.

Gentleman Joe's lips remained parted as he stared down at that picture. Then he moved the portfolio to the light, his face wrinkled with perplexity.

Then his hand fell flat on the table beside him and his suddenly relaxed jaw-muscles left his mouth open, as vacuous as an idiot's; for, had a bullet out of the darkness caromed against his skull, it could not have startled Gentleman Joe more than did this face that suddenly struck up at him out of the past.

There was no chance of error; there was no mistaking the man. Gentleman Joe would have known him among ten thousand. It was his old friend "Biff"—Biff Kennerly—alias Bonehead Kennerly—his one-time running mate—the man who had once been a counterfeiter and coin-pusher, a track-follower and wire-tapper; the man who years before had worked the Frisco beaches with him and had helped pull off the New Orleans racing coup; and had been found with dies for a national ten-dollar note; and had been so harried by the Federal officers that he had faded off the map and out of Josey's life.

Josey had somewhere picked up the rumor that Biff had settled down in a suburb of Vienna; but now Josey knew that Biff had fooled them all. He had taken "the underground" up into Canada. He had buried his past. He had changed his name and started over again. And now he was presumably a smugly successful man of business, who owned a country house and drove motor cars and played lawn tennis with his pudgy-legged children.

Josey went on through the portfolio, frowningly, abstractedly studying each snapshot of his old friend Biff. In all active lives, he knew, there were bound to be coincidences; but he had never looked for a coincidence like this. He put aside the photographs and reëxamined the house with a new interest. It had become less impersonal to him, less intimidating. He pried into corners that before he had been tempted to overlook. He smiled to himself when he discovered that Biff had discreetly changed his name from Kennerly to Kennedy. Biff was no longer Biff. He was George now—George Kennedy. Josey could see it in inscriptions on toilet articles and in gift books: "From George to Mildred"; "From Millie to George." He could see it written in a woman's hand under a photograph of Biff himself and a St. Bernard: "George and poor Carlo—a month before he died!"

At one stroke Gentleman Joe found himself in a strangely altered environment. He became more sure of himself, fortified by his knowledge of the other man's life secret. He tried to tell himself that it was only an impostor's "fence" that he had invaded. He became less apprehensive of discovery. Yet, for some reason he could not fathom, a new timidity took possession of him, a new scrupulosity. He even suffered at the thought of how ruthless his irruption had been. He went about repairing the damage where he was able to do so, rehanging broken doors and mending violated locks. He also discarded the houseowner's blue serge suit, trying to persuade himself that its voluminousness had always annoyed him. To take its place he found the service uniform of a footman, or of a butler, he could not tell which. All he knew was that the service coat was a respectable fit. He rearranged the drawers of linen and left the rooms in their earlier orderly condition, as though in some apprehended and ultimate reckoning these little things could not be held up against him. He tempered his earlier rapacious extractions from the cigar boxes, though from the first, because of his wound, he had partaken but sparingly of the wine. He schooled himself to sleep in one bed and to be careful of the furniture.

Why he did this he could not quite articulate; but as he day by day went through his leisurely household duties he even found a wayward contentment with his surroundings growing up within him. That his outside movements were always nocturnal involved no hardship to him. Midnight was the street cat's usual hour for foraging. His hip still troubled him and it was impossible for him to get far beyond the grounds; but he had a cabinet full of records to turn on or off at his own sweet will, and he had many books to read, and no worry as to what the next day was to bring him.

Gentleman Joe became more and more of a recluse. Day by day he let the world slip away from him, luxuriating in his isolation, enjoying an idleness that was new to him. He grew so bold when March had slipped away and the days became warmer as to take off the lid of his coffin, as he mentally phrased it, by unscrewing the wooden shutter that covered the wide entrance door at the front of the house. He enjoyed hearing the blackbirds in the pine trees and seeing the robins hopping about the lawn. For the first time in his life he realized what the return of spring meant to the world. It made him lazy and almost happy and satisfied with life.

And then the dream ended!

It ended unexpectedly one misty afternoon, after a day of heavy showers, as Gentleman Joe, arrayed in his footman's service coat, lounged back in a leather armchair, reading Les Misérables.

It ended with the sudden hum and purr of a motor car, which brought Gentleman Joe out of his chair at a bound and sent him scuttling to the front door, where from behind the lace panel curtain he beheld a mud-splashed automobile careen about the curving gravel driveway and come to a stop in front of the house.

In this car sat two women. The one at the wheel he recognized at once. It was the Mildred of the photograph, the wife of Mr. George Kennedy. It was Biff Kennerly's new running mate. Gentleman Joe noticed her quick frown of wonder as she saw the shutter that had been removed from the door. He saw her quick proprietary glance as she took in the housefront, the lawn, the shrubbery and the silver birches along the lakefront. With a celerity quite equal to hers Gentleman Joe had observed that the back of the car was filled with two leather trunks and many parcels and handbags. He knew that in another moment she would mount the steps and approach the door behind which he stood. He knew that his hour of discovery was at hand.

Gentleman Joe was used to emergencies. He was familiar with situations demanding quick thought and still quicker action.

Instead of fleeing into the depths of the house he smoothed down his uniform and buttoned his coat. Then he flung the door wide open. As he did so he stepped quietly and deferentially outside.

The owner of the house was looping up a heavy veil about her hatbrim. He could hear her little gasp of surprise as her eyes fell on him. She continued to stare at him for what must have been a full minute.

"Who are you?" she finally demanded, controlling herself; but she continued to study that unexpected figure.

"Your servant, madam," answered Gentleman Joe with what appeared the most tranquil of bows. Yet his pulse was running high. He knew that much depended on the next minute or two.

The woman sat in the car, still studying him.

"My what?" she said at last with a frown of perplexity.

"I'm to be the new butler, madam," was the other's quiet reply.

Their glances met. There was a clarity of vision about the woman that somewhat disturbed Gentleman Joe, but he was not afraid of her. He knew that he had won his first point, but her eyes still wore their mystified look.

"Then help Morris in with the bags," she commanded as she stepped from the running-board to the gravel driveway, looked once more carefully about and mounted the house-steps. Gentleman Joe followed her, tugging in his burden of handbags.

"There is a fire in the library, madam," he meekly informed her. Then he hesitated, a little in doubt as to the next move. "Would you like tea?" he finally asked, remembering certain things from the society dramas that in his idle hours he had watched along Broadway.

"Are you able to make tea?" she asked with the slightest tinge of mockery in the query. For the second time he was impressed by the presence of something coldly judicial about her face.

"Certainly, madam," was his unruffled reply. She did not answer him, but her eyes were studious as she slowly pulled off her gauntleted motor gloves. She was still trying to fathom a situation that seemed unfathomable as Gentleman Joe obsequiously opened the library door for her.

"Would you like a fire in your room, madam?" he asked.

"Please," she replied as she brushed past him and entered the firelit library.

Gentleman Joe mounted the stairs, hurriedly touching a match to the grate fire and putting things to rights in each room as he passed through it. Then he hurried down again to help unload the motor car. He knew all the while that he was under the eye of the mistress of the house; but he also knew she was accepting his service and that she was holding judgment in abeyance. And there was something encouraging about her face—something he liked; a touch of vague melancholy that tempered the judicial, smooth brow and gave a pensive, autumnal sweetness to the warm-lipped mouth. She was not a hard woman. He could see that she loved order and capability; but she had come to know life, that woman. She had had her hard knocks somewhere, and she wouldn't expect too much of a man. She could even afford to smile a little at Gentleman Joe as that solemn-eyed impostor struggled on the steps with the heavy trunks. Then her face grew serious.

"What made you lame?" she suddenly asked.

"That's housemaid's knee, madam," audaciously and promptly answered Gentleman Joe—"so many stairs to climb at my last place, ma'am!"

The serene brow remained unruffled. On the whole things were going even better than Gentleman Joe had expected.

"Can you run a car?" she asked as the last of the parcels was lifted from the tonneau.

"Certainly, madam," responded Josey; but he did not explain that his knowledge of motors had come to him through a month of taxi "gay-catting" for a Chicago tilltapper. She took two keys from her ring and handed them to the man in the service coat.

"Then run the car into the garage," was her quiet command; but he noticed that she stood watching him as he got under way and drew up and unlocked the double padlocks on the garage doors. She was still watching him as he relocked those doors. She had circled about the gravel drive as far as the windmill tower when he met her and quietly handed her the keys. She took them from him and then turned and released the brake that threw the mill into action.

"The watertank is quite full, madam," explained the man in the service coat. He could see that she was a very capable woman. He watched her as she stood looking up at the galvanized fans as they spun in the April breeze.

"Then turn off the mill, please," she said without looking at Gentleman Joe. But again he could see that look of mystery unwittingly mount to her face. And she was not a woman, he knew, who would countenance mystery long.

The new order suddenly established in the house where Gentleman Joe's own will had been supreme disturbed him not a little. From that hour he knew he was there only on probation. So when he came to serve dinner to the mistress of the house, sitting solitary at the table in the firelit dining room, he was as scrupulous as possible in his attention to details. He worked hard over his new rôle. He fashioned his deportment both on what he had seen of butlers in plays and on what he had observed of waiters in those hostelries to which he had so often, after a run of luck, come up like a whale—to breathe.

On the whole he got along much better than he had anticipated. He remained silent and attentive. He made no blunder of consequence. Yet he knew there was still an ordeal to be faced. He could tell that by the perplexity which still brooded over Mrs. Kennedy's studious eyes.

It was not until she had finished her coffee that she spoke. Then, after a stretch of silence, she suddenly looked up at him.

"Have you nothing to explain to me?" she asked with a more peremptory note in her voice.

Gentleman Joe stared down at the floor. He knew that at almost any time now he could effect a getaway if the necessity for such a getaway arose. But the thought of going out into the night, of beginning the street-cat life over again, was not altogether a cheering one.

"About what, madam?" he innocently asked, plainly fencing.

"About why you are in this house!" she promptly replied.

Gentleman Joe's gaze was gently expostulatory.

"Did Mr. Kennedy say nothing about it?" he began. But she cut him short.

"Don't be absurd! I know that you broke into this house; and you've been living here for weeks! What I want to know is why a man of your type should do it!"

"What type, madam?" meekly asked Gentleman Joe. He knew it would not be easy to hoodwink that clear-visioned and quick-witted woman.

"That's precisely what I can't decide," was her answer. "Yet you must have some good reason for staying hidden away here for weeks."

Gentleman Joe could afford to smile a little. He relished the theatricality of the situation.

"What could that reason be?" he inquired.

She did not answer his question, but her face hardened a little as she looked up at him.

"You do not seem to be afraid of me," she said very quietly and yet with a quaver in her voice.

"Not in the least, madam," was Gentleman Joe's reply.

"Then it may interest you to know that I am carrying this by way of precaution!" From somewhere in the folds of her dress she lifted a pearl-handled toy of a revolver and placed it on the table beside her coffee cup.

"Is it loaded?" placidly asked Gentleman Joe; but again she ignored his question.

"It may also interest you to know that I've telephoned in to my husband, that he left town in a touring car forty minutes ago, and that he will be here now at any moment!"

Gentleman Joe took a step forward and confronted her.

"You haven't done that!" he cried. She was quick to see his change of front. She plainly enjoyed the look of consternation that swept over his face.

"It will be quite impossible for you to leave this room or this house until my husband comes!" she said.

"He can't come here!" protested Gentleman Joe. The woman at the table was quite pale, but she forced a smile as she spoke again.

"You were fine and brave when it was a matter of facing women—weren't you? It seems quite a different matter when a man steps into the situation."

Gentleman Joe ignored the taunt. He took three steps toward her and leaned white-faced and intent across the table-end.

"Mrs. Kennedy, I don't want your husband to come into this room when I'm here—when we're here! I want you to let me go quietly away! I'll give you my word of honor not to ——"

She silenced him with a quick gesture.

"Listen!" she cried.

"What?" asked the other.

"There's the car! Listen!" she commanded. And as Gentleman Joe stood there, still leaning across the table, he heard the flutter of the overdriven engine, the crunch of the scattered gravel. Then came the sound of quick steps, the slam of a door and a gruff word or two in the hallway without.

Gentleman Joe backed discreetly away from the light. He was almost at the wall when the dining-room door was flung open and the owner of the house stepped inside. He still wore his cap and mud-splashed motor coat, and into the right-hand pocket of this coat one hand was thrust.

"You Were Fine and Brave When It Was a Matter of Facing Women—Weren't You?"

Not a word was spoken as the door closed behind the newcomer and the two men stood staring at each other. Gentleman Joe could see the hand in the coat pocket move a little, but not a line or muscle in the face above the mud-splashed motor coat changed. The woman at the table stood up, tense, expectant, with a brow-movement of perplexity, as though the prolonging silence were too much for her nerves.

It was then, for the first time, that the newcomer turned his eyes on his wife. Gentleman Joe could see the anxiety, the suspended judgment, in that quick stare. He could see the inarticulate question on the well-controlled features. Something in the woman's look of troubled perplexity seemed to reassure the staring man, for he turned more resolutely back to Gentleman Joe.

"Who are you?" the owner of the house finally demanded, still laying Gentleman Joe in that deliberate stare. There was something almost malignant about it. It made the man in the service coat a little uneasy, but he did not answer the question.

"Who is he?" demanded the owner of the house, swinging about on his wife. "What has he said?"

"He tried to say he was sent here as a servant," answered the woman with a little tremor of excitement in her voice.

"Is that all?"

"That's practically all he'll admit."

Gentleman Joe saw his old-time confederate step to the end of the table that stood between them. The man in the motor coat made a brusk hand-movement toward the door.

"Leave him to me!" he said with a side movement of the head toward his wife. There was a newer and more challenging note to his voice.

His wife hesitated. It was clear she wished to watch the drama out to its end. Her curiosity had been too deeply stirred for any such impetuous dismissal.

"Leave him to me!" repeated her husband in a louder and more belligerent voice.

"But I want to know what he has to say for himself."

"That's my job," was the curt answer. "I don't want you here taking any risks."

"If there's any risk I ought to be here with you."

The man in the motor coat strode to the door and held it open. He did not speak. But his attitude was so peremptory, his hand-sweep was so uncompromising, that his wife slowly turned and crossed the room, stepping as slowly out through the open doorway.

The moment she was through that door the man in the motor coat swung it shut and turned the key in the lock. He stood with his back to it for a second or two, apparently listening. Then he lifted his hand and wiped the sweat from his brow. Then he moved slowly forward until he was opposite the table-end again.

"Who are you?" he once more demanded, but this time his voice was little more than a whisper.

"You know who I am, Biff," was Gentleman Joe's half-wistful retort. For the second time the man called Biff wiped his forehead.

"How'd you get in here?" he demanded.

"I broke in," was the answer.

"Why?"

"I cracked a post-office keister and they caught me at it. I'd a bullet wound in the hip and couldn't travel; so I crawled in here and laid low."

"But how'd you know this was my house?"

"I didn't know it."

"You didn't know it?"

"No; not when I broke in!"

"You merely found that out afterward?"

"Yes."

"And you took advantage of that discovery?"

"I haven't taken advantage of that discovery!"

"But you intend to?" The owner of the house rounded the table and stood nearer the man in the service coat.

"I guess I've got to, Biff!" was the latter's half-plaintive reply.

The other man stood over him, studying him intently, challengingly, his head thrust forward, his shoulders squared, the grim line of his mouth almost feral in its silent ferocity.

"What do you want?"

"I want to quit," was Gentleman Joe's answer.

"How quit?" barked back the other.

"Quit—the same as you quit. I want you to give me a chance to get out o' this dog's life, the same as you got out of it. I just want to stay here until I can get on my feet again!"

"You mean you want to hang round and milk me dry—blackmail me until the cows come home!"

Gentleman Joe remained unshaken in his attitude of meekness. Even his gesture of repudiation was a gently reproving one.

"Biff, I know you did time down in Atlanta before you came into all this. I know you were a bum and a grafter once, the same as I'm a bum and a grafter now. Weren't we steerers for old Doc Dahlgreen together? Didn't we use to work the Frisco beaches together? And follow the ponies up and down the East Coast? And wiretap, and push the queer, and do every breed of crooked work a guy could graft on? You know all that as well as I do. You quit it and I didn't. I wasn't able to. You got your chance. You turned down the page and got a new start. You got

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UNCLE SAM, ROADBUILDER

By Senator Jonathan Bourne, Jr.

Two Photographs of the Same Road, Showing What Well-Directed Efforts Will Accomplish

IN THE field of constructive legislation there are few subjects more interesting or more important than that of National aid in the construction of public highways. There are few enterprises in which the Government shares affecting a larger number of people and tending more to the development of industry than the improvement of roads. In fact, the subject has been so thoroughly discussed from an economic standpoint over so long a period of time that the value of improved highways is generally understood.

Present discussion of that phase of the subject would be merely repetition and therefore a waste of time. We have reached the period in the consideration of the question when we should accept as settled the necessity of highway improvement and devote our thought to the problem of methods of accomplishing desired results.

In my opinion a wise course of procedure in undertaking any important constructive legislation is to begin with a thorough and comprehensive ascertainment of existing conditions as shown by statistics, statutes, official reports, and other reliable data; following this with hearings, exchange of opinions, discussions and arguments; and concluding with the drafting of a bill based upon the information secured.

Pursuing such a policy, immediately after the enactment of the paragraph in the last Post-Office Appropriation Bill creating a joint committee for the investigation of the subject of Federal aid in the construction of highways, I addressed a letter to the governors of each of the states asking for information regarding the provisions of their road laws, their plan of raising road funds, their methods of supervising road construction and maintenance, and the progress that has been made in road construction.

I also secured the coöperation of the secretary of state in procuring from leading nations of the world similar information relative to the road problems and conditions in their several jurisdictions. This information I am tabulating in convenient form for comparison and study, and it will be placed before the joint committee for its use. Since this work of collecting information is not complete at this writing no conclusions can be drawn therefrom.

The Larger Problems of Road Improvement

THEREFORE it is not the purpose of this article to discuss the importance of road-building or to present conclusions as to methods that should be pursued, but to lay before the American people a review of the situation that confronts us and a statement of the problems that must be solved. As a member of the joint committee appointed by the last session of Congress to inquire into and report upon this subject, I have entered upon the study of it with an unprejudiced mind, seeking information from all available sources, and desirous of reaching a conclusion in accordance with facts and arguments rather than endeavoring to secure facts and arguments to uphold conclusions already formed.

We have in this country today about two million two hundred and fifty thousand miles of public highway, on which it is estimated the people of the country are spending one hundred and fifty million dollars annually. This total mileage includes not only the well-traveled roads through thickly settled communities but also the little-traveled thoroughfares traversing the remote frontiers. It includes some roads that partake of an interstate character—lines of travel between commercial centers of different states—and also short local roads, over which the travel is so limited that they could scarcely be considered of importance beyond the boundaries of the farms and villages through which they were constructed. It includes highways over which the mails of the United States are carried either on star or rural routes.

In roads used for carrying the mails the Federal Government has some particular interest, though they are mainly of local importance. The total mileage includes roads that have already been brought to a perfect state of improvement at the expense of state, county or road district, and roads upon which no money has been expended by state, county or road district.

I have thus briefly summarized the extent and condition of our highways in order that readers may keep in mind facts which render difficult any general legislation applying to all communities and assuring an equitable distribution of any Federal funds that may be appropriated.

Scarcely any public work is more permanent in its character when once undertaken than that of highway improvement. When a road is once located it is difficult to change the location. When once a foundation has been laid for a permanent highway the laying of a new foundation necessitates reconstruction of the entire surface.

It is therefore important that, before entering upon a plan of National participation in highway construction, we should adopt a definite and comprehensive plan based upon anticipation of needs and operations for many years to come, in order that we may be certain the money expended and the work done in one year will coördinate with the expenditures and constructive work of the next year, and for many years to come. Care in planning a system and methods of procedure may save us millions of dollars of waste or secure vastly greater results than would be attained under an ill-considered and haphazard action.

In the last Post-Office Appropriation Bill the House inserted a provision, after the bill had been reported from the committee and while it was under discussion on the floor of the House, providing for the classification of roads used for the carrying of United States mails and for the payment by the Government of an annual sum as rental, in consideration of the fact that the Government uses these highways.

Such payments were to be either fifteen, twenty, or twenty-five dollars a mile—according to the character of the road over which the mails were transported.

This provision was rejected by the Senate for several reasons: first, it did not provide that the Federal appropriations should be expended in highway improvement; second, it established the policy of obligating the Government to pay to local communities compensation for the use of highways in conducting the rural free-delivery service—a service that is conducted at a great loss to the Government and for the special benefit of the communities served; third, it was the beginning of a system of compensation that had not been carefully considered, but which when once adopted would certainly grow to immense proportions.

It was estimated that in the beginning the appropriations under the provision proposed by the House of Representatives would be approximately eighteen million dollars annually. It is beyond question that this amount would be very rapidly increased under the pressure of constituents upon their several members of Congress, until the highway appropriations would be recognized as the grossest abuse of the pork-barrel feature of National legislation. From every section of the United States would come the protest that the compensation provided is inadequate for any practical purpose, and that the Government must very materially increase its allowance; thus resulting in expenditures far beyond present calculation and without any assurance of permanent results.

National Funds for Highway Construction

BELIEVING that the Government should not enter upon any policy of participation in highway construction without first giving careful attention to every phase of the subject, the Senate rejected this provision and inserted a substitute, directing the appointment of a joint committee of the two Houses for the study of the entire question and the drafting of such legislation as may meet the approval of the committee.

In legislating upon the subject of National participation in road improvement four different problems must be solved:

First—To devise a plan that shall insure an equitable distribution of the funds to the different sections of the United States.

Second—To determine whether the money should be expended in the construction of main arteries for interstate commerce, or be expended upon local branch lines that will serve merely as feeders for railroads.

Third—To devise a plan of coöperation with the different states that will be acceptable to them and insure the coöperation of all with the Federal Government.

Fourth—To throw round the National funds such safeguards as will insure their proper expenditure and guard against waste.

I think it will be generally felt that a plan should be adopted which will guarantee an expenditure of National road funds in the several states approximately in proportion to the amount each state contributes to the fund. I say "approximately," for I apprehend that circumstances may show the need of expenditure of a somewhat larger portion in the undeveloped and thinly settled region of the United States than is expended in the thickly settled region.

Since our National revenues are derived from indirect taxation the contributions to the National funds are approximately in proportion to the population. By purchasing commodities that pay an import duty the residents of a city pay, for each person, as large a proportion of the National revenue as residents of country districts. Yet it is generally assumed, I believe, that in undertaking a plan of National expenditure for road improvement the money

will be expended in the construction of highways between cities and not upon highways within cities; for the main thoroughfares in cities have been improved already. In other words, though residents of cities contribute their per-capita share to the funds expended, they would receive only an indirect benefit therefrom, due to the improved traffic conditions between city and country.

One plan of distributing the funds would be to apportion it to the different states on a straight per-capita basis, which plan would give each state approximately the same amount of money paid into the fund by its citizens. A second plan would be to apportion it among the states in proportion to the square miles of territory, which plan would give considerable advantage to the states of large area and large farms. A third plan would be to apportion the money in proportion to the mileage of highways. A fourth plan would be a combination of those three: apportioning a specified percentage of funds on the basis of population, another portion on the basis of area in square miles, and the remainder according to linear miles of highways.

After we have determined the plan of apportionment as between the different states or sections of the country, we are confronted with the question whether the funds shall be expended entirely under the discretion of state authorities, or whether the Government shall maintain and exercise either an absolute or advisory control over the expenditure.

If it be determined that the Government should merely apportion the money to the states and leave them to their own discretion in the expenditure thereof we are confronted with the difficulty of securing, if deemed desirable, any coördination of the road construction in the several states such as will give us an interstate system of highways. Expenditure of money under local control exclusively would probably mean the improvement of local roads as feeders for rail lines.

A requirement that there shall be coöperation on the part of states and local communities is deemed important by most advocates of Federal aid in highway construction; but naturally ideas differ as to the extent and nature of the coöperation. One plan would be to make the Federal appropriation contingent upon the state appropriating an equal amount. Another plan would require the county to join the state and nation in the coöperative work, making the Federal contribution one-third of the total.

Plans for Apportionment

ANOTHER plan would enlist the local road district or the owners of abutting property, thus making the Government's share one-fourth of the total. The requirement of local contribution is generally deemed important as an automatic limitation upon the amount of the Federal aid. Without that condition attached there would be insistence upon unlimited Federal contributions. However even this condition will not prevent a strong local demand for increased Federal appropriations; for, if the Government's contribution be fixed at one-fourth in the beginning, there will soon be a demand that it be increased to one-third—and later to one-half.

To some extent the drafting of National legislation on the subject of highway construction presents difficulties because of the question of state rights. The location, the extent of improvement, the raising of funds, the work of construction and the control of use of highways have always been matters of exclusive state jurisdiction. If the National Government shall enter upon a policy of participation in either construction or maintenance of those highways, the question is presented whether the Government will assume or insist upon a grant of exclusive or partial jurisdiction and control, the same as it does in the case of construction of a Federal building or a fortification; or whether the Government will merely appropriate money to aid the states or local communities, leaving them the entire control and jurisdiction, as they have at present. I do not apprehend that this will be a serious problem.

Though there are in the United States two million two hundred and fifty thousand miles of highway, it is not to be assumed, nor do I believe any one proposes, that we should improve at very considerable expense any large proportion of this total mileage. The extent to which any road should be improved and the amount of expenditure which would be justified depend upon the amount and nature of the traffic upon it.

In remote regions, where the production of crops is very limited, the amount of heavy hauling is relatively light and confined to a very short period of the year. No matter how much such highways might be improved, there would be no considerable increase in the amount of traffic on account of the improvement. There are some sections of the country not susceptible of intensified farming. There are some areas partly or wholly timbered or semiarid in which agricultural and other industrial development must be slow. The amount of traffic over roads in such regions does not justify heavy expenditure for improvement.

Undoubtedly residents of such regions who have produce to haul could carry twice as heavy a load, and travel would be more convenient during inclement weather, if the roads were hard-surfaced. From an economic standpoint, however, where traffic is light it is better that the farmer make twice as many trips over a poor road than that sufficient money be invested and annually expended to construct and maintain a first-class highway.

A common earth road, with or without improvement, will always be a means of travel over a major portion of our total road mileage, though it will not be the means of handling the major portion of our traffic. The bulk of the hauling will always be over the well-improved roads, for such roads can and will be constructed in the thickly settled communities, where large investments in road improvement are justified by conditions.

The problem is similar to that which is presented in a municipality. The small village can and must get along with comparatively unimproved streets; the city, owing to the large amount of traffic, can afford and must have the stone, concrete or asphalt pavement.

I mention these facts because they are pertinent in the consideration of the problem of equitable distribution of funds. If, on the one hand, the residents of populous cities contribute to a National road fund, from which they receive only an indirect benefit, quite likely the general plan adopted will in the same manner deny direct benefit to residents of thinly settled districts, where the Government could hardly expect to participate in road construction.

It is perhaps worth while to remark in this connection that the good-roads provision passed by the House of Representatives at the last session was open to this same criticism of unequal distribution; for it proposed to extend Federal good-roads aid to a community in which the Government has already established free rural mail service, while denying the good-roads appropriations to an adjoining community that has also been denied rural free delivery.

The business principles governing construction and maintenance of highways are not and should not be materially different from the principles governing construction and maintenance of railroads. The difference is one of degree rather than of character. I think we shall get a better understanding of the whole situation if we think of all avenues of transportation as highways, whether the surface be of steel rails, of macadam, of gravel, or of unworked earth. The channels of our inland waterways are but another form of highway, needing improvement and maintenance, and serving the great purpose of transportation.

Believing that the same principles underlie the whole scheme of highway improvement, I cannot agree with those who condemn in general terms the method or lack of method prevailing in the years that are gone. On the other hand I believe that road funds have been spent as judiciously as public funds are generally spent; and that, making due allowance for the difference between public and private efficiency, public highways have been planned and constructed as judiciously as railroads have been.

Experience Bought at the Top Price

IN OTHER words, our public highway methods are open to no more serious criticism than that which can be aimed at the average governmental activity. Our road supervisors, overseers and county courts cannot justly be singled out for condemnation.

Gaining knowledge by experience is one of the costly items of expense in every enterprise. I have seen railroad grades constructed and then abandoned to destruction by the elements without a foot of rails ever having been laid thereon. Railroads have been constructed where the traffic was so light that the rails were consumed faster by rust than by wear. In many instances the first location of a line of railroad has been so unsatisfactory that reconstruction has been necessary within a very few years. Railroads have been constructed, equipped and operated under circumstances so unfavorable that it was necessary to remove the burden of debt by process of law rather than by payment, before the road could be operated at a profit.

I cite these instances not as a criticism upon the judgment of railroad builders, but as an indication of the particulars in which experience must be gained at considerable cost, and as evidence in support of my assertion that the methods pursued by the builders of our highways do not suffer by comparison with the methods of railroad builders—except as all public work suffers by comparison with private enterprise.

The common complaint is that road funds have not been so spent as to secure the construction of permanent, hard-surfaced highways; but such highways require a large initial investment and the payment of interest thereon. In new and thinly settled regions such investments are impracticable. New conditions call for new methods. Rapid industrial development justifies larger expenditure, resulting in more substantial construction. The high-salaried engineer, who is a necessity under new conditions, was not needed during the earlier years of industrial growth.

Advocates of National aid in highway construction must not deceive themselves as to the ultimate source of the funds or fail to consider the effect of enlarging the scope of National activity. In every state in the Union there is a strong desire on the part of the people to secure appropriations from the Federal Government for the furtherance of projects of largely local interest.

There is everywhere evidence that the people overlook the fact that they must furnish the money, whether it

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A Road Near Johnson City, Tennessee, Before and After Improvement by the United States Office of Public Roads

UNDER THE WHITE PAINT

By Charles E. Van Loan

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

ANY man who follows writing as a trade ought to be able to make quite a story out of the life of a circus clown. I've often thought my own experiences would make interesting reading—and they wouldn't have to be faked up much either. The truth would do; and, at that, I was never a topnotcher, though I did get fifty a week with the Big Show for part of one season.

That was for my act with Billy, the sheep; and it was great, if I do say it myself. I was made up for a Scotch shepherd—kilts, crook, pint flask, and all—and I had Billy trained to butt me round the ring. It was an awful hit while it lasted, and I might have been doing it yet if Billy hadn't taken cold and died. That's the worst of an animal act—they're always dying and leaving you flat on the lot!

I've read quite a few stories that pretended to be about clowns—all off the same chunk. In the first place the clown has got to be old—couldn't possibly be a young fellow; and, in the second place, something has to happen to break his heart. It wouldn't be a clown story without a broken heart in it!

Sometimes it's the old man's wife, and she runs away with the equestrian director and takes the family bankroll with her; sometimes it's his daughter, and she falls off a trapeze and gets busted up. The old man has to go on clowning, with his broken heart and the tears trickling down over the zinc paint. That's the popular notion for a clown story, and I don't mind saying that it gives me a pain! They always make him a pitiful old coot who hands laughs to others and never gets one himself. The folks who grind out that slush may know something about writing, but it's a cinch they don't know much about clowns. They say that a singer's heart must be broken before she amounts to much; but we don't have any females in our business, and when you break a clown's heart you crab his act. It's hard enough to be funny when you feel like it.

The way I figure clowns—and I've been putting that white stuff on my face for a long time now—they're just like other folks. Some of them have their troubles and are quiet and grouchy; some of them slide through life on their tiptoes, getting as many laughs as they give. We may be a bit rough in our ways and in our talk, but what chance would a man have with a tent show if he couldn't speak the language of the tribe? We're no better and surely no worse than anybody else.

Now Tom Chilvers—say, I wish some of these writing people could have known that fellow! He would have started a new line of clown stories—no more busted hearts; no more tears mixed up with the zinc paint; no more hogwash about the runaway wife or the crippled daughter! About six feet tall, straight as a centerpole, better looking than the law allows, always happy, simple, honest and openhearted—just a big kid that never grew up—that was Tom Chilvers, the greatest pantomime clown that ever scuffed off a slop-shoe.

Another thing about these writers—the story-book clowns always have dead-white faces and wrinkles like an elephant's hind legs. Chilvers wouldn't have seemed real to them. He had a complexion like a fifteen-year-old kid.

He used to say that it was the zinc paint that kept his skin so fresh and smooth; it's a fact—and the writing folks are welcome to it—that there is nothing on earth so good for the complexion as a thick coat of that white stuff twice a day; that, and the scrubbing with soap and water afterward. The only clowns I ever saw with dead-white faces were the six-dollars-a-week side-wallers; and they're always too lazy to wash up clean after a performance. People who want to write about side-wall clowns are welcome; they're nothing but hoboes dressed up.

I've seen most of the good clowns on the other side—London and Paris and Berlin—and all the topnotchers in this country, but I never saw a man anywhere half so funny as Tom Chilvers, or so finished in his line of work. I guess that was because he made a study out of it. He read books a great deal and had the history of clowns and clowning down pat; he could reel it off by the hour. He used to say that the clown was one of the oldest and most respectable institutions in the world—that he used to be quite a big fellow at court and was generally smarter than the king he worked for. Well, I don't doubt that a bit. When the Big Show was abroad I saw three or four kings, and I didn't think much of 'em as a class.

Even the Clowns Had to Laugh at Him

I remember when Chilvers joined out with us. He had been down South somewhere with a one-ring outfit, and I guess he got sick of it. He struck the boss for a job.

"And so you're a clown?" says the boss.

"That's my idea," says Chilvers.

"Leaper?"

"Sure!"

"What do you want?"

"The most I can get."

"That'll be sixteen a week—but you'll get it."

"Write it down!" says Chilvers. Great fellow for contracts, he was.

The next morning he lugged his trunk into Clown Alley. That's what we call our "street" in the dressing room. The big acts have a street all to themselves, and they call it Fifth Avenue; but ours is always Clown Alley.

Chilvers went on in the leaping act, the same as the rest of us did; and the way he flew over those elephants and camels was a caution! The last time he went over high and head first, and I thought he was going to break his neck sure; but just before he hit the leaping tick he ducked his head and landed on his shoulders. That gave him standing in the community, all right enough. We knew then that he wasn't any cheap side-waller.

Of course there wasn't time to rehearse him with any of the regular clown acts; so the boss told him to go on alone the first few performances and keep out of our way as much as possible. You may not think those slapstick acts are rehearsed, but they are, and anybody butting in mixes things up.

I wish you could have seen that fellow make his first entry in clown costume! We went out on the run, like we always do, jumping and yelling and knocking each other down, and were all over the place in no time, working fast and noisy. Then out came Chilvers, dressed all in white, with outrageous ruffles round the skirt of his coat, and starched pants big enough to fit Rajah, the elephant. All in the world that he did was to walk once round the hippodrome track, slow and dignified; and when he came to a bunch of us he would edge over to the ropes and slip by like an old maid passing a street fight. It doesn't sound like much, but even the clowns had to stop and laugh at him; and, as for the crowd, it was just one long yell all the way round the big top. I saw the boss grinning under his mustache—and it took something funny to twist that solemn face of his.

The best thing about it was that Chilvers didn't pay the least attention to the crowd—didn't seem to know there was a crowd there—and never made any apparent effort to be funny. When you try too hard to get a laugh you overreach yourself every time. And here was a man who could get the biggest kind of a laugh without trying at all.

The boss came in when Chilvers was changing for his next entry.

"Look here, young fellow," says he, "why didn't you tell me that pantomiming was your specialty?"

"Specialty!" says Chilvers. "Why, that wasn't any specialty! You told me to work alone and not interfere with the others, so I went out there and took a walk for myself—that's all."

"Oh!" says the boss. "Just like that, eh? What other stuff do you do?"

"Few little things of my own. I'm going out there now to pull a prize fight."

"Alone?" says the boss.

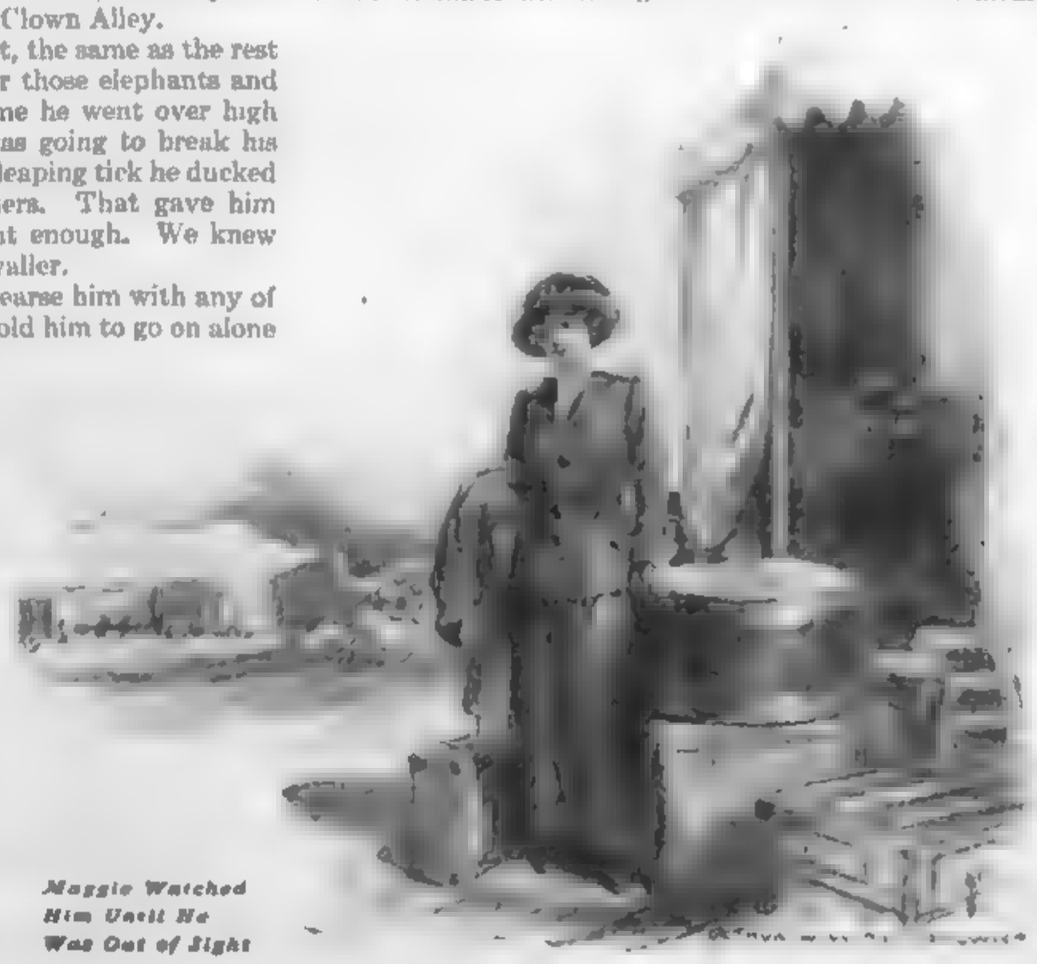
"Why not?" says Chilvers. "Just me and myself!"

"Pull it in front of the reserves," says the boss, and he went out grinning.

That night Chilvers got word to cut out the leaping act, which meant that the boss wasn't taking any chances on his getting hurt. That's how strong he made good.

From the beginning he was his own boss and nobody told him how to work. I give you my word that Chilvers could get a bigger laugh by crossing one foot over the other and standing perfectly still than I could get by being hit over the head with a scantling or run over by a property automobile!

The difference was that Tom was an artist, and every move he made was thought out beforehand and meant



Maggie Watched Him Until He Was Out of Sight

something. A dozen clowns are imitating him now. There's one of them with every tent show in the country. They copy his costumes, his make-up, his slow walk, and a lot more of his little tricks; but they can't copy his brain and the knack of making every wiggle of his fingers tell you something he wants you to know. That sort of thing has to be born in a man; he can't steal it.

The next season the boss paid him seventy-five a week and featured him in the advertising and on the program. From sixteen to seventy-five is an awful jump, but Chilvers took it without turning a hair.

I suppose he was the most popular man with the Big Show—that is, popular with the circus folks themselves. The men liked him because he was a human being and didn't allow success to swell him; and the women—well, they would have spoiled him in no time if he'd been the least inclined that way.

He had a queer trick of telling the truth about little things—straight out, just as if he always said the first thing that came into his head. You know the way a kid blats things out once in a while, and, as I said before, he was more of a kid than a man in some things. I've often thought that was the reason women liked him so well.

Even old Mrs. Sanchez, who was a tumbler before she got too fat to work and had three of the homeliest daughters that ever turned a flip—the whole bunch of 'em pretending to despise circus men worse than snakes, and clowns in particular—used to coo like a dove whenever Chilvers came round where she was. He had the gall to call her Mother, and she would smirk and giggle and get kittenish; and those three awful girls would wall their eyes at him in a way to make a man sick! If Chilvers saw it—and mighty little escaped him—he never let on. He didn't do any of that googoo business—at least not round the show. In some ways he was a lot smarter than others.

The bareback folks liked him, too, and that's unusual, because riders and clowns don't hitch as a general rule. We scare their horses; and if you want to get a battle out of a rider that's the best way to go about it. You see the bareback acts and the clowns are on at the same time; we fill in while the riders are resting. Those big white "rozum-backs" look steady as a church, galloping round in there; but some of 'em are as skittish as a fat prima donna, and any sudden noise is liable to send 'em a mile into the air. When a horse goes bad in the middle of an act there's always a chance for a nasty spill, and most of the family rows with a circus are between the riders and the clowns. I've seen some lovely fights between men riders and clowns—had a few of 'em myself too.

There was one rider with the show who was particularly strong for Chilvers, and she didn't care who knew it either. Not that I blamed her very much, because a woman has got a right to know what she wants. Her name was Lucille LeMoyne on the program, but in the dressing room she was Maggie—Maggie Delaney. A lot of the boys with the show had been sweet on her at one time or another, but she sent 'em all packing in a hurry.

Maggie was bred to the sawdust, like most circus people. I knew her old man well. He was a weight-lifter and called himself Delano. Her mother was a rider away back in the days of the wagon shows, and a good one too. She married Delaney to reform him—and got what a woman usually gets in such cases.

Maggie wasn't quite as young as she looked in her spangles and her knees were giving out. That came from doing "backward backs" for eight or nine years—a trick that will get 'em all if they stay with it long enough, men and women! A backward back is a back somersault with the rider facing the horse's tail. It's showy and a lot harder than it looks. The worst thing about somersaulting on a rozum-back is that all the jar comes on the ankles and knees, and that makes it only a question of time. They don't build legs that will stand that sort of thing forever.

When Maggie's knees began to weaken she was wise enough to know that she wouldn't see many more paydays, and maybe she began to look round a little. Not that she needed a husband to support her. She'd saved her money, and I suppose she was worth about thirty thousand, besides the farm down in Indiana.

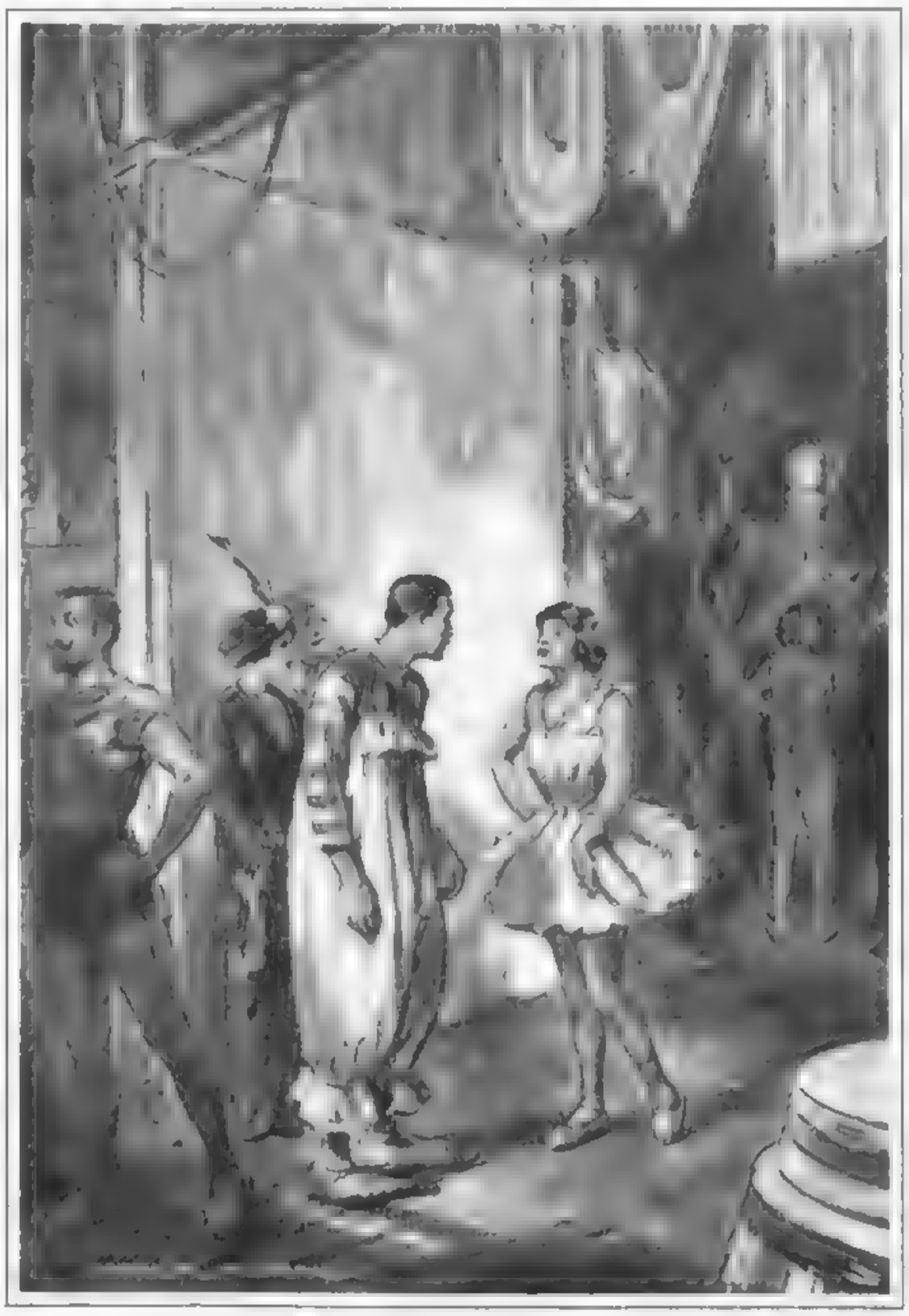
Then Chilvers came along, with his good looks and his nice way with women; and Maggie watched him for a few years before she made up her mind. I wouldn't be surprised if he was the very first man she ever took a notion to. He was clean and decent and careful of his money, and would have made a fair sort of a husband, once he was landed. He appealed to Maggie's head and her heart at the same time. She wasn't exactly stingy, but she was mighty judicious with money; and so was Tom. She was the sort of girl that would hate to see everything going out and nothing coming in; and he was the kind of fellow who would go to three stores before buying a four-bit necktie. If those are faults I know of worse ones.

After Maggie made up her mind she sort of angled for Chilvers in a quiet sort of way, and the other women used to laugh about it in the dressing room. Not before Maggie though. If the old man didn't leave her anything else she had his tongue.

We were all keeping cases on the affair, for you can't have any secrets with a circus. It's like one big family, and you know what every one else is doing and everybody knows what you are up to. So far as I could see Chilvers treated Maggie about the same as he treated the other women. He was a bird that did a good deal of fluttering round, but he didn't seem to light anywhere. Sometimes he'd be serious and sometimes he wouldn't; and often I've seen Maggie standing in the "connection" and watching him at work in the ring. He never watched her.

Just before we went into winter quarters one year it was quietly talked round that Maggie wouldn't be with us the next season. She was getting so she had to cut her act most of the time, and often she left out the backward backs altogether and the jump-ups. The boss was taking the show to Europe in the spring, and of course he didn't want any excess baggage in the way of crippled riders.

Closing day is always a big day with circus people. Everybody is crazy to get away and there is a lot of sky-larking all over the place. Glad to get away in the fall and twice as glad to get back in the spring—that's the way it is with showfolks. We're always talking about quitting and settling down, but we never do until we're fired. The sawdust gets into the blood.



If He Had Been the Dirt Under Her Feet She Couldn't Have Shown Her Contempt for Him Any Plainer

Maggie was through early the day we closed and she waited round the connection in the little brown tailor-made suit she'd worn for two seasons, cheerful enough when any one stopped to speak to her. Then she drifted back into the pad room, where the horses are saddled up for the ring; and it was there that Chilvers ran into her when he came out with his suitcases. He was in a hurry and she didn't have a fair chance to say goodby. I was standing on the other side of the centerpole and heard most of the talk.

"Well, Tom, I guess this is goodby," she says. "I won't be with the show next season."

"Nonsense!" says he, laughing. "You can't stay away!"

"It's true," she says. "I haven't told anybody else, Tom, but—well, I'm afraid I'll never ride any more!"

"You don't mean that!" he says. "It's been a hard season, and you're tired and kind of run down. Take a good rest and change your mind about quitting. We got to have you next year to show those French and English girls how to ride!"

That was his nice way of making her think he didn't know the boss hadn't offered her another contract, which was common property.

"I wish I could go," says Maggie, wistful-like. "I've never been abroad. You might write me once in a while. I'll be at the farm all winter."

"Sure!" says Chilvers. "I'll drop you a postal now and then so that you won't forget the poor old clown. Goodby! Good luck!" He shook hands with her—the fool!

"Goodby, Tom!" says she. "Goodby, and—take care of yourself. Come back safe!"

That was all there was to it—and away he went, head up and whistling. Maggie watched him until he was out of sight. It seemed sort of pitiful to me that a girl like her, who had always been so independent and proud, should be throwing herself at a man who wasn't interested enough to care—either that or too blind to see; and yet he was quick enough to see other things. A woman has a tough time of it anyhow. A man can go after the woman he wants, but she has to sit still and hope that the man she wants will come to her. That ought to be fixed somehow.

Maggie said goodby to me cheerful enough, but the smile was on her lips and not in her eyes. Then she waited round as if she wanted to say something more, and I gave her the chance.

"Chilvers ought to make a big hit on the other side," says I. "They understand pantomiming in Europe and they know good work when they see it. He ought to do well."

"He's sure to!" says she. "Keep your eye on him a little, will you, Pete? You know he's such a boy—in some things."

"He's such a fool in some things!"

I really didn't mean to say it. It slipped out before I thought how it would sound. Maggie nearly took my head off. Maybe it served me right.

II

THE European tour was a grand success—so much so that the boss decided to winter over there and try it again. Chilvers and I got to be pals, and he worked up some new stuff that gave him a chance to use me—just as a foil, you know. You should have seen him in Paris, clowning in a German cavalry uniform! It was enough to make a horse laugh; and when we were in Berlin he did the same thing in a French uniform—only, of course, he made the German pompous and the Frenchman fussy. The way that fellow could pick up an act by watching people on the boulevards was wonderful!

He sent Maggie a postal once in a while. Part of the time he remembered it himself and part of the time I had to remind him. He got letters from her—all about the farm and the livestock, and things like that. At least that's what he told me. Once he sent her his picture in a clown rig that he thought was funny. He had some other ones, too, taken in his full-dress suit, and I sent Maggie the one he gave me. When she wrote and thanked him for it he didn't even remember that he hadn't sent it! That's how much she was on his mind in those days.

During the winter he had engagements in the music halls in London and Paris, and he worked me in so that I

(Continued on Page 36)

GOLDEN WATER

By WILL IRWIN

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

III

AS ALREADY set forth, William G. Chesborough, in the "recovery" period of the middle nineties, found himself sole owner of the Carmania Tinplate Factory. He had achieved that ownership from an initial investment of twenty-five thousand dollars through a series of shrewd, far-seeing operations—only one of them illegal or questionable. Now was he become a stable, prominent citizen of Carmania. Some of the farmers whom he had whipsawed out of their stock in his early financial juggling held the one questionable transaction against him; but who grows great without making enemies? The character of William G. Chesborough blossomed and settled. He spoke at banquets; he contributed to political funds; he had a voice in the making of senators; he became the little oracle of his club.

His was a simple factory, run under the old-fashioned idea of resident, personal ownership. He—who held all the funds—was at the office or the factory every day, keeping in intimate touch with the plant and its working force. When the working force gave its annual outing and ball he led the grand march; when injuries happened in the plant he looked into them personally—and he was likely to cut legal red tape and to do real justice when the fault lay with the mills. He had gone to school with many of his older employees, and he still called them Tom, Dick or Harry. By this personal acquaintance he was able to quell two or three small disturbances which might have grown into strikes had the plant been more impersonally managed. Only part of this policy, perhaps, was real philanthropy; his desire for good opinion in the city of Carmania had something to do with it. Let us not look too far into motives. He held the reputation, on the whole, of a good boss and a fair man.

During his building period William G. Chesborough had "lived small"—scarcely better than he lived when he was teller at the bank. He kept within the fairly ample salary he voted himself, as general manager, from the Carmania Company. He was playing for the future, as he told Mrs. Chesborough when she complained that their establishment was not up to their social position. Now he was prepared to rebuild and to let his worldly circumstances blossom, when things began to happen in tinplate.

After the First Flash of Her Anger She Did Not Blame Bobbie

A Critical Period for the Business

TO UNDERSTAND just what happened we must go back to the basis of this new bonanza industry. It owed its inception and its first bloated prosperity to the McKinley Tariff schedule of thirty dollars a ton. There came first the period of "education," when American manufacturers, tinkering and experimenting, could not make profits even under this high protective schedule. Then followed the period when they found themselves; when, through Yankee ingenuity in small mechanical devices and through the high efficiency of the American, they manufactured tinplate so cheaply that, on a stable market, they might have met Welsh competition on equal terms. Those were the bonanza years of fifty, seventy-five and even a hundred per cent profits on an efficient factory with good organization. Attracted by the news of those profits, capitalists began pouring money into tinplate plants. Production soon increased; demand became slack. Price-cutting followed—the market quotations on tin and terne plate went steadily down. On top of those bonanza years, which enabled Mr. Chesborough to get control of his own business, followed a year when he could not so much as break even. He found himself again in debt to the bank; he had the old familiar crawling along his spine whenever the cashier invited him into the private office. Then came a rise in price and a glut of orders he was unable to fill; so that he lost thereby some old customers. Then another slump. Never again, while he remained an independent manufacturer, did he wholly catch up with the bank.

"Destructive competition," he and his fellows called it; and the saying meant just this: Under artificial conditions tinplate profits had been a forced, artificial product. The business was simply settling now toward the condition we have always regarded as natural—free competition. In such a state the efficient factories—whose mechanical force could make tinplate cheaply and whose office force could sell it advantageously—would return a moderate profit, often a good one; while the weak, inefficient factories would languish or go to the wall. The strong would survive and their strength would be measured by the manner in which they added to production. That is the great excuse for free competition.

However, certain special considerations enter into this case. Evolving, as it was, from an artificial condition to a more or less natural one, the industry had reached an unhealthy and unstable stage of growth. It was like a vegetable adjusting itself in the change from a hothouse to a field. The very fact that some of the big fellows, manipulating to keep up the high prices of last year, were holding back product or dumping it—were combining to stamp out the little fellows—sufficed in itself to ruin any steady flow of product and profits.

Then, too, William Chesborough faced his own special and peculiar difficulty. Few as its years were, the Carmania plant had already become antiquated. Its machinery was made on Welsh models, in the day before American invention improved all the processes. Worse than that, his bar mill, aside from its antiquated pattern, was now an actual drag on the concern. Its use—taking the matter out of technical terminology—was to break down the heavier forms of steel, as they came from the mills over the state line, into bars of the proper size to be rolled into "black sheets" in his hot mills. The bigger concerns were allied with steel mills of their own; on their own machinery they converted the ore from its crude state into bars, making their profits with each separate operation. He must pay toll on the half-finished product of the big mills; must pay railroad tariffs for transporting this material, which in itself, it seemed, was enough to destroy his profits in the new era.

For a year or two William Chesborough flirted and fiddled with various plans. In a moment of discouragement he considered the offer of a bigger concern to buy him out—went so far as to let them send over experts, who put a valuation on the property. The result was not encouraging. On the basis of their estimate he found that, when all his obligations were settled, he would clear less than a hundred thousand dollars. Openly he scouted this offer. Secretly he knew it was fair; but he steadily refused to sell. With all his enterprise, he had a talent for hanging on. Besides, a new hope was dawning above the horizon.

Ever since the tinplate men began to complain of "destructive competition" there had been some talk of combination. They did not yet speak of it as a trust, though the word was in their minds. In that incredibly remote financial period of fifteen years ago Wall Street had not yet lighted the way—the uses and possibilities of combination were not fully understood. From several directions at once came tentative moves for an understanding to control prices; and one of those attempts originated with William G. Chesborough himself. He saw half a dozen of the small manufacturers in his neighborhood, drew them into an agreement to stand together in the event of a greater combination. He had scarcely effected this when that combination bade fair to arise. The Big Fellow suddenly heaved himself up out of the confused situation—and history began.

The Big Fellow—a financier to his fingertips, born with the priceless jewel of originality in a setting of nerve—had been growing greater and greater. At the head of a factory that had shown the way, he occupied a good strategic position. As Chesborough and his fellows were to learn by the gradual leakage of information, the Big Fellow had obtained strong backing in Chicago, had already laid his plans, and was working from his own territory toward the small plants in the Middle West. The first that William G. Chesborough knew of all this officially was when a smooth, suave and friendly agent of the larger interests visited him at the club and outlined to him the benefits of coöperation. In successive talks, during which Mr. Chesborough made it plain that he had influence enough to drag in or keep out the local group, he and the agent got down to actual figures.

"The value of my plant, as the books show, is three hundred thousand dollars. That doesn't include the good-will, of course. And, of course, it makes no allowance for stock and material on hand—negotiable assets. It's just actual value."

"The plant's depreciated. It's worth no three hundred thousand on the market!" objected the expert.

"But think of the good-will!" said Chesborough.

"Which is exactly the advantage we're offering you—we'll capitalize the good-will; we'll make it return you dividends," said the advance agent of the trust. Then they dickered, breaking off negotiations officially and renewing them unofficially. Chesborough held one trump card and both knew it—he was the strong man, the leader by right of personality, in his local group. They came down at last to a flat, definite ultimatum from the trust man.

"Three hundred thousand dollars cash—if the rest of your outfit comes in and if we make it go! And seventy-five thousand dollars for negotiable assets," he said "that is, unless you decide to make it stock. There will be a bonus with that."

"How much bonus?" asked William Chesborough.

"Three hundred thousand in preferred and three hundred thousand in common, and cash anyhow for negotiable assets, are our terms for stock," said the agent.

"I'll make it cash," said Chesborough.

"Better leave it open in case you change your mind," rejoined the other.

The Bait the Big Fellow Dangled

THE owner of the Carmania Company signed his tentative agreement with outward calm, and with a secret fear lest the very papers should take wings and fly away. From a rundown factory worth less than a hundred thousand dollars to such an offer as this! It was hard to believe! Committed now to the side of the combination, he worked heart and soul to drag in the others. That was not entirely a simple matter. News of the bonanza terms had leaked out. Some were holding stiff for ridiculous terms; and one sturdy old Scotchman, who appeared to have conscientious scruples about trusts, refused to combine at all. The course of the negotiations took William G. Chesborough to Chicago, where he dined with the mighty, grew friendly with the Big Fellow, and learned a little bit—not too much—about what these lords of finance were doing. It was at one of the conferences, when the case with his group seemed a little hopeless, that the Big Fellow dangled another piece of bait before his eyes.

"We'll take care of you if you bring this off," said the Big Fellow.

"On the inside?" asked Chesborough.

The Big Fellow laughed, with cordial laughter.

"No—the inside's crowded," he said; "but we're going to need enterprising district managers. And there's more to follow." The promise and the hint put another ounce of nerve into the efforts of William G. Chesborough. By a counter-bluff he drew in all his reluctant fellows—even

the Scot, whose moral nature seemed to crumple up all at once; and one day, meeting secretly in the library of his house, they decided to throw in their destinies with the trust.

Now, in all his dawning realization that the dream was about to come true Chesborough had thought of only a cash transaction, holding the promise of stock lightly. That stock was already selling on the market in Chicago, but he paid small attention to the quotations until a few days after his group came in. Then suddenly it began to rise. It reached the ceiling, it tore off the roof; and there it stuck. Rumors coursed about among the tinplate men concerning the future of the combination—how it would absolutely control prices, reduce overhead charges, introduce unheard-of economies. His impulse bursting from a steadily growing conviction, William G. Chesborough took a train for Chicago and called on the agent who had drawn him into the combination.

"That goes—what you said about taking stock instead of cash?" he asked.

"I don't know," replied the agent. "We'd rather pay cash just now."

"But I've got you—in black and white!" replied Chesborough with some warmth.

The agent professed not to be sure about that. All agreements were only tentative in this transaction; and Mr. Chesborough had asked in the beginning for cash. One must see the Big Fellow. Only after that visit did the agent give in.

"You've helped out," he said, "and we're letting you get on the inside. Make it stock."

You couldn't have taken William G. Chesborough's stock with dynamite. Before he left Chicago he had committed himself to the original terms—three hundred thousand dollars in preferred stock, three hundred thousand in common, and seventy-five thousand dollars cash—for his whole busines.

He was on the inside after a fashion—but only inside the storm-door, after all. Away back in the inner rooms sat a body of four or five gentlemen giving a historic exhibition of nerve. Years later, in the course of gossipy smoke-talks over old times, Mr. Chesborough learned the truth about that stage in the affairs of American Tinplate. There was just one thing the inside group could not do pay cash for the properties! How much backing they had is a secret that history will never know; it was certainly not enough by many and many a percentum to redeem their cash promises. But in that group sat one man who discovered talents as a master manipulator. By all the devices he knew he had forced up tinplate stock on the curb and held it at its dizzy elevation, while the mere pikers—like this shrewd William G. Chesborough, of Carmania—crawled to the trust on their knees and begged for stock instead of cash. A few, indeed, held out for ready money. Curiously they, who refused to be tricked, were the lesser gainers in this transaction.

"Who Paid for the Automatic Machinery—You?" Shot in the Boss

The Melon Party in Chicago

THE dream came true at last! From the grim, smoky, wealthy city at the meeting of the waters; from new-made towns fresh-hewed out of the regions of virgin forests; from the giant, finished cities of the East, the baronets and minor peers of Tinplate hurried to Chicago for the first great melon cutting. They came as victors and with the exultation of victory. Not a man among them but was getting something for nothing—much as William G. Chesborough had expanded his fortune through the blessings of combination, he was by no means the most greatly favored among them. There were those who had begun smaller than he; some among them were receiving eight dollars in cash and stock for one dollar actually invested!

Yet, exultant as he was—as they all were—William G. Chesborough had still another thrill in store—the instant when a smiling functionary put into his hands three hundred thousand dollars in preferred stock, three hundred thousand dollars in common, and a check for seventy-five thousand dollars! There's magic and madness in big money; men grow drunk with it. And scarcely one who took his slice of the melon that day but behaved abnormally. A certain rough, farmer-looking man was unable, for the trembling of his hands, to count his stock; one big fellow clutched his stock certificates loosely in his hands. "Here's for a drunk!" he said. Another, turning suddenly pale as he saw those impressive green certificates on the table before him, muttered to himself while he affixed his signature. They tumbled out on the street at last, bright-eyed and chattering; and that night the corks popped all over Chicago, as the wild and riotous among them began to "blow" their new, easy money, after the fashion of riotous men. A historic occasion in their lives, it was also history in the life of the United States—though none could foresee that. The Big Fellow and his group had found the formula—how to make value out of value-and-water!

Water—capitalized, golden water—that, mostly, was what those exciting green certificates represented. As searching Congressional inquiries showed afterward, the American Tinplate Company, the newmade trust, combined properties worth about twelve million dollars in actual value—"twelve million dollars, good-will and all!" said one witness. They capitalized at fifty millions, of which perhaps ten millions in common stock went to those geniuses of high finance who drew up the plan. That fifty million dollars must pay dividends there was no going back to such conditions as had kept the Carmania Company juggling with the bank. It had the method for dividend-paying already formulated—destruction of "destructive competition." And competition was effectually killed. The ink had hardly dried on the certificates before tinplate jumped upward, so that in the official tabulations the "line of price" looks like the cross-section of a cliff. From less than three dollars a box it rose in a few months to five dollars. The Tinplate Company controlled about three-fourths of the American output. Theoretically, perhaps, it was not a trust. One would think that so long as a few companies remained outside the combination they could hold down prices to a competitive level. In practice this theory does not work out. So long as you have an overwhelming majority you can set prices at your will—as the American Tinplate Company proved immediately.

The Chesborough Winnings

TO VIEW the matter in another light: The McKinley Tariff had been enacted, as we all know, for the protection of the American workingman against the cheap hordes of Europe. The manufacturers, after a year or two, had reached out and taken its benefits to themselves. The combination was a measure to insure them in the permanent enjoyment of those benefits; in fact it was made a case of necessity. With that immense stock valuation before them the managers must continue to make money at the same old scale in order to pay dividends. It had still another blessing: The promoters, the inside group of geniuses who thought out the scheme and made it effective, gained at one stroke ten million dollars of something for nothing. Every one profited except—but I am coming later to the exception.

William G. Chesborough was not among those who drank wine and intoned song on the night of the big melon cutting. A good family man of moral impulses, he hurried home with his stock to rejoice in the bosom of his family. That seventy-five thousand dollars cash, as he found by stocktaking and calculation, would wipe out his entire indebtedness. This money enabled him to put his house in order and to turn over to the Tinplate Trust an unincumbered property.

Let us calculate his winnings: So far as these later operations are concerned, it is fair to begin only a year or two back, when he had on his hands an old-fashioned plant, going each day further and further behind the times, and worth not more than a hundred thousand dollars. By the use of magic golden water it had been made worth six hundred thousand hypothetical dollars—three hundred

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Committed to the Combination, He Worked Heart and Soul to Drag in the Others

COÖPERATION THAT FAILS

By WILL PAYNE

The Store Got Hardly Half the Trade of its Own Stockholders

HUNDREDS of small coöperative buying associations have sprung up all over the country in the last ten years. A great many of them have failed. The persistence with which they are organized shows the strength of the coöperative idea. The shockingly high mortality rate among them shows the difficulty of working that idea from the top downward.

Here is a strictly typical case, with the names changed for humane reasons: Lily Park is a fine middle-class suburb of Chicago. Doctor Tinley lives there, mostly retired from active practice and with a modest competence. He has seen coöperation applied with great success in England and on the Continent. Three years ago he decided it was high time to apply it more extensively in the United States. After carefully studying the English Rochdale system and such American experiments—successful and otherwise—as he could learn of, he began at Lily Park.

Now there are few actual wage-earners in that suburb; but he satisfied himself that it would be impossible to start the experiment among the American wage-earners down at Slag, a manufacturing district. They seemed rather suspicious of altruistic strangers, however well recommended, and only vaguely interested in the project. Doctor Tinley argued, however, that with an actually successful coöperative store at Lily Park, as an incontrovertible object lesson, the movement would spread.

Doctor Tinley's Experiment

THE beginning was very easy. Two younger physicians, a lawyer, a dentist, the principal of the high school, two professors in the Lily Park Academy, the cashier of the bank, and half a dozen suburban residents whose business was in Chicago—all friends of Doctor Tinley—readily subscribed for stock and agreed to boost the enterprise. Most of them were quite enthusiastic about it and brought in their friends. The shares were five dollars each, any one man's holding being limited to a hundred shares. Except for that limitation Doctor Tinley could in a couple of days have raised the five thousand dollars with which he proposed to begin.

After the first thirty stockholders subscriptions came more slowly. It was then a matter of patient solicitation among those who would take only two to five shares, but whose circumstances were such that coöperative buying might be an appreciable benefit to them.

Meanwhile there was the matter of getting a suitable location for the store, finding a proper manager, appraising fixtures, and so on. In fact for three months Doctor Tinley, with no personal experience in the meat and grocery trade, was the busiest man in Lily Park. At length he had a hundred and fifty subscribers—insuring the trade of as many households—a manager, butcher, grocery salesmen, fixtures and stock of goods; and the Lily Park Coöperative Association opened for business. The plan, following the Rochdale model, was to sell goods at substantially the same prices charged by non-coöperative competitors and to distribute the profits to patrons in proportion to their purchases—except that patrons who were not stockholders received only half the dividends paid those who were stockholders.

Doctor Tinley soon found that the store was not getting the trade of members of the Association. There were three non-coöperative groceries within a block of the new store. If one of these groceries put a placard in the window offering a certain brand of soap a cent a bar under the usual price about half the coöperators marched straight by their own store and bought soap at the cut rate. If the next grocer had a bargain sale of cheese thither most of the coöperators flocked for their cheese. In short they preferred an immediate saving of a few cents on a given purchase to a future and somewhat uncertain dividend or rebate from the coöperative store.

Observing this phenomenon, the non-coöperative grocers naturally took great pleasure in continually advertising sales on this article and that, thereby capturing an important part of the coöperators' trade. Though they were all against coöperation as practiced in Doctor Tinley's store, they coöperated very effectually among themselves in the matter of arranging their bargain sales so that one would not duplicate another.

Second reason for failure to hold the coöperators' trade presently developed. Among those whom Doctor Tinley enlisted in the movement none had been more enthusiastic than Lawyer Taft; yet after the first week the purchases of the Taft household at the coöperative store were amazingly meager. Doctor Tinley spoke to his friend about it.

"Why, doctor, I'm just as strong for coöperation as ever," the lawyer assured him; "but you see the fact is I've traded with Smith & Jones here for fifteen years. They're very good fellows and have always done everything they possibly could to satisfy me. I feel it would be hardly decent to quit them altogether, and Mrs. Taft wouldn't hear of it anyway. But I'm just as strong for coöperation—as a principle, you understand—as ever I was."

And Dentist Tyson was obliged to continue patronizing Grocer Latham, because the Latham children were having their teeth filled and it was understood the bill should be taken out in trade. Mr. Marshall, a traveling drygoods salesman, was another earnest coöperator. He had heartily agreed with Doctor Tinley that all sales must be strictly for cash, because experience showed that was the only way in which a coöperative business could be conducted successfully. He would not have the coöperative store sell anything on credit. But personally he felt obliged to trade with Smith & Jones who did sell on credit, because he was away from home a good deal and it was more convenient for Mrs. Marshall to have things charged and settle the bill once a month.

From the first, in fact, this credit feature proved a formidable rock. There was no disagreement among the coöperators as to the correct principle. They knew the business should be conducted on a strictly cash basis—in principle. But if their wives happened not to have brought their pocketbooks along or found it more convenient to go to the store before going to the bank, they said "Charge it" as a matter of course; such is the inveteracy of the credit habit in every well-to-do American community.

For a while the coöperators pretended they were sticking to their principle because they made no charges in a book, but merely dropped a slip of paper in the cash drawer. By refusing to charge in particular cases they not only lost several customers but outraged the self-respect of several estimable ladies. Then they sought to compromise by adopting a rule that all sales should be for cash except that credit might be given stockholders to the amount of their stock, bills to be settled semi-monthly. But the rule, as a matter of fact, was never strictly enforced.

For various reasons, then, the store got hardly half the trade of its own stockholders. Of course it got a little outside trade; but after four months a careful audit of the books showed it was losing money. The manager evidently was not up to the mark. He did not buy to the best advantage; a good deal of money had gone into slow-moving stock; more had gone into book accounts; there had been some extravagant purchases of fixtures. The coöperative store was no longer buying strictly for cash, but on time.

Doctor Tinley set out to get a new manager. Finding the right person was no easy task. The most competent grocers naturally were running stores of their own, or had very good positions which they considered secure and were loath to leave for anything so uncertain as a coöperative venture. It was more than a month before the doctor found, not exactly the man he hoped to find, but one who seemed at any rate preferable to the old manager. By that time Doctor Tinley had made a surprising discovery which he proceeded to lay before the board of directors.

"This isn't a coöperative concern at all," he said; "it's an autocratic concern. I'm the whole thing. For nine months I've worked like a beaver at it and you've let me. The result is you have mighty little more to do with running the business than you have with running Smith & Jones'. Whatever comes up you always say: 'See Tinley about it.' This is your store, but the people here in the Park have got to speaking of it as Doctor Tinley's. That isn't coöperation. I want you to run this store yourselves. If you don't care to do that the stockholders must elect a board that will. I am satisfied there will be no genuine coöperation here until I get out, so I'm going to take a vacation. You've got to buckle up and run the store yourselves."

With many expressions of remorse the directors agreed to this, and the doctor went to the seashore for the summer. These directors were all good men and true, and heartily devoted to the principle of coöperation; but they had businesses of their own, to say nothing of vacations. In the most natural way in the world they soon began looking round for some one of their own number who would hold the sack. When Dentist Tyson seemed disposed to run the store they cheerfully permitted him to do so and trustfully O. K.'d whatever he did. Presently Dentist Tyson was seeking to shoulder off the responsibility and bother upon Lawyer Taft or Mr. Marshall.

The End of a Losing Venture

MEANWHILE the new manager was working his head off to get a balance on the right side of the books. Anything that saved a dollar appealed to him. The butcher received twenty-eight dollars a week and furnished, in fact, the cheapest labor in the store; but the manager discharged him because he could get another man at nine dollars a week less wages. The other man was a surly person who failed to wash his hands and wore a smeared apron. The result was that the store lost most of its meat trade. The manager saved so much on scrubbing, dusting and tidying up generally that the place began to take on a grimy, out-at-elbows appearance which was far from appetizing.

By the time the store was a year old credit men at the wholesale houses were stamping "C. O. D." across its orders. Doctor Tinley remained away, and as the enterprise sank into a shabby and woebegone estate the others who had founded it more and more lost interest. It became like a poor and disreputable relation whom one wishes to hide or send out of town.

Finally the lease and rundown stock were sold to a thrifty young German for enough to pay the creditors seventy-five cents on the dollar. This young German understood the business and was alert and industrious, so he managed to make a fair living out of the store.

I believe fully half of the small coöperative buying associations go substantially the same way. Sometimes

(Continued on Page 49.

The New Manager Was Working His Head Off to Get a Balance on the Right Side of the Books

THE FLIRT By BOOTH TARKINGTON

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARENCE F. UNDERWOOD

XIX

MEMORY, that drowsy custodian, had wakened slowly during this hour, beginning the process with fitful gleams of semiconsciousness—then, irritated, searching its pockets for the keys and dazedly exploring blind passages; but now it flung wide open the gallery doors, and there in clear light were the rows of painted canvases.

Richard Lindley remembered that day when he was waiting for a car and Laura Madison had stopped for a moment, and then had gone on, saying she preferred to walk. He remembered that after he got into the car he wondered why he had not walked home with her; had thought himself slow for not thinking of it in time to do it. There had seemed something very taking about her as she stopped and spoke to him, something enlivening and wholesome and sweet; it had struck him that Laura was a very nice girl. He had never before noticed how really charming she could look; in fact he had never thought much about either of the Madison sisters who had become young ladies during his mourning for his brother. And this pleasant image of Laura had remained with him for several days until he decided that it might be a delightful thing to spend an evening with her. He had called, and he remembered Cora's saying to him that he looked at her sometimes as if he did not like her: he had been surprised and astonishingly pleased to detect a mysterious *feeling* in her about it.

He remembered that almost at once he had fallen in love with Cora: she captivated him, enraptured him, as she still did—as she always would, he felt, no matter how she treated him or what she did to him. He did not analyze the process of the captivation and enrapturement—for love is a mystery and cannot be analyzed. This is so well known that even Richard Lindley knew it and did not try.

Heartsick he stared at the fallen book. He was a man, and here was the proffered love of a woman he did not want. There was a pathos in the ledger; it seemed to grovel, sprawling and disheveled, in the circle of lamplight on the floor: it was as if Laura herself lay pleading at his feet, and he looked down upon her, compassionate but revolted. He realized, with astonishment, from what a height she had fallen, how greatly he had respected her, how warmly liked her. What she now destroyed had been more important than he had guessed.

Simple masculine indignation arose within him: she was to have been his sister. If she had been unable to stifle this misplaced love of hers could she not at least have kept it to herself? Laura, the self-respecting! No! She offered it—offered it to her sister's betrothed. She had written that he should "never, never know it"; that when she was "cured" she would burn the ledger. She had not burned it! There were inconsistencies in plenty in the pitiful screed, but these were the wildest—and the cheapest. In talk she had urged him to "keep trying" for Cora, and now the sick-minded creature sent him this record! She wanted him to know. Then what else was it but a plea? "I love you! Let Cora go. Take me."

"You—Think I—Did Mean ——"

Lindley began to walk up and down, wondering what was to be done. After a time he picked up the book gingerly, set it upon a shelf in a dark corner, and went for a walk outdoors. The night air seemed better than that of the room which held the ledger.

At the corner a boy, running, passed him. It was Hedrick Madison, but Hedrick did not recognize Richard, nor was his mind at that moment concerned with Richard's affairs, he was on an errand of haste to Doctor Sloane. Mr. Madison had wakened from a heavy slumber unable to speak, his condition obviously much worse.

Hedrick returned in the doctor's car, and then hung uneasily about the door of the sick-room until Laura came out and told him to go to bed. In the morning his mother did not appear at the breakfast table, Cora was serious and quiet, and Laura said that he need not go to school that day, though she added that the doctor thought their father would get better. She looked wan and hollow-eyed—she had not been to bed, but declared that she would rest after breakfast. Evidently she had not missed her ledger. Hedrick watched her closely, the first pleasurable excitement he had known for a long time stirring in his breast.

Laura did not go to her room after the meal: the house was cold, possessing no furnace, and she carried out the ashes, Hedrick assisting, from the library grate and built a fire there. She had just lighted it and the kindling was beginning to crackle, glowing rosily over her tired face, when the bell rang.

"Will you see who it is, please, Hedrick?"

He went with alacrity, and returning announced in an odd voice: "It's Dick Lindley. He wants to see you."

"Me?" she murmured, wanly surprised. She was kneeling before the fireplace, wearing an old dress, dusted with ashes, and upon her hands a pair of worn-out gloves of her father's. Lindley appeared in the hall behind Hedrick, carrying under his arm something wrapped in brown paper. His expression led her to think that he had heard of her father's relapse and had come on that account.

"Don't look at me, Richard," she said, smiling faintly as she rose and stripped her hands of the clumsy gloves. "It's good of you to come though. Doctor Sloane thinks he is going to be better again."

Richard inclined his head gravely, but did not speak.

"Well," said Hedrick with a slight emphasis, "I guess I'll go out in the yard a while." And with shining eyes he left the room.

In the hall, out of range from the library door, he executed a triumphant but noiseless caper and doubled with mirth, clapping his hand over his mouth to stifle the outbursts of his joy. He had recognized the ledger in the same wrapping in which he had left it in the Lindley vestibule. His moment had come—the climax of his enormous joke; the repayment in some small measure for the anguish he had so long endured.

He crept silently back toward the door, flattened himself against the wall and listened.

"Richard," he heard Laura say, a vague alarm in her voice, "what is it? What is the matter?"

Then Lindley:

"I did not know what to do about it. I couldn't think of any sensible thing. I suppose what I am doing is the stupidest of all the things I thought of; but at least it's honest—so I've brought it back to you myself. Take it, please."

There was a crackling of the stiff wrapping paper, a little pause; then a strange sound from Laura. It was not vocal and no more than just audible—it was a prolonged scream in a whisper.

Hedrick ventured an eye at the crack between the partly open door and its casing. Lindley stood with his back to him, but the boy had a clear view of Laura. She was leaning against the wall, facing Richard, the book clutched in both arms against her bosom.

"I thought of sending it back and pretending to think it had been left at my mother's house by mistake," said Richard sadly; "and of trying to make it seem that I hadn't read any of it. I thought of a dozen ways to pretend I believed you hadn't really meant me to read it ——"

Making a crucial effort, Laura managed to speak.

"You—think I—did mean ——"

"Well," he answered with a helpless shrug, "you sent it! But it's what's in it that really matters—isn't it? I could have pretended anything in a note, I suppose, if I had written instead of coming; but I found that what I most dreaded was meeting you again, and as we've got to meet, of course, it seemed to me the only thing to do was to blunder through a talk with you somehow or other, and get that part of it over. I thought the longer I put off facing you the worse it would be for both of us and the more horribly embarrassing. I'm not good at pretending anyhow; and the thing has happened—what use in not being honest? Well?"

Laura did not try again to speak. Her state was lamentable.

Richard hung his head wretchedly, turning partly away from her. He could not look at her now.

"There's only one way—to treat it," he said hesitatingly and stammering—"that is, there's only one thing to do—to forget that it's happened. I'm—I—oh, well, I care for Cora altogether. She must never know about this. She hasn't any idea or—suspicion of it, has she?"

Laura managed to shake her head.

"She never must have," he said. "Will you promise me to burn that book now?" She nodded slowly. "I—I'm awfully sorry, Laura," he said brokenly. "I'm not idiot enough not to see that you're suffering horribly. I suppose I have done the most blundering thing possible." He stood a moment, irresolute; then turned to the door. "Goodby!"

Hedrick had just time to dive into the hideous little room of the multitudinous owls as Richard strode into the hall. Then with the closing of the front door the boy was back at his post.

Laura stood leaning against the wall, the book clutched in her arms, as Richard had left her. Slowly she began to sink, her eyes wide open; and, with her back against the wall, she slid down until she was sitting upon the floor. Her arms relaxed and hung limp at her sides, letting the book topple over into her lap; and she sat motionless.

One of her feet protruded from her skirt and the leaping firelight illumined it ruddily. It was a graceful foot in an old shoe which had been resoled and patched. It seemed very still, that patched shoe—as if it might stay still forever. Hedrick knew that Laura had not fainted, but he wished she would move her foot.

He went away. He went into the owl-room again and stood there silently a long, long time. Then he stole back

again toward the library door, but caught a glimpse of that old, motionless shoe through the doorway as he came near, and spied no more. He went out to the stable and, secluding himself in his studio, sat moodily to meditate.

Something was the matter. Something had gone wrong. Something was out of gear. He had thrown a bombshell which he had expected to go off with a stupendous bang, leaving him, as the smoke cleared, looking down in merry triumph, stinging his fallen enemies with his humor, withering them with satire, and inquiring of them how it felt now *they* were getting it. But he was decidedly untriumphant; he wished Laura had moved her foot and that she hadn't that patch upon her shoe. He could not get his mind off that patch. He began to feel very queer; it seemed to be somehow because of the patch. If she had worn a pair of new shoes that morning! . . . Yes, it was that patch.

By-and-by Hedrick went into the house again, to the library. Laura was not there, but he found the fire almost smothered under heaping ashes. She had burned her book.

He went into the room where the piano was and played On the Banks of the Saskatchewan with one finger; then went out to the porch and walked up and down, whistling cheerily.

After that he went upstairs and asked Miss Peirce how his father was feeling; received a non-committal reply; looked in at Cora's room; saw that his mother was lying asleep on Cora's bed, and Cora herself examining the contents of a dressing-table drawer; and withdrew. A moment later he stood in the passage outside Laura's closed door, listening. There was no sound.

He retired to his own chamber, but found it unbearable—and, fascinated by Laura's, returned thither, and after standing a long time in the passage knocked softly on the door.

"Laura," he called in a rough and careless voice, "it's kind of a pretty day outdoors. If you've had your nap if I was you I'd go out for a walk." There was no response. "I'll go with you," he added, "if you want me to."

He listened again and heard nothing. Then he turned the knob softly. The door was unlocked; he opened it and went in.

Laura was sitting in a chair, with her back to a window, her hands in her lap. She was staring straight in front of her.

He came near her hesitatingly, and at first she did not seem to see him or even to know that she was not alone in the room. Then she looked at him wonderingly and, as he stood beside her, lifted her right hand and set it gently upon his head.

"Hedrick," she said, "was it you that took my book to ——"

All at once he fell upon his knees, his face in her lap, and burst into loud and passionate sobbing.

XX

VALENTINE CORLISS, having breakfasted in bed at a late hour that morning, dozed again, roused himself and, making a toilet, addressed to the image in his shaving mirror a disgusted monosyllable:

"Ass!"

However he did not look like a man who had played cards all night to a disastrous tune, with an accompaniment of Scotch. His was a surface not easily indented; he was hard and healthy—clear-skinned and clear-eyed. When he had made himself point-device, he went into the parlor of his apartment, frowning at the litter of malodorous relics, stumps and stubs, bottles and half-drained glasses, scattered chips and cards—dregs of a night session. He had been making acquaintances.

He sat at the desk and wrote with a steady hand in Italian:

Most Illustrious Moliterno: We live, but learn little. As to myself, it appears that I learn nothing—nothing! You will at once convey to me by *cable* five thousand lire. No; add the difference in exchange so as to make it one thousand dollars which I shall receive, taking that sum from the two hundred and thirty thousand lire which I intrusted to your safekeeping by cable as the result of my enterprise in this place. I should have returned at once, content with that success; but, as you know, I am a very stupid fellow, never pleased with a moderate triumph, nor with a large one when there is a possible prospect of greater. I am compelled to believe that the greater I had in mind in this case was an illusion: my gentle diplomacy avails nothing against a small miser—for we have misers even in these States, though you will not believe it. I abandon him to his riches.

From the success of my venture I reserved four thousand dollars to keep by me and for my expenses, and it is humiliating to relate that all of this, except a small banknote or two, was taken from me last night by amateurs. I should keep away from cards—they hate me and alone I can do nothing with them. Some young gentlemen of the place, whose acquaintance I had made at a ball, did me the honor of this lesson at the native game of poker, at which I—though also native—am not even so expert as yourself; and—as you will admit, Antonio, my friend—you are not a good player—when observed. Unaided I was a child in their hands. It was also a painful rule that one paid for the counters upon delivery. This made me ill, but I carried it off with an air of carelessness creditable to an adopted Neapolitan. Upon receipt of the money you are to cable me I shall leave this town and sail immediately.

Come to Paris and meet me there at the place on the Rue Auber within ten days from your reading this letter. You will have remaining two hundred and twenty-five thousand francs, which it will be safer to bring in cash, and I will deal well with you, as is our custom with each other. You have done excellently throughout; your cables and letters for exhibition concerning those famous oil wells have been perfection; and I shall, of course, not deduct what was taken by these thieves of poker players from the sum of profits upon which we shall estimate your commission. I have several times had the feeling that the hour for departure had arrived; now I shall delay not a moment after receiving your cable, though I may occupy the interim with a last attempt to interest my small miser. Various circumstances cause me some uneasiness, though I do not believe I could be successfully assailed by the law in the matter of oil. You do own an estate in Basilicata—at least your brother does; these good people here would not be apt to discover the difference, and the rest is a matter of plausibility.

The odious coincidence of encountering the old cow, Pryor, fretted me somewhat—though he has not repeated his annoying call—and I have other small apprehensions; for example, that it may not improve my credit if my loss of last night becomes gossip, though the thieves professed strong habits of discretion. My little affair of gallantry grows embarrassing. Such affairs are so easy to inaugurate; extrication is more difficult. However without it I should have failed to interest my investor—and there is always the charm.

Your last letter is too curious in that matter. Licentious man, one does not write of these things while under the banner of the illustrious Uncle Sam—I am assuming the American attitude while here, or perhaps my early youth returns to me, a thing very different from your own boyhood, Don Antonio. Nevertheless I promise you some laughter in the Rue Auber. Though you will not be able to understand the half of what I shall tell you, particularly the portraits I shall sketch of my defeated rivals, your spirit shall roll with laughter.

To the bank, then, the instant you read. Cable me one thousand dollars, and be at the Rue Auber not more than ten days later. To the bank! Thence to the telegraph office. Speed!

V. C.

Corliss was in better spirits as he read over this letter and he chuckled as he addressed it. He pictured himself in the rear room of the bar in the Rue Auber, relating, across the little marble-topped table, this American adventure, to the delight of that blithe ne'er-do-well outcast of an exalted poor family, gambler, blackmailer and merry rogue, Don Antonio Moliterno, comrade and teacher of this ductile Valentine since the later days of adolescence. They had been school-fellows in Rome and later roamed Europe together, discovering worlds of many kinds.

Valentine's careless mother let her boy go as he liked and was often negligent in the matter of remittances; he and his friend learned ways to raise the wind, becoming expert and making curious affiliations. At her death there was a small inheritance; she had not been provident. The little she left went rocketing, and there was the wind to be raised again; young Corliss had wits and had found that they could supply him—most of the time—with much more than the necessities of life. He had also found that he possessed a strong attraction for various women; already his experience was considerable, and in his way he became a specialist. He had a talent; he improved it and his opportunities. Altogether he took to the work without malice and with a light heart.

He sealed the envelope, rang for a boy, gave him the letter to post, and directed that the apartment should be set to rights. It was not the same in which he had received Ray Vilas. Corliss had moved to rooms on another floor of the hotel the day after that eccentric and somewhat ominous person had called to make an investment. Ray's shadowy forebodings concerning that former apartment had encountered satire; Corliss was a materialist and at the mildest estimate an unusually practical man, but he would never sleep in a bed with its foot toward the door; Southern Italy had seeped into him—and he changed his rooms, a measure of which Don Antonio Moliterno would have wholly approved. Besides, these were as comfortable as the others and so like them as even to confirm Ray's statement concerning A Reading From Homer—evidently this work had been purchased by the edition.

A boy came to announce that his roadster waited for him at the hotel entrance, and Corliss put on a fur motoring coat and cap and went downstairs. A door leading from the hotel bar into the lobby was open, and as Corliss passed it there issued a mocking shout:

"Tor'dor! Oh, look at the Tor'dor! Ain't he the handsome Spaniard!"

Ray Vilas stumbled out, tousled, haggard, waving his arms in absurd and meaningless gestures, an amused gallery of tipplers filling the doorway behind him.

"Goin' take Carmen buggy ride in the country—ain't he? Good ole Tor'dor!" he quavered loudly, clutching Corliss' shoulder. "How much you s'pose he pays f' that buzz-buggy by the day, jellm'n? Naughty Tor'dor stole thousand dollars from me—makin' presents—diamond crosses. Tor'dor, I hear you been playing cards. That 'sn't nice. Tor'dor, you're not a goo' boy at all—*you* know you oughtn't waste Dick Lindley's money like that!"

Corliss set his open hand upon the drunkard's breast and sent him gyrating and plunging backward. Some one caught the grotesque figure as it fell.

"Oh!" screamed Ray. "I haven't got a gun on me! He *knows* I haven't got my gun with me! *Why* haven't I got my gun with me?"

They hustled him away, and the other, enraged and startled, passed on. As he sped the car up Corliss Street he decided to anticipate his letter to Moliterno by a cable. He had stayed too long.

Cora looked charming in a new equipment for November motoring; yet it cannot be said that either of them enjoyed the drive. They lunched a dozen miles out from the city at an establishment somewhat in the nature of a roadside inn; and, though its cuisine was quite unknown to Cora's friend, Mrs. Villard, an eager amateur of the table, they were served with a meal of such unusual excellence that the waiter thought it a thousand pities patrons so distinguished in appearance should possess such poor appetites.

They returned at about three in the afternoon and Cora descended from the car wearing no very amiable expression.

"Why won't you come in now?" she asked, looking at him angrily. "We've got to talk things out. We've settled nothing whatever. I want to know why you can't stop!"

"I've got some matters to attend to, and ——"

"What matters?" She shot him a glance of fierce skepticism. "Are you packing to get out?"

"Cora!" he cried reproachfully; "how can you say things like that to *me!*"

She shook her head.

"Oh, it wouldn't surprise me in the least! How do *I* know what you'll do? For all I know you may be just that kind of a man. You *said* you ought to be going ——"

"Cora," he explained gently, "I didn't say I meant to go. I said only that I thought I ought to, because Moliterno will be needing me in Basilicata. I ought to be there, since it appears that no more money is to be raised here. I ought to be superintending operations in the oil-field so as to make the best use of the little I have raised."

"You?" she laughed. "Of course *I* didn't have anything to do with it!"

Corliss sighed deeply.

"You know perfectly well that I appreciate all you did. We don't seem to get on very well today ——"

"No!" She laughed again bitterly. "So you think you'll be going, don't you?"

"To my rooms to write some necessary letters."

"Of course not to pack your trunk?"

"Cora," he returned, goaded, "sometimes you're just impossible! I'll come tomorrow forenoon."

"Then don't bring the car. I'm tired of motoring and tired of lunching in that rotten hole. We can talk just as well in the library. Papa's better, and that little fiend will be in school tomorrow. Come out about ten."

He started the machine.

"Don't forget I love you!" he called in a low voice.

She stood looking after him as the car dwindled down the street.

"Yes, you do!" she murmured.

She walked up the path to the house, her face thoughtful, as with a tiresome perplexity. In her own room, divesting herself of her wraps, she gave the mirror a long scrutiny. It offered the picture of a girl with a hard and dreary air; but Cora saw something else, and presently, though the dreariness remained, the hardness softened to a great compassion. She suffered; a warm wave of sorrow submerged her and she threw herself upon the bed and wept long and silently for herself.

At last her eyes dried and she lay staring at the ceiling. The doorbell rang, and Sarah, the cook, came to inform her that Mr. Richard Lindley was below.

"Tell him I'm out."

"Can't," returned Sarah. "Done tole him you was home." And she departed firmly.

Thus abandoned, the prostrate lady put into a few words what she felt about Sarah and, going to the door, whisperingly summoned Laura who was coming out of the sick-room across the hall.

"Richard is downstairs. Will you go and tell him I'm sick in bed or dead? Anything to make him go." And, assuming Laura's acquiescence, Cora went on without pause: "Is father worse? What's the matter with you, Laura?"

"Nothing. He's a little better, Miss Peirce thinks."

"You look ill."

"I'm all right."

"Then run along like a duck and get rid of that old bore for me."

"Cora, please see him!"

"Not me! I've got too much to think about to bother with him."

Laura walked to the window and stood with her back to her sister, apparently interested in the view of Corliss Street there presented.

"Cora," she said, "why don't you marry him and have done with all this?"

Cora hooted.

"Why not? Why not marry him as soon as you can get ready? Why don't you go down now and tell him you will? Why not, Cora?"

"I'd as soon marry a pail of milk—yes, tepid milk, skimmed! I ——"

"Don't you realize how kind he'd be to you?"

"I don't know about that," said Cora moodily. "He might object to some things—but it doesn't matter, because I'm not going to try him. I don't mind a man's being a fool, but I can't stand the absent-minded breed of idiot. I've worn his diamond in the pendant right in his eyes for weeks; he's never once noticed it enough even to ask me about the pendant, but bores me to death wanting to know why I won't wear the ring! Anyhow, what's the use talking about him? He couldn't marry me right now even if I wanted him to—not till he begins to get something on the investment he made with Val. Outside of that he's got nothing except his rooms at his mother's; she hasn't much either; and if Richard should lose what he put in with Val he couldn't marry for years probably. That's what made him so obstinate about it. No; if I ever marry right off the reel it's got to be somebody with ——"

"Cora"—Laura still spoke from the window, not turning—"aren't you tired of it all—of this getting so upset about one man and then another, and ——"

"*Tired!*" Cora uttered the word in a repressed fury of emphasis. "I'm sick of *everything!* I don't care for anything or anybody on this earth—except you and mama. I thought I was going to love Val. I thought I *did* but, oh, my Lord, I don't! I don't think I *can* care any more. Or else there isn't any such thing as love. How can anybody tell whether there is or not? You get kind of crazy over a man and want to marry him, or perhaps you just want to make him crazy about you—and then you get over it—and what is there left but hell!" She choked with a sour laugh. "Ugh! For Heaven's sake, Laura, don't make me talk. Everything's gone to the devil, and I've got to think. The best thing you can do is to go down and get rid of Richard for me. I *can't* see him!"

"Very well," said Laura, and went to the door.

"You're a darling," whispered Cora, kissing her quickly. "Tell him I'm in a raging headache; make him think I wanted to see him, but you wouldn't let me because I'm too ill." She laughed. "Give me a little time, old dear; I may decide I want him yet!"

It was Mrs. Madison who informed the waiting Richard that Cora was unable to see him, as she was lying down; and the young man, after properly inquiring about Mr. Madison, went blankly forth.

Hedrick was stalking the front yard mounted at a great height upon a pair of stilts. He joined the departing visitor upon the sidewalk and honored him with his company, proceeding storkishly beside him.

"Been to see Cora?"

"Yes, Hedrick."

"What'd you want to see her about?" asked the frank youth seriously.

Richard was able to smile.

"Nothing special, Hedrick."

"You didn't come to tell her about something?"

"Nothing whatever, my dear sir. I wanted merely the honor of seeing her and chatting with her upon indifferent subjects. Why?"

"Did you see her?"

"No, I'm sorry to ——"

"She's home, all right!" Hedrick took pleasure in informing him.

"Yes. She was lying down."

"Worn out with too much automobile riding, I expect," Hedrick sniffed. "She goes out about every day with this Corliss in his hired roadster."

They walked on in silence. Not far from Mrs. Lindley's Hedrick abruptly became vocal in an artificial laugh. Richard was obviously intended to inquire into its cause, but as he did not Hedrick, after laughing hollowly for some time, volunteered the explanation.

"I played a pretty good trick on you last night."

"Odd I didn't know it."

"That's why it was good. You'd never guess it in the world."

"No, I believe I shouldn't. You see, what makes it so hard, Hedrick, is that I can't even remember seeing you last night."

"Nobody saw me. Somebody heard me though."

"Who?"

"The nigger that works at your mother's—Joe."

"What about it? Were you teasing Joe?"

"No; it was you I was after."

"Well? Did you get me?"

Hedrick made another somewhat ghastly pretense of mirth.

"Well, I guess I've had about all the fun out of it I'm going to. Might as well tell you. It was that book of Laura's you thought she sent you."

"*How Much Chance Have I to Get Richard Lindley's Money Back From You?*"

Richard stopped short; whereupon Hedrick turned clumsily and began to stalk back in the direction from which they had come.

"That book—I thought she—sent me?" repeated Lindley, stammering.

"She never sent it," called the boy, continuing to walk away.

"She kept it hid, and I found it," he continued. "I faked her into writing your name on a sheet of paper and made you think she'd sent the old thing to you. I just did it for a joke on you."

With too retching an effort to simulate another burst of merriment he caught the stump of his right stilt in a pavement crack, wavered, cut in the air a figure like a geometrical proposition gone mad, and came whacking to earth in magnificent disaster.

Richard took him to Mrs. Lindley for repairs. She kept him until dark. Hedrick was bandaged, fed, lemonaded and blandished. Never in his life had he known such a listener.

XXI

THAT was a long night for Cora Madison, and the morning found her yellow. She made a poor breakfast and returned from the table to her own room, but after a time descended restlessly and wandered from one room to another, staring out of the windows. Laura had gone out; Mrs. Madison was with her husband, whom she seldom left; Hedrick had departed, ostensibly for school; and the house was as still as a farm in winter—an intolerable condition of things for an effervescent young woman whose diet was excitement. Cora, drumming with her fingers upon a window in the owl-haunted cell, made noises with her throat, her breath and her lips, not unsuggestive of a spluttering fuse. She was heavily charged. "Now what in thunder do *you* want?" she inquired of an elderly man who turned in from the sidewalk and with serious steps approached the house.

Pryor, having rung, found himself confronted with the lady he had come to seek. Ensued the moment of strangers' meeting—invisible antennæ extended and touched; at the contact Cora's drew in, and she looked upon him without graciousness.

"I just called," he said placatively, smiling as if some humor lurked in his intention, "to ask how your father is. I heard downtown he wasn't getting along quite so well."

"He's better this morning—thanks," said Cora, preparing to close the door.

"I thought I'd just stop and ask about him. I heard he'd had another bad spell, kind of a second stroke."

"That was night before last. The doctor thinks he's improved very much since then."

The door was closing; Pryor coughed hastily and detained it by speaking again.

"I've called several times to inquire about him, but I believe it's the first time I've had the pleasure of speaking to you, Miss Madison. I'm Mr. Pryor."

Cora appeared to find no comment necessary, and he continued:

"Your father did a little business for me several years ago, and when I was here on my vacation this summer I was mighty sorry to hear of his sickness. I've had a nice bit of luck lately and got a second furlough; so I came out to spend a couple of weeks and Thanksgiving with my married daughter."

Cora supposed that it must be very pleasant.

"Yes," he returned; "but I was mighty sorry to hear your father wasn't much better than when I left. The truth is I wanted to have a talk with him, and I've been reproaching myself a good deal that I didn't go ahead with it last summer when he was well; only I thought then it mightn't be necessary—might be disturbing things without much reason."

"I'm afraid you can't have a talk with him now," she said. "The doctor says ——"

"I know—I know," said Pryor; "of course. I wonder"—he hesitated, smiling faintly—"I wonder if I could have it with you instead?"

"Me?"

"Oh, it isn't business," he laughed, observing her expression; "that is, not exactly." His manner became very serious. "It's about a friend of mine—at least a man I know pretty well. Miss Madison, I saw you driving out through the park with him yesterday noon in an automobile. Valentine Corliss!"

Cora stared at him. Honesty, friendliness and grave concern were disclosed to her scrutiny. There was no mistaking him—he was a good man. Her mouth opened and

(Continued on Page 41)

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The Old Guard Unshaken

WE SUPPOSE a plain, ordinary man who was a party to a lawsuit and learned that the trial judge was persistently endeavoring to borrow money on poor security from the other party to the suit, would always have felt rather nervous about it. But it has been said many times, by persons in a good position to form an opinion on the subject, that ten years ago the Senate would not have voted to depose Judge Archbald. At least, no doubt, the vote would have been less decisive if it had not been for all this recent stir of public opinion on the subject of recall of judges in particular and on square government in general.

Judge Archbald's offense, as ably expressed by Senator Root, was that he "used the power and influence of his office as a judge of the Court of Commerce to secure favors of money value for himself and friends from railroads, some of which were litigants in his court and all of which were under regulation of the Interstate Commerce Commission, subject to review by the Court of Commerce."

That looks tolerably plain; but Senator Penrose, who voted for acquittal on all counts, observed at the end of the proceedings: "My faith in Judge Archbald is unshaken."

There speaks the Old Guard, which will presently be exemplifying like faith in every syllable of the tariff.

Equality of Credit

IT IS generally conceded that Mr. Jefferson had no historical facts in mind when he declared all men were created free and equal—the historical facts being that all men were created unequal and a great many of them unfree. We doubt whether Mr. Wilson had any fact in mind when he declared to the bankers: "You must put the credit of this country at the disposal of everybody on equal terms."

We have no hesitation in saying that where the terms are actually equal—the collateral and the standing of the borrower being the same—credit is extended with perfect equality. The first factor in every loan is the standing of the borrower; in a great many loans there is the additional factor of his collateral. If the man who makes the loan is not to judge both factors and to decide on both according to his judgment, there are exceedingly trying times ahead for the banking business.

When the Money Trust investigation is boiled down it will be found that the complainants are persons whose collateral was questioned; and what the Money Trust agitation seems actually to aim at is perfect equality of collateral. Personally we should favor that. Nothing could be pleasanter than to enjoy a lawful right of telephoning to Mr. Morgan for a bundle of bonds, say, about ten pounds; but we do not see how it is to be effected.

Writing for Posterity

THE average life of a successful novel is probably about a year. By life we mean the period during which it makes a really considerable impression upon the novel-reading public. There were twenty-seven best sellers in 1912. All of the best sellers in January had disappeared from the list by December. Only one held its place as long as eleven months and ten were best sellers for one month only. After having fallen from the estate of best seller the descent is often rather rapid. If you are a young novel-reading person and should turn to the list of best sellers of ten years ago it would probably surprise you to find how few of them you had ever heard of. No doubt the mortality rate among novels that are not best sellers is even higher.

Broadly speaking, then, our literature is written for a day; and quite a number of well-meaning persons make that fact a reproach to it, as though literature had not always been written for a day—the day the first check from the publisher would be due. There is a notion that an ambitious author should write for posterity; but how can he when he does not even know what his own day wants? If posterity wants his book it will be because, on the whole, it hits off its own times better than any other book. If you can't catch your own day you may be sure you will catch no other. Never mind about writing for posterity, anyway, because posterity will have its own troubles.

The Price of Stocks

DURING the last sixteen years an enormous quantity of very low-priced stocks has been listed in New York. The period includes nearly all the great industrial promotions, with an aggregate share capitalization running into thousands of millions of dollars—rather over half of it being pure water. United States Steel, with its half billion of common stock, representing no tangible assets whatever and selling in its early history at twenty to thirty dollars a share, will at once come to mind as an illustration. Besides, a great amount of common stock of bankrupt and reorganized railroads was listed in this period, including Atchison, Union Pacific, Northern Pacific, Baltimore & Ohio, and so on—stocks originally selling at only a few dollars a share.

With only three material setbacks, though, the average price of all stocks dealt in at New York has moved upward year by year, until it is now practically at par. The average price last year was the highest yet reached and shows an enhancement of fifty per cent over that of 1896. This would be much less significant if the list contained only the same shares as in 1896. The significance is apparent when the enormous quantity of low-priced—and, on the whole, heavily watered—stock that has been added since 1896 is kept in mind.

The kind of capital that is most heavily interested in listed stocks, or most prominently identified with them, has done a terrible lot of complaining during the last eight or ten years; but evidently it has been injured nowhere except in its feelings.

Criticism and Electricity

THERE are two ways of looking at a modern locomotive. One way is to extol its might and picture the amazement of our great-grandfathers if they could see such a contrivance. The other way is that adopted by a man who recently declared: "For units of service derived from a ton of coal, a steam locomotive is the most wasteful machine ever invented."

He was discussing the contract let by the St. Paul road for electrical operation of four hundred and fifty miles of main track crossing three mountain ranges in Montana and Idaho. The cost of electrical power, it is said, will be only a third that of steam, and the eight million dollars spent by the road installing the new system will be recovered in five years through saving in operating expenses.

The current, of course, will be derived from water-power that has been going to waste from time immemorial. Water-power is abundant in Montana and current can be generated from it cheaply. But probably this generation will see great stretches of railroad operated by electricity derived from coal. It is merely a question of finding out how to do it. In every place where coal is burned vast power rolls to waste, just as the power of Montana waterfalls long has been expended. In time we shall find out how to utilize the waste coal-power—but not by standing pat and referring to our great-grandfathers.

The American Market

WE HAVE in mind a so-called industrial that was organized about a dozen years ago with less than seven hundred thousand dollars of tangible assets. For a good while it has been paying eighteen per cent a year in dividends on its common stock, and the present market value of its shares exceeds sixteen million dollars.

Another was organized about the same time with nine million dollars of tangible assets. It has paid handsome dividends, and the present market value of its shares is, in round numbers, ninety-five million dollars—each dollar at the time of organization having grown to more than ten. By way of absorbing a small part of the profits of a third concern, one of the tallest buildings in New York has recently been erected.

Monopoly? Not a smell of it. All three of these companies are primarily merchandising concerns, selling the humblest, most ordinary articles of every-day use under free competitive conditions. They simply discovered ways of selling certain things that were on the whole more efficient and attractive to buyers than the ways commonly in use.

Such are the boundless possibilities of the American market. If you wish to possess wealth like that of Messrs. Rockefeller and Carnegie do not bother with trying to monopolize a natural resource. Just discover how to sell collar buttons, toothpicks, flatirons, salt, vinegar or hairpins more efficiently than other people are selling them. The world, financially speaking, will be yours.

A Stock Exchange Reform

WE ARE reminded by a friendly critic that the stock exchange in recent years has voluntarily adopted several important reforms, among them the following:

"A rule requiring members to learn the essential facts regarding all their accounts, with a view to prevent speculation by clerks, bank officials or others in positions of trust and with opportunity and temptation to use the funds of others than themselves."

That was an excellent reform; but a place that is self-confessedly dangerous for persons having opportunity to use other people's money cannot be entirely salubrious for those who are using their own money. If a grocery felt called upon to post a notice to the effect that the inexperienced must not eat its wares we should wish the wares very carefully analyzed before eating any of them ourselves.

National Water-Power

IN WATER-POWER the Federal Government owns outright a national asset the present value of which is great and the future value hardly calculable. Most of the other so-called natural resources of the country that were once public property have been given to private owners, with little or no compensation to the public. Upon some of them great individual fortunes have been built.

No water-power that is publicly owned today should be surrendered to private ownership upon any conditions whatever; neither should it be leased except with explicit reservation to the Government of broad powers of regulation over rates and service. The Government exercises regulation over rates and service of railroads that were created mainly by private capital. There can be no reasonable question of its duty to reserve a like right with respect to publicly owned water-power; and there should be a reasonable compensation to the public for use of it.

There ought to be no dispute about these propositions; but unfortunately Washington is so obsessed by anti-monopoly notions that it may waste the public water-powers through excessive fear lest they be captured by some monopolistic bogy of its feverish dreams. It may hedge them about with foolish conditions that will keep them idle. Reserving broad power of regulation over rates and service, so that the capital invested can never earn more than a reasonable return, what ground remains for fearing a monopoly? In the case of a water-power it is hardly feasible to prescribe that every citizen who wishes to travel a mile shall draw his barrelful of water, convert it into electric current and propel himself the desired distance. If Washington is going to deal with this subject in a horror of all large aggregations of capital it will get nowhere.

The Expensive Law

NEW YORK has a usury law designed to protect borrowers. In order to evade that law an ingenious loan shark required each borrower to execute a power of attorney, which the shark forwarded to his agent in Maine, who signed the borrower's name to a note at such usurious interest as the shark dictated. In two cases, the notes becoming delinquent, the duly appointed attorney in Maine executed assignments of wages in the borrowers' names, which were filed with the borrowers' employers with a demand for the amount of the note, accrued interest, protest fees, and other costs. The employers ignored the assignments of wages and the shark sued them more than two years ago.

The cases went through the trial courts. One of them was carried to the Appellate Division, first department, which decided—three judges against two—that the shark could not recover because the wage assignment was not filed within three days after the loan was made. The other case was carried to the Appellate Division, second department, which unanimously held that the shark could recover. Both cases were then carried to the Court of Appeals, which held against the shark.

It took five courts to settle the point that the trick to evade the usury laws would not hold water. High-priced lawyers were employed on both sides. The costs must have amounted to thousands of dollars. Suppose these two poor borrowers had appealed to the law, unaided, for protection against usury. The costs would have so bankrupted them that the extortions of the loan shark would have looked like a Christmas present in comparison. In cases of this kind it is inaccurate to say there is one law for the rich and another for the poor. There is no law at all for the unaided poor, for they cannot stand the expense.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

The Red Napoleon

WHEN the bard sang those immortal lines that are always quoted to indicate a fixity of purpose in the conduct of the party of the first part—to wit:

Come one, come all! this rock shall fly
From its firm base as soon as I.

he did not have Herr Ferdinand August Bebel—the Red Napoleon of Germany—in mind, of course—but he might have had; and he could have gone farther and stated in rhythmic numbers that, in such circumstances, Herr Bebel not only gives an impersonation of the defiant gentleman with his back up against the rock, but of the rock itself.

Herr Bebel is an implacable, immovable, immutable person. Early in life he collated certain ideas about kings and monarchs and lords and dukes and barons and earls and counts, and all such of the so-called ruling classes; and he has not changed an idea since he got the bunch together—that is, he has not softened the ideas any. Indeed, he has hardened them. When it comes to hating kings and queens, and others in royal authority, Herr Bebel is entitled to all medals. He is the prize hater of the world! On days when he is not feeling well, and is tired and distraught, even his feeblest output of hate makes the hate of other good journeymen haters seem like tender tributes of love and affection. He holds all records, both for long-distance hating and for hating sprints. He is the champion heavyweight hater, the champion lightweight hater, the champion welterweight hater. And, added to these titles, he is a mighty good despiser, despairer, disdainer and denouncer.

There is no branch of the king-hating business at which Herr Bebel does not excel. He is a political hater, a social hater, an economic hater, a philosophical hater, a psychological hater. He hates 'em up both sides and down the middle. And, hating kings as a class, he is particularly fortunate in his physical location; for, close at hand, immediately adjacent, he has the greatest king of them all to hate—the Kaiser. And he hates him until it would make your blood run cold to know how fierce is his hate!

It has been observed—in the cases of some of our historic haters—that time has softened their asperities and toned them down a bit. Not so with Bebel! At the age of seventy-two he is today eating them alive! Years have made no impression on him. Venerable and benign as his gray hair and his gray whiskers may cause him to seem, it is not true. The advancing years have hardened him and carbonized his hatred; and he sits up there in the Reichstag and hates them for hours at a time, and never stops. If he lives to be a hundred he will be worse than he is now. Talk about implacability! Why, old Irenæus Implacable himself was a genial and pleasant person compared to the Red Napoleon—a regular glad-hander and charter member of the Optimist Club.

The Terror of the Reichstag

THEORETICALLY it means something for the Kaiser and his court to have the undying disregard of Herr Bebel; for next to the Kaiser he is—theoretically again—the most powerful man in the Fatherland. The working classes hail him as their uncrowned king; and he is the head of the German Social Democracy, which is the strongest political body numerically in Europe. Herr Bebel's organization cast four million two hundred and fifty thousand votes out of a total of twelve millions at the last general election in Germany, and his party is represented by one hundred and ten members in the Reichstag—by far the greatest party representation in that body.

Theoretically, I said—and that is what it is; for though the Socialists control one hundred and ten votes in the Reichstag, led by Bebel, their legislative advantages are not so real as they are apparent. And it undoubtedly is a fact that if a general mobilization order should go forth tomorrow every Socialist in the country capable of bearing arms would go to the colors. Just what would happen to the Socialist leaders is another story, to be told at another time. Also, the government has ways of circumventing this Socialist strength, and does circumvent it; but Herr Bebel remains, just the same, at the head of this great body of men, and he has not retreated an inch from the very first. He is against kings and kingly prerogatives, and he has said so continuously and eloquently for years and years and years.

Bebel is a Saxon, and he had the Saxon's inbred hatred of Prussia and everything Prussian for a foundation. He was apprenticed to a carpenter when he was a boy in Leipsic, and when he became a master carpenter he was ready to begin his propaganda. That was fifty years ago; and for every minute of those fifty years he has hated Prussia, hated Prussians, and paid especial attention to despising Prussian kings. In the old days of the North German Confederation Bebel was against the government, and he made Bismarck very unhappy on many occasions. He continued along these lines in the early Bismarckian days of the new empire, and did not let up after Bismarck's retirement and death. He merely transferred his opposition to the new chancellor and he undoubtedly astonishes the mild-mannered Chancellor von Bethmann-Hollweg of today by the ardor of his expressed dislike for him and his works.

He has lived, too, to see his doctrine spread through Germany until it is the basis of a most formidable political party—or what would be a most formidable political party in any country where they allow political parties to be formidable.

Of course in Germany it is pretty hard for any party to be really dangerous to the empire, for it is the business of the government to guard against just such contingencies; and the government knows how to do the requisite guarding—make no mistake about that!

Still, Bebel has gone on opposing the government and protesting against the German military policy. If he had his way about it the Kaiser would not have a dollar for new ships or for army extensions—not a dollar! Of course he does not have his way about it; but that does not feaze him. He goes right along, holding his party in line and opposing as implacably as if there were no German navy and no German army—and never would or could be.

He is a disturbing element to the Kaiser; but there is nothing the Kaiser can do about it. They do not dare arrest and imprison Bebel in these days, and they cannot stop him from saying anything he pleases in speeches or in debate in the Reichstag. Six or seven years ago the government was congratulating itself that Nature was going to do what the government could not do, and eliminate Bebel. He was sick, and it looked promising for the comfort of the Kaiser. But Nature backed out of the compact. Two or three years ago Herr Bebel came back, as the saying is; and he is right there in the Reichstag, at the head of his hundred and nine followers, opposing and hating, and scoring and lashing, and otherwise telling the government all about itself day after day. And he is the Red Napoleon who can do that very thing.

Some time ago there came a division in the Socialist party—or an attempt to make a division. Certain of the younger subleaders, tiring of the extreme proposals of Bebel and his constant agitation, formed or endeavored to form a moderate schism or faction, which was called moderatism or revisionism and had for its object the moderation of the creed preached by Bebel, and the consequent increase in power of the party through that moderation and the lessening of opposition thereby ensuing from the government. It was an active propaganda, based on the idea of What's the use? The younger men said the party could not get the ultimates demanded by Bebel; but if it moderated its demands to some degree it might be able to get something in place of its accustomed nothing.

Radical to the Bone

BEBEL would have none of it. Instead of yielding to the pressure, he stiffened against it. Instead of softening, he hardened. He stood firmly against this rising tide. He was the bulwark for the oldtime opposition to the existing order. So far he has prevented any apparent revision or moderation of the tenets for which he has fought for fifty years; and he probably will be able to hold his forces against the revisionists as long as he lives. When he dies it is likely the revisionists will accomplish something; but until that time Bebel will be there, implacable, unrelenting, hating kings and saying so with his every breath.

He is the one impressive orator in Germany, the one great public speaker who is truly great. His oratory is impassioned, perfervid, eloquent to a surpassing degree. His voice is a great, sonorous, musical voice that swells and rolls like the notes of an organ when he is making a long speech. He starts slowly and quietly; but as time goes on and he warms up to his talk that wonderful voice rolls and crashes over the Reichstag, and holds his listeners spellbound whether they agree with him or not.

He denounces unsparingly. He is a master of irony, sarcasm, invective, satire. Some years ago Von Bulow had a stroke of apoplexy under the stress of Bebel's denunciation while in the Reichstag; and Bebel stood, with folded arms and sneering smile, and watched the premier slide limply out of his chair following his excoriation.

And now—at seventy-two—he is as strong in his hatreds, as fervid in his denunciations, as implacable in his opposition, as he was in his younger years. He is great in influence with his people, and he holds them by the power of his intellect and the magic of his eloquence.

Herr Bebel is a gray-haired stooping figure, thin-faced, with mocking lips and burning eyes; he is one of the most remarkable men of Europe—this Red Napoleon of Germany; and until the day of his death he will continue his protest against the existing order and his endeavor to bring some of the ease of living to his millions of followers in that country where rank is still the fetish and kings rule by divine right—they claim.

Everybody's Doing It

THE Premier of Servia once upon a time had a round of official calls to make in the ministry building. His first visit was at eleven o'clock and he had allotted fifteen minutes to it.

He called on a certain high official, stood talking to him for what he thought was his fifteen minutes, and then proceeded across the hall to the office of another minister.

On his way there he sought to look at his watch. It was gone. He burst into the other minister's office and exclaimed:

"This is too much! Here I come to this place and call on a high official, and when I come out my watch is gone. I will not stand it!"

"Excellency," said the other minister, "pray be calm! I will see what I can do."

Presently the second minister returned and handed the Premier his watch.

"What did the thieving rascal say when you made him return my watch?" asked the Premier.

"Oh," replied the other minister, "he did not know I took it."

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The Fox River Butter Co.
Chicago

LETTING GEORGE DO IT

(Continued from Page 5)

"Oh, of course," hazarded Melissa, "you've asked Florence to go over and have things ready for me!"

"Not on your life!" said George. "Florence will hardly speak to me these days, because I won't let Jerry tell her what we've been doing."

"You duck!" Melissa called him, and furtively squeezed his hand.

So they went to a nice dark matinée and caught the five-forty-seven in a taxi.

There was a blur over Melissa's eyes when she walked into the house that was not wholly due to the snapping cold outside. It had been nearly three months since she had gone storming out that morning on her way to her mother's, and it seemed pretty good to be back. In order not to be silly she said something sensible:

"You've got a good furnace man at last—having it warm like this when there's been no one here all day!"

"There isn't any furnace man," George told her. "That's one of the anachronisms we've abolished. What's more, the house has been cold ever since I went to town this morning—just above freezing. It began to heat up an hour ago."

He cut short her questions. There were not to be any explanations until the next morning. When she had had a dinner and a breakfast under the new régime, and had said whether she liked them, then she could be shown how it was done.

He was very high-handed about it; and she went upstairs with a wicked hope that things would go just a little wrong, at least, to take him down a peg. She extended the process of washing up to include putting on one of her prettiest evening frocks—she happened to have one that she could get into without assistance—and George had been playing loud things on the piano player for quite ten minutes when she appeared on the stairway. But the way he looked at her was highly satisfactory.

The dining room gave her her first gasp. Poor Melissa had a good many gasps coming. The round table was replaced by one built in the shape of a letter U. The hollow part of the letter was filled up by a tea wagon with a glass top. On it was a Sheffield soup tureen. Their places were set side by side round the curve. When she sat down she noticed a new built-in sideboard, and that the swing door into the butler's pantry had been replaced by one that slid.

She looked appealingly at George, but his face was adamant. "Eat it while it's good!" he commanded with a gesture toward the soup. She obeyed and burned her tongue on it. And she had kept him waiting ten minutes!

"Flexible," observed George, "and discontinuous. Did you notice your bed while you were up dressing?"

"It was made in a queer way. I didn't take time to notice it especially. What about it?"

"It's the first properly made bed since our grandmothers gave up goose feathers. There's a flap on the bottom of the mattress sewed to a sort of frame that grips the sheets and blankets like a trousers-stretcher. With my patent bedmaker I've made it in forty-eight seconds. It can't pull out at the bottom, and the box plait near the foot gives room for your feet. You can push it right back against the wall because, no matter how wide it is, it can be made from one side. How was the soup?"

"I suppose it would have been delicious," said Melissa, "if I hadn't burned my tongue."

Her husband laid his watch beside her on the table.

"Now," he said, "please time me."

He put their soup plates on the tea wagon with the tureen, stepped on something that made the door open, and wheeled the wagon out into the kitchen. The door closed apparently all by itself the moment he had gone through.

The thing was a sort of game. She glanced at the watch, though she had not meant to. In less than thirty seconds the door opened again and he wheeled the tea wagon back. The roast was on it and two vegetables and hot plates. He could not possibly have set it like that—got the roast on to the platter, the vegetables into their dishes, and so on—while he was out there. Yet it was all hot—right to the minute!

"Some one else is out there!" said Melissa, pushing back her chair, intent on surprising the intruder and on unmasking George. He held up his right hand. "Nobody but myself," he said, "has been in that kitchen in four days!"

Florence and Jerry came in just then—rather tactlessly, Melissa thought—to welcome her home. They stayed for coffee and a while after that; and while Florence was telling all about her new clothes the men disappeared for ten minutes or so with their cigarettes. After they had gone home Melissa went up to George and took him by the lapels.

"You'll let me come out into the kitchen now, won't you, and help wash up? You won't make me sit in here all by myself while you do it?"

"Oh, that was done long ago!" he told her. "Jerry and I attended to it while we were smoking our cigarettes. And I got breakfast too."

He did not see why she should have turned away with that funny-sounding laugh just then. But she turned back to him the next minute and there was nothing the matter with her looks. No—she certainly looked good to George!

"In the first place," he explained when they had finished breakfast the next morning, "we haven't been nearly so radical as we might have been. For instance, we've left the rugs and the curtains, when it's obvious that the scientific way would be to have your floors perfectly bare and smooth and wear your rugs round with you—that is, wear carpet slippers over your shoes. And instead of curtains there ought to be shades of glass and metal. But there will be much less dust, anyway, because of there being no fires and because all the air that gets into the house is filtered."

"No fires!" gasped Melissa.

"Except the garbage incinerator," said the accurate George. "Come along! We'll begin down cellar."

The furnace was gone and the coal bins. The floor was paved with cement and the windows were bright and clean. He pointed out the garbage incinerator. "It's water-jacketed, you see, and that furnishes part of the hot-water supply." There was a dumbwaiter beside it that came down from the kitchen, and on the other side of that was a piece of machinery that drew a look of troubled wonder from Melissa.

"Oh, that," said George, "is the refrigerating plant. Ice is almost as much of a nuisance as fires. It's perfectly simple—just a motor and an air-compressor! Compressing heats the air, you see; and then it's cooled in a worm and expanded. The worm runs through a tall, slender water-tank; and that helps with the hot water, too, which I think is rather clever. Don't you?"

"Yes," said Melissa faintly.

"And here," George went on, "is the cool room." He opened a thick door and turned on a light. "We keep this at about forty degrees. You can keep a whole winter's supply of winter vegetables and apples. Buy 'em in the summer when they're cheap. And preserves and canned things. The cold room's on this side, for anything you want to keep frozen."

"You'll never," cried Melissa, making a clutch at the situation, "get a cook to work where the refrigerator is in the basement—even with the dumbwaiter."

"Oh, we pipe to the kitchen too, of course," said George comfortably. "And now, if there isn't anything else you want to ask about, we'll go up there."

"No, I don't think there is," said Melissa.

She had planned it all out at her mother's just how she would act when she first saw George's kitchen. She would be kind and openminded. She would not point out all his ridiculous mistakes at once. She would just take command, secure in her newly acquired knowledge, but without mentioning the source of it. None of the other scenes she had rehearsed had come off; but the kitchen was, according to her mother, her citadel. And she was not the ignorant young thing she had been three months ago. She was prepared to defend it against all comers.

So she took a long breath and steadied herself. Kind and openminded, but firm—firm as adamant! That was the idea.

Nevertheless she gasped again at what he showed her—because it was not a kitchen at all—nothing that any self-respecting woman would call a kitchen! There was no sink—no proper sink that you could wash dishes in; there was no stove; there were

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no pantries. That sliding door opened straight into the dining room.

The place was floored and walled in white tile. Down one side of it ran two plate-glass shelves—the lower one, which was broader, was bare; and the upper one had cupboards and other queer-shaped things on it. In another of the walls were several thick little doors, and near them a table with a spring scale on it. George had followed her look.

"That's right," he said. "That's where you begin. That's the receiving table. All your raw material comes in there except the milk, which is put through a top-swung door directly into the refrigerator." He opened one of the little doors and showed the bottles standing there. "Everything is checked up, weighed, and so on, and then put away at this end of the room. The essence of modern shop practice is to take your raw material in at one end of your plant, and deliver your finished product at the other, without any running back and forth. That's the plan I've followed—ingredients at this end; cooking along the side; service at the other end, near the dining room." He showed her the various-sized canisters against the wall. "Flour is, of course, sifted direct into the measuring glass. Coffee is ground as it's wanted. For tea, you get enough for one cupful every time you press this button. You don't have to dip up anything.

"When you want to begin to cook you take one of these movable tables"—they were made of white-enameled pipe mounted on easy-rolling casters, and had plate-glass tops and a glass bowl held by a hoop at the end—"collect your ingredients, slipping the table along wherever it's most convenient, and begin."

"I know what this place makes me think of now! I've been trying to think. It's like an operating room in a hospital. And these"—Melissa's voice went up in a horrified break—"are operating tables!"

"Well," George admitted with a grin, "I confess that's where I got the idea. But it does deserve the compliment because it's really clean, and that's something no kitchen has ever been before. Take the garbage, for instance: The tank it's kept in is chilled by a cold-air coil to a temperature of thirty-five degrees. That hardens all the grease, but lets the water drain away. There isn't the slightest odor from it at that temperature. Once a day it's wheeled over to the dumbwaiter, taken down to the incinerator and that's the end of it. Take the floor: It's got a slight pitch to the center, where there's a recessed drain." George lifted the cover and showed it. "When you want to wash the floor, you turn on that hot-water tap, flush it, wipe it down with a rubber squeegee—and it's as clean as a dinner plate! And it has to be kept clean, because everything shows. There isn't a dark corner in it. There's nothing resting on the floor that can't be instantly moved. There's no place to hide anything. There'll never be a towel or a rag in it—nothing but paper. You use that once and throw it into the tank."

Melissa clutched at a straw.

"I can just see a cook trying to wash and wipe her dishes with pieces of paper!" she observed.

"No, you can't," said George impolitely; "not here! Because we don't wash dishes, or wipe them either. We scour and clean and sterilize them with hot steam in that thing." He pointed out a big aluminum box over beyond the cupboards. "It's near where your dishes come back from the dining room and also near where you finish cooking. When you've emptied them—they don't have to be scraped—you put them in, in racks, shut the door and turn a valve handle. In a few minutes they're clean and dry. Everything that came off of them is drained into a pan at the bottom, where it can be emptied with the rest of the garbage."

George had done some rehearsing himself—always the process of conducting Melissa through her transfigured kitchen and explaining its wonders, had been accompanied by a continuous gurgle of wonder and delight from her. There had not been much of that so far. And just now she was standing with her back to him, looking out the window. But, with the blind enthusiasm of a fanatic, he plunged ahead just the same.

He explained the method of converting electric current into heat, apologized for it and admitted its fearful inefficiency. The amount of heat you got out of a pound of coal by making it into steam and then into electricity, and then back into heat again, was terribly small compared with what you got by burning it direct. But you got it exactly when and where you wanted it. You could regulate it to a degree and time it to a minute.

"If you're off on a visit," he instanced, "I can have the house just warm enough to keep the pipes from freezing, except while I'm here myself."

"Of course," said Melissa queerly, "I can go away whenever you want me to." This was so silly and so preposterous that he did not even try to answer it, but went ahead with his explanation.

He explained the thermostat, which turned on the current when the temperature fell below a certain point and turned it off again when it had risen above. He explained its combination with the clock, so that the heat could be turned on at a certain time, a certain temperature maintained for a certain time, and then the current turned off again.

"That's the principle we've applied here in the kitchen, and it certainly makes cooking about the simplest thing in the world. Any child, with skill enough to turn a switch and arithmetic enough to subtract an hour and a quarter from seven o'clock, can do it. You know the proper degree of temperature and the length of time it takes to roast a five-pound leg of mutton, say."

"I don't," said Melissa. "No cook does. You have to look and see how it's getting on."

"It's determined experimentally in the first place," he admitted, "and written down in the cookbook. Then you set your clock and your thermostat, and the thing is done at the time you want dinner. You can get it ready whenever you like—the first thing in the morning if you want to—and go away and be gone all day."

"I see," sniffed Melissa.

George did not. He walked over to the glass shelf where his row of ovens stood. There were three of them, accessible, heat-proof—like a fireless cooker, movable. He explained their wonders, but Melissa stayed where she was, at the window. There was a frying-pan for scrambled eggs and griddle-cakes, and things like that, with a ventilating hood over it to carry all the odors away. And then there was his special pride, a new sort of broiler. The point of it was that you put your steak in edgewise, with the fat edge up, and applied the heat to both sides at once. In that way the juices ran over the whole surface, instead of falling straight into the fire, and then dropped into a porcelain boat below. The thing was cooked twice as quickly and you didn't have to turn it over.

He wasted a pleading look on Melissa's back, then went to the other end of the kitchen, where the butler's pantry had been. There were three tea wagons standing there in a row, like fire engines in a station. Over each was a big shiny metal hood on a spring-hinge.

"We might have had these in the dining room," said George. "Jerry wanted to, but I was a little afraid of making it look like a lunch counter; so I kept them out here. Two of these hoods keep things hot and the other keeps them cold. When you pull the hood down and clamp it over the edge of the wagon, it turns on.

"When your dinner is ready to serve you put one course on each wagon, pull the hood over it and, when you're ready, wheel it in. By putting the soup on the table in an electrically heated tureen you can have three courses after it without any delay at all. Four courses are enough for anybody. And—well, there you are!"

He lighted a cigarette and took a couple of puffs as if his throat were tired. What in thunder was Melissa doing with her handkerchief! She had not caught cold, had she? She could not be ——

"Of course," he went on soothingly, "some of the details may seem a bit complicated at first; but the principle is as simple as A-B-C—flexible and discontinuous!"

"If you say that again," said Melissa in a suppressed voice, "I shall scream!"

"All right," said George; "but it's what I mean. You have what you want when you want it! You don't have to stay round and wait to get it done. I've been doing all the housework; and for the last four days, since the system's been in running order, it's taken me just over an hour a day. Even if I were busy I could afford that much time in case you wanted to go away anywhere. So you see it leaves us really independent. And that's what I started out to do."

(Concluded on Page 28)

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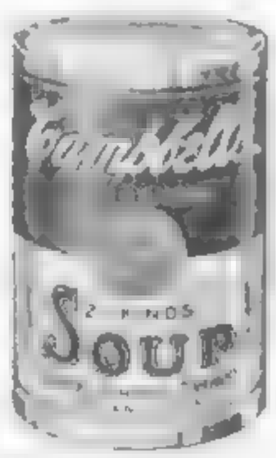

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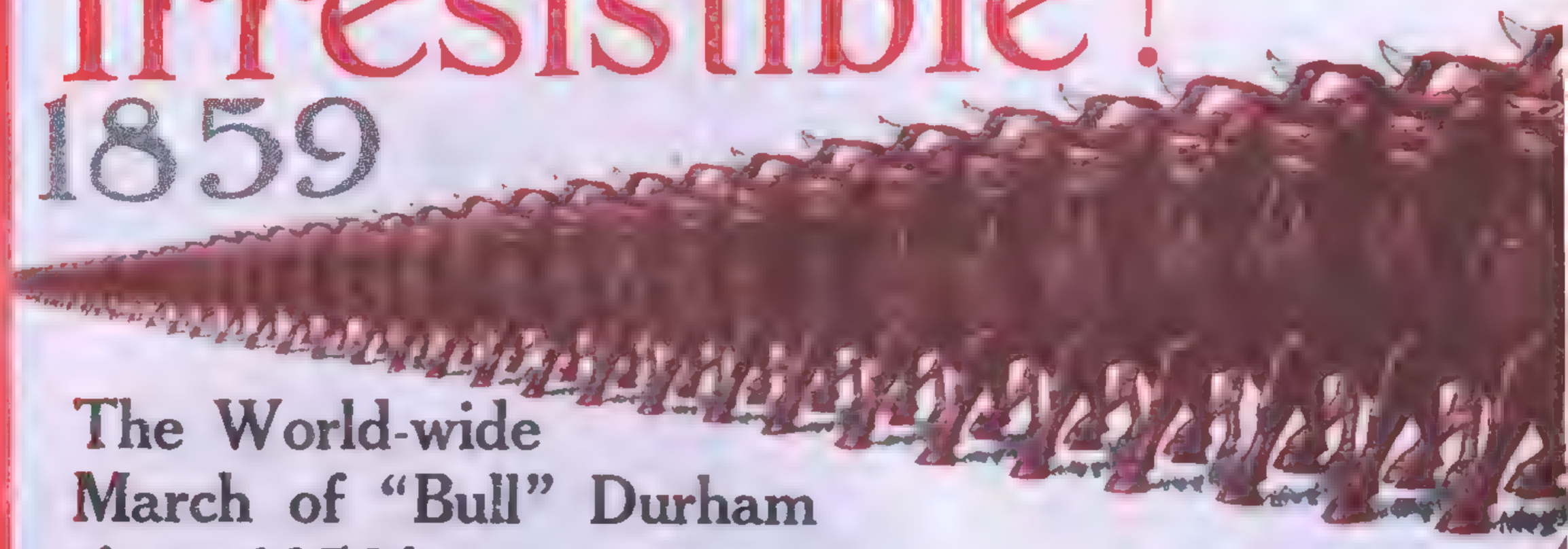

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(Concluded from Page 25)

"What you started out to do," sobbed Melissa, as she turned tragically and faced him, "was to get rid of me! What have you been telling me over and over again except how finely you could get on when I was away on a visit! What's the good of being married to me? Why don't you just turn me out of the house in so many words and go on being flexible and discontinuous all by yourself? What is there for me to do? Do you suppose I could ever learn to run all this machinery? Worms and thermostats and operating tables! Do you suppose any cook ever could?"

"Well," said George, after he had consumed half his cigarette in stupefied silence, "I suppose I could advertise for a chauffeur who had lost his license for speeding. He might be willing to tackle the job."

"I'll tell you this," said Melissa: "I won't go away! Visits indeed! I'll stay right here. I may not have anything to do, and you and your horrible chauffeur may not want me—but I'll stay!"

"Do you know," said George, after a few meditative puffs—and now Melissa could see that he had begun to smile—"Do you know, that is what I had sort of figured on! I hoped that if you could go away whenever you liked it might not seem quite such a chore to stay and keep me company. Because"—he threw away his cigarette, went over to where she was, and got hold of one of her hands and rubbed his cheek against it—"Because I've been as lonesome as the very devil for the last three months, Melissa!"

They made a call that evening on Florence and Jerry. Florence was bewailing the fate that consigned her to three mortal, everlasting hours at the tailor's the next day, getting fitted.

"He's the best there is," she said, "and he simply makes your clothes on you. And Madame Dufau is worse. It's horrible! I never have time to read or go to concerts or anything! Clothes are such a bore!"

"I know," said George sympathetically. "It's the same way with Melissa—she gets so worn out getting her clothes that she hasn't any fun wearing them." And then his face brightened and he shot a glance at Jerry. "Do you know, I believe dressmakers are as far behind the game as cooks! I believe, if the problem of women's clothes were approached scientifically, one could rev ——"

"George," said Melissa, "stop it! If you ever start in to make my clothes flexible and discontinuous, or automatic and interchangeable, I'll go back to mother's—and I'll stay!"

"Oh, all right!" said George sulkily. "All the same ——"

"I mean it!" said Melissa.

SENSE AND NONSENSE

In Ultima Thule

MARTIN GREEN, of the New York Evening World, went as a correspondent for his paper to the National Democratic Convention of 1908 at Denver. He traveled on the Tammany special, which carried the New York City delegation.

On the second morning out Green, on going into the diner for breakfast, found every table occupied by at least one person. He took a chair opposite a stout gentleman who had all the earmarks of an East-Side district leader.

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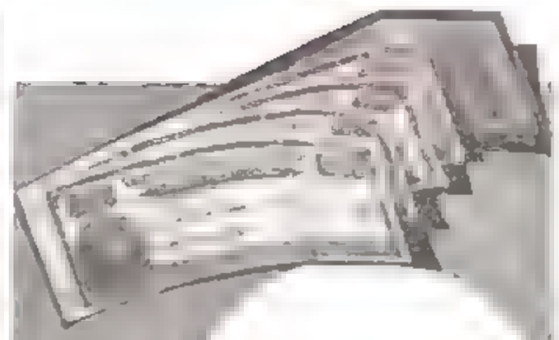

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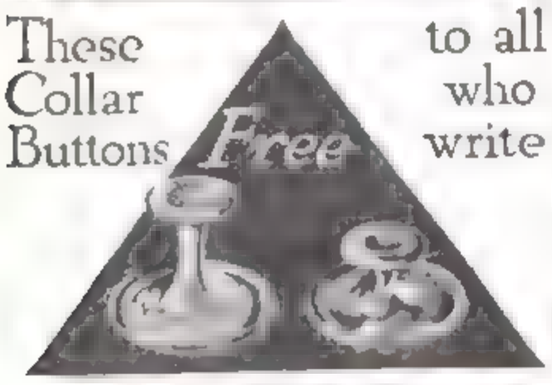
These Collar Buttons Free to all who write



Why Do You Prefer Triangle 5-PLY Collars?

We will send you this Collar Button Set free if you will write us, in not more than 30 words, your reason for preferring Triangle 5-PLY Collars.

There are many good reasons why you should prefer Triangle 5-Ply Collars—send us your reason for wearing them, together with your dealer's name and

GET A FREE SET

These handsome one-piece Buttons are 14-carat rolled gold guaranteed five years.

VAN ZANDT, JACOBS & CO., TROY, NEW YORK

Triangle

The 5-PLY Collar

2 for 25cts.

The Collars of Quality

gnawed the woodwork, the door casings and the chair legs extensively.

Shortly thereafter Dockstader started on his annual road tour. Getting off a train at a station in Nebraska he saw a crew of men tearing away an ancient frame house that stood just across the tracks. A noble idea came to him. He looked up the foreman in charge of the job and closed a deal for what he wanted.

The following week there came by express collect to the McCardell home a huge wooden box tightly nailed. McCardell jumped at the conclusion that somebody who admired his writings had sent him a large and handsome gift of some sort. He paid the express charges, amounting to a fair-sized sum, called for a hatchet and pried off the top boards.

The box contained a dozen pairs of aged green windowblinds. The top pair were appropriately inscribed Parrot Food.

An Efficient Flock

A WELL-KNOWN priest in London has his parish in the Bermondsey section of that city, which is a tough quarter, to be conservative about it.

"What sort of people are in your congregation?" somebody asked the priest.

"My congregation," the clergyman replied, "is equally divided between boxers and burglars; and both, I may say, are very good in their lines."

Peace on Earth

FOR thirty-odd years a long-bearded, serious-minded German named Schneider kept a café on West Street, New York. West Street is much frequented by longshoremen, who are a hardy and an excitable race of beings; and longshoremen were Schneider's patrons almost exclusively.

They used to fight with fists, feet and cotton hooks in other saloons along the way, necessitating police alarms and ambulance calls, but no trouble was ever reported at Schneider's little place.

Finally the old man had enough money saved up to gratify his life's ambition. He sold out, bought a little truck farm in New Jersey and retired to the simple pastoral life. The old man rarely referred to his former business, but when he did he invariably spoke of the good order that prevailed in his barroom.

"I always had it nice and quiet in *mein* café," he would state with pride. "Dem poys could not fight in dere. I would not haf it so."

"But how," queried a listener, "could you keep a bunch of longshoremen from starting a fight?"

"Py hitting dem on der head mit a boongstarter pefore dey could pegin," said the old man simply.

Just a Boarder

IN MACON, GEORGIA, on a street given over to fine old homes there was one lone boarding house.

One afternoon a lady passing along this street saw a hearse standing at the sidewalk in front of the boarding house.

Curiosity impelled her to hail an old negro woman who was leaning over the gate of the place next door.

"Auntie," inquired the lady, "is somebody dead?"

"Naw, honey," was the answer; "tain't nobody—jes' a boardah."

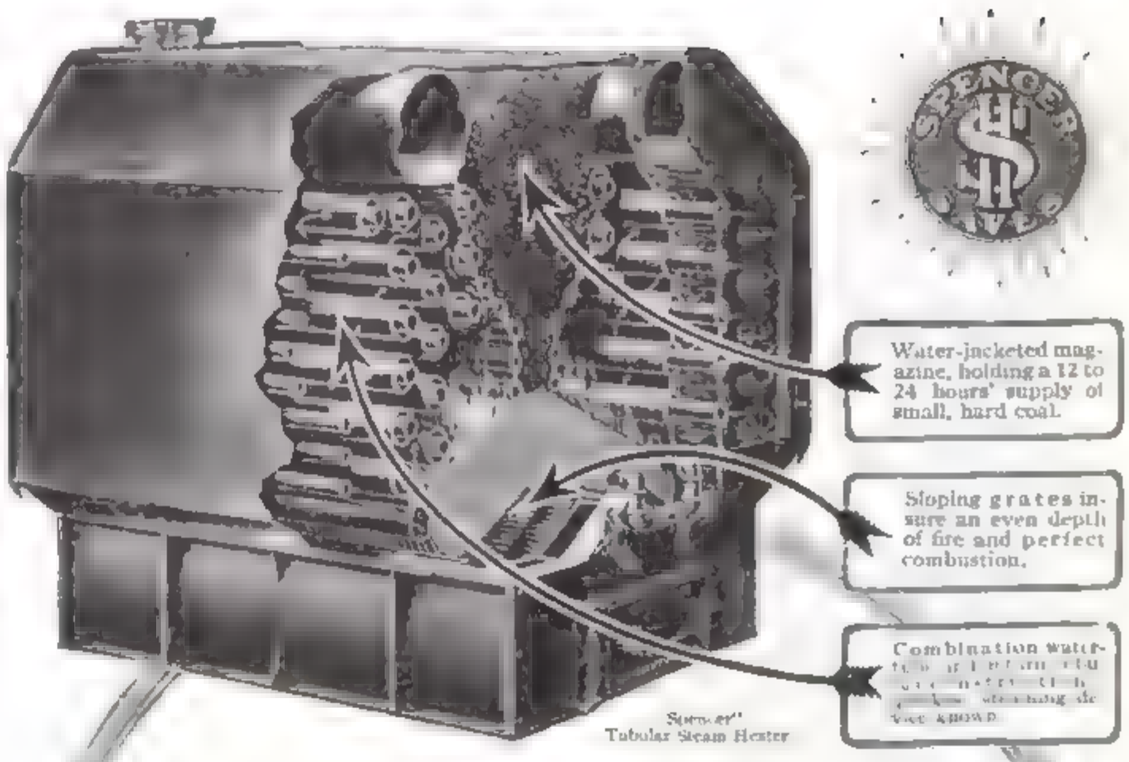
A Good Beginning

GEORGE H. DORAN, the New York publisher, had a call not long ago from a young friend just out of college, who confessed to an ambition to write a modern novel. He wanted to know Doran's views touching on a popular theme and a popular treatment.

"Well," said Doran, "it seems to me that in a novel such as you contemplate writing you should endeavor to enlist the attention of the reader from the very start. Try to make your opening paragraph unusual and bright."

The prospective author thanked him and departed. Shortly thereafter he sent Doran for consideration the finished draft of his novel. When he saw the first sentence of chapter one Doran realized how thoroughly his young friend had absorbed his advice. It read as follows:

"'Oh, hell!' exclaimed the Duchess, who up to this point had taken no part in the conversation."


Water-jacketed magazine, holding a 12 to 24 hours' supply of small, hard coal.
Sloping grates insure an even depth of fire and perfect combustion.
Combination water-feed and ash-sifting grate.
Spencer Tubular Steam Heater

—Coal bills reduced 30% to 50%;
—Attention but once or twice in 24 hours;
—Steady, even heat all day, and night, if desired.

THIS brief statement of the important advantages of the

Spencer Steam or Hot Water Heater

is more than justified by the long experience of thousands of "Spencer" owners

How the "Spencer" Reduces Heating Cost ⅓ to ½

The "Spencer" successfully burns the small, inexpensive sizes of hard coal, such as Buckwheat and Pea, at a saving of $2 to $3 a ton, and requires no more tons than does the ordinary heater of the commonly-used domestic sizes.

No. 1 Buckwheat is a standard size, but it must be sold at or near the price of soft coal, as it is largely used for industrial purposes. The price was not raised as a result of the recent anthracite strike, nor is it liable to be advanced in the future, for the same reason.

The sloping grates receive the coal at the same angle as it feeds from the magazine, insuring even, thorough combustion. The tubular construction of the Steam Heater and the sectional construction of the Hot Water Heater are the most efficient and quickest heating types known for their respective systems. Actual thermometer tests show the temperature of the gases in the smokestack of the Spencer Heater average about 100 degrees lower than in the ordinary heater.

A "Spencer" will soon pay for itself. Many owners save $100 or more on fuel bills annually. Spencer Heaters installed 20 years ago are still saving this amount each year.

How the "Spencer" Saves Time and Labor in Attention

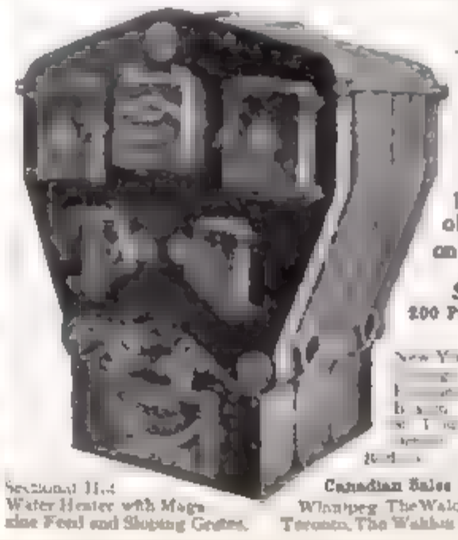
The water-jacketed magazine holds a 24 hours' supply of fuel in ordinary winter weather, 12 in severe, feeding it automatically upon the fire as required. Heat can be maintained for from 8 to 12 hours without coaling or attention. The importance of this advantage alone cannot be overestimated.

It also makes automatic regulation *efficient*. Regulators operate drafts only, but cannot add fuel. The "Spencer" magazine feeds coal as needed.

The "Spencer" is Adapted to All Classes of Buildings

For apartment houses the "Spencer" is *the* heater, not solely for its remarkable economy in fuel cost, but it does away with night attention. This feature also makes it specially advantageous for green-houses. For residences, without men-servants, it makes it possible to relieve the "women-folks" of the care of the heater. Filled in the morning, it maintains heat until evening without attention.

The "Spencer" is equally well adapted to churches, institutions, public buildings, etc.



Sectional Hot Water Heater with Magazine Feed and Sloping Grates.

How to Verify These Statements

The heater problem is an investment problem. The wise real estate investor will investigate fully. Consult with your architect and heating contractor on the "Spencer." And in informing yourself, our two free books, one a complete descriptive catalog, the other giving the experiences of "Spencer" owners in various sections of the country, will be very helpful. Gladly sent on request—the coupon is for your convenience.

SPENCER HEATER CO.

200 People's Nat'l Bank Bldg., SCRANTON, PA.

Branch Offices

New York Philadelphia Boston St. Louis Portland

Canadian Sales Representatives

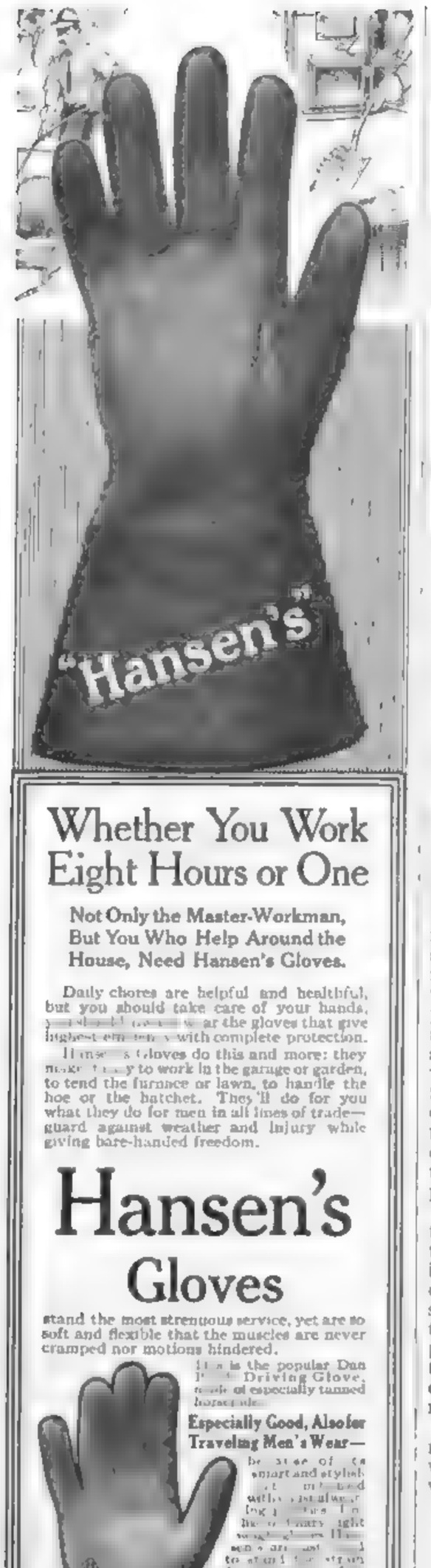
Winnipeg, The Waldon Co., 92 Princess St.
Toronto, The Waldon Co., Lumsden Bldg.

TO REDUCE COAL BILLS

Spencer Heater Co. Scranton, Pa.

Name

My heating contractor is



Whether You Work Eight Hours or One

Not Only the Master-Workman, But You Who Help Around the House, Need Hansen's Gloves.

Daily chores are helpful and healthful, but you should take care of your hands. [illegible] wear the gloves that give highest efficiency with complete protection.

Hansen's Gloves do this and more: they make it easy to work in the garage or garden, to tend the furnace or lawn, to handle the hoe or the hatchet. They'll do for you what they do for men in all lines of trade—guard against weather and injury while giving bare-handed freedom.

Hansen's Gloves

stand the most strenuous service, yet are so soft and flexible that the muscles are never cramped nor motions hindered.

[illegible] is the popular Dan [illegible] Driving Glove, made of especially tanned horsehide.

Especially Good, Also for Traveling Men's Wear—

[illegible] because of its smart and stylish [illegible] with outdoor [illegible] Brown, [illegible] colored—$1.50 per pair.

Write for Free Book

[illegible] tells you [illegible] with [illegible] Gloves [illegible] the Gift Hansen—with or without [illegible] let—of stoutest, softest horsehide, steam, heat and water proof. The lineman's gauntlet—the [illegible] sport and motoring for women as well as men. All are of splendid material and lasting wear that makes them in the end, the most economical [illegible] your work, you [illegible] Hansen's. Mail the coupon or a postal today.

O. C. HANSEN MFG. CO.
100 Detroit St., Milwaukee, Wis.

O. C. HANSEN MFG. CO.,
100 Detroit Street, Milwaukee, Wis.

Please send me your Free Book illustrating and describing your styles of gloves and mittens. I am most interested in the glove you make for following purpose:

Name

Address

Town State

UNCLE SAM, ROADBUILDER

(Concluded from Page 13)

comes from the National treasury, or from state, county or more local treasuries. So far as the burden of taxation is concerned, it makes little difference to the people of the country whether our road funds are derived from state or National taxation, assuming that there will be a fairly equal distribution of the funds that have been raised.

And in urging the granting of National appropriations people generally overlook the important fact that every new public enterprise undertaken by the Government means an increase in the number of National employees, the adoption of a system of public work more expensive than if undertaken by private enterprise, and—last but not least—the building up of what may easily become a dangerous Federal political machine.

It is estimated by Government experts on highway construction and maintenance that when a road is once improved its maintenance in a good state of repair will require, on an average, the personal attention of one man for every ten miles of highway. If the Government undertook the construction of roads in the first instance, or the maintenance after being constructed, it is apparent that there would necessarily be employed a very large number of men scattered throughout the country. Because of their employment, and their dependence upon the Administration for continuance in such employment, these men would be in a large measure subject to the direction or influence of the Federal political machine.

Every time we add a new department or a new bureau to the Federal Government, every time we enlarge the scope of any Federal activity, every time we give increased power to Federal officers, we add to the magnitude and potency of the Federal political machine and relatively diminish the importance and influence and power of the several states. Yet there is no community in the United States, however strong its advocacy of state rights and the retention of power in local hands, but will ask for the assignment of a Federal official to assume supervisory control of some of the public work in that immediate locality. The unfounded assumption that in securing Federal aid they are getting something for nothing leads people to urge the adoption of a policy that will increase the power of the general Government and decrease the power of the several states.

I think no one will question the assertion that, when once we have adopted and entered upon a plan of Federal participation in highway construction, there will be from every section of the United States a constant demand for an increase of the extent to which the Federal Government shall participate, until perhaps the several localities will be willing to turn over to the Federal Government entirely the burden of maintaining our highways.

There is one phase of the good-roads movement that impresses it particularly with a National character. I refer to the very laudable movement which has been started in behalf of the policy generally described in the words: "See America first!" Without any disparagement whatever to the attractive scenery and points of interest in other lands, it may be safely asserted that, because of our varied climatic conditions, the wide scope of our industrial enterprises, the diversity of our scenery and the unparalleled enterprise shown by our people in the development of our resources, no other country in the world offers so many opportunities for instructive and entertaining travel.

Though it is undoubtedly true that transcontinental travel will always be chiefly by rail, yet there will be a constantly growing desire on the part of tourists to take long trips by auto; for by such means they will have always at command their own vehicles by which to make short side trips to points of interest. This view of the subject suggests that, in case we adopt a plan of transcontinental National highways, it would be advisable to run the highways along such routes as will come in close proximity to those points of chief scenic interest—the national wonders of the Western Continent.

The "See America first!" movement would be greatly accelerated, and large sums of money would be expended here instead of in foreign countries, if we had a National system of well-improved highways upon which one could make a circuit of the United States, visiting such places as Niagara Falls, Mammoth Cave, Yellowstone Park, Mount Hood, Crater Lake, Yosemite Valley, Great Salt Lake, the Royal Gorge, the Grand Cañon; and viewing en route such spectacles as the packing houses of Chicago, the vast wheatfields of the Northwest, the salmon fisheries of the Columbia, the fruit orchards of Oregon and California, the reclaimed deserts of the inter-mountain region, the cottonfields of the South, and so on. With each succeeding year the United States is becoming a more inviting field for American as well as foreign tourists.

However, this feature of the good-roads problem is of minor importance. Rural highways are primarily for local transportation purposes. They are designed to facilitate travel between the agricultural producer and his market. A good road promotes not only the financial interests of producer and consumer but their comfort and convenience as well; but, though the use of roads for pleasure or recreation is a secondary consideration, this use can be promoted without disregarding the more important matter of local traffic.

The most-traveled roads are usually so situated that, when well improved, they can be easily connected to form main lines of state and interstate highway. I see no reason, therefore, why there should be any conflict between those who wish roads for the hauling of farm produce and those who desire them for auto travel. All are interested in the problem of securing the best practicable improvement of the roads and their maintenance in as good condition as possible.

THE ACID TEST

(Continued from Page 11)

a home and a good woman for a wife. You've got something to live for. I haven't! I'm sick and weak and flabby. I guess my nerve's gone!"

"Oh, you've still got your nerve!" was the half-mocking retort.

"No, I haven't, Biff! I'm gone soft. I'll have a stiff leg all my life now. That'll make me a marked man. A bull'll be able to spot me twenty blocks away. I got 'o start over, whether I want to or not! And I got 'o lay up somewhere until I can get a grip on things!"

"Not in this house, my boy!" declared the man in the motor coat. "No man of your character's going to carry in teacups to my wife!"

Gentleman Joe started to raise his hand in a gesture of pained expostulation, but the motion died in midair. He suddenly twisted his head about with a side-movement that was oddly birdlike in its quickness.

For one fraction of a second his gaze seemed to lose its sense of direction, as though his mind had been diverted by some casual discovery, or as though that alert sense of hearing of his had caught the faint radiation of something distant and disturbing. Then, quite as suddenly, his face took on its earlier expression of expostulation; but a new and less plaintive note sounded in his voice as he went on speaking.

"You know your wife'd be as safe with me as she's been with you, Biff! We're not so different—only you started up earlier: You won out. And I think it's up to you to give me a hand along!"

"You bet I won out!" cried back the other with a suddenly outthrust and vehement arm. "I won out—but it was a hell of a battle! I did ten years of fighting to get what I've got and pay back what I owed. I fought for it—every inch! And I'm going to hang on to it. You think you can do it. You think you can turn the trick. But you can't, Joe; for you can't pay what it costs!"

"Yes I can, Biff! I can pay, because I've got 'o pay! Why, I'd stay on here as your house servant! I'd clean windows and scrape dishes if you'd only give me my chance!"

"I tell you I haven't the chance to give you! You can't stay in this house and you can't stay in this country!"

Men of Tomorrow

Many a boy, started off with a sorry fund of health, has been built into a mental and physical "husky" by helpful environment and properly selected food.

No one can build a sturdy, time-resisting wall with poor materials. No one can build a strong, manly boy on flimsy food.

The boy is really more important than the wall!

Ever think of that?

Yet you may be very particular when you inspect the materials you are to put into your house walls.

But how about the boy—is his building material being considered?

Mind and body must be properly trained to make the Master Man.

A true Brain and Body food is

Grape-Nuts

It possesses those vital elements required by Nature for building up strong young bodies and active brains.

"There's a Reason"

Postum Cereal Company, Ltd.
Battle Creek, Mich., U. S. A.

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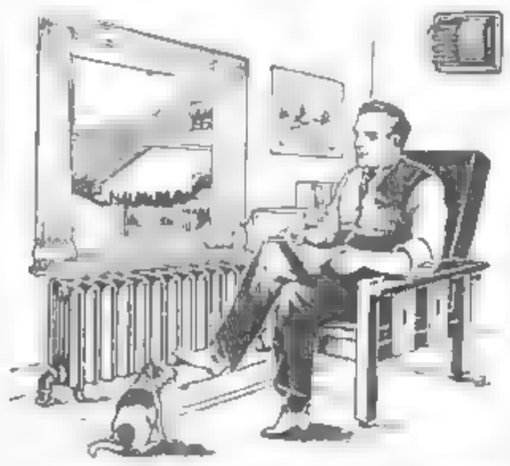
Control your heating



Discomfort in homes or other buildings, by overheating on mild days or underheating in extreme cold weather—both trying to good nature and health, is easily prevented by the

IDEAL SYLPHON **Regitherm**

Controls draft- and check-dampers of heating boiler, without going to cellar; insures even room-heating and prevents coal waste. Self-contained, self-acting and pays for itself; no batteries, diaphragms, or clock-work to wear out or wind up. REGITHERM sets on wall of living-room. You set scale pointer at *any* degree of heat wanted (60° to 80°); then, when heat in room drops a little below or rises above set degree, the weather changes act on sensitive chemical inside all-brass "Sylphon" bellows which contracts or expands, and a cable running to draft- and check-dampers quickly causes boiler to produce *just sufficient heat.* Easily put on OLD OUTFITS.

Expense and time saved by REGITHERM in Turkish baths, stores, dry kilns; or in factories for drying varnish, paint or glue at any special temperature which saves materials and perfects workmanship.

Ask for free "New Heating Aids" booklet, which describes REGITHERM and tells how time, coal and money are saved and heating improved by our easy-turning never-leak Sylphon Packless Radiator Valves, instant-acting Norwall Air Valves, and Sylphon Boiler Regulators. Write to-day!

AMERICAN RADIATOR COMPANY

Write Department R CHICAGO

Makers of IDEAL Boilers and AMERICAN Radiators

Like Magic in Efficiency

The "M M" Brand

NEV-A-HONE

Razor Strop and Safe-T-Blade Holder

The NEV-A-HONE has imitators but no equal.

Strop 75c, $1, $1.50 up to $5

Puts smooth shaving edge on any razor or blade.

Holder 50c

holds blade of any safety razor and gives firm grip

From your dealer or direct from us on receipt of price. Identify genuine by red wrapper and M-M mark

Any razor becomes a good razor if you rub it a few times across the patent coating of a

NEV-A-HONE Strop

Ask for our Primer, "The Art of Gentle Shaving," and descriptive price list.

AGENTS Interesting offer Write us without delay

McGINNIS-MEEHAN CO. Inc., 1328 Broadway, N. Y., Dept. A

Gentleman Joe remembered that Biff Kennerly had always been a hardheaded and single-visioned worker. He had never stopped at side issues. But for some reason the man in the service coat smiled a little pityingly up at the other.

"Biff, I know you can throw me out of here any time you like. I know you could hand me over for doing that post-office job, and nobody'd believe me if I tried to welch on you and dig up your record; but I never welched on a man in my life. I'm not that kind!"

"I didn't say you were; but just to stay round here would be welching! And no one's going to have a box man carrying in his meals! No ——"

"Wait!" interrupted Gentleman Joe. "You can throw me out if you like; but you know as well as I do that if I'm turned out of here tonight without money or clothes and with this game leg o' mine, I couldn't travel forty miles without getting pinched. The whole county's got my description. They wouldn't even give me a fighting chance!"

"They'd give you twenty years for that post-office work," amended the other. "You buck against British justice up here!"

"I know it," Gentleman Joe answered with enforced deliberation; "and that's why I say you ought to give me a square deal, even if it's going to hurt your family pride."

"It's something more than pride, and you know it! It's a matter of self-preservation. I'm sorry for you, Joe; but I can't do anything! Don't you see I can't?"

"You mean you've got to keep up the bluff and throw me out?"

"I've got to save myself!" protested the man in the motor coat.

Gentleman Joe turned and peered up into his face. It was haggard and bluish gray about the eyes. It wore the look of a man fatigued beyond the point of endurance—exhausted by an ordeal that had proved greater than he would be willing to acknowledge.

"Biff, you call yourself a good man. You stand there and say you've made good—that you're on the square. But are you? That's what I want to know! Could you do a big thing, even if it hurt a little? Is all this"—and Gentleman Joe waved an arm about the shadowy room—"Is all this a four-flush or have you got the right stuff in you?"

"What's the good of putting it that way, Joe?" demanded the owner of the house, once more wiping his moist forehead with a hand that was none too steady.

"Because if you're a decent man you've got the chance of your life to prove it," was Gentleman Joe's reply. "It seems to me you're up against the acid test of what you've got in you!"

The other man made a gesture of impatience.

"I've stood my acid test. I've made good—and I've got to protect myself. You may think it's hard, Joe, but I can't help you. I daren't! I've got to watch every move. I've got a name to think of and a wife to think of. That's been my business for ten years—watching every move; making her see that I was on the square. And that's what ties me down. I couldn't cover it up. I couldn't make her understand. I couldn't run the risk!"

"Why should that keep you from doing the right thing?" protested Gentleman Joe as though he were prompting a child through its first steps in ethics. "Why should you be afraid of her?"

"I'm not afraid of her! She's big and fine! And that's just it! She's so big and fine I'd be afraid to face her with—with what's dead and buried! And I've got to keep it buried! My God, Joe, I've got to! And it's you who ought to help me!"

"Biff," was Gentleman Joe's meditative answer, "I think I am helping you!"

"Helping me what?" demanded the man in the motor coat. He was now pacing nervously back and forth, and for the second time Gentleman Joe stared at him a little pityingly.

"Helping you bury what you say you've buried—what's dead and small and mean. I'm giving you a chance to prove yourself!—to show you've grown out of that sort of thing. I'm giving you a chance to do something big. I'm in deep water and you know it. You can push me under or you can pull me out! And I want to get out, all right! But it's not me that counts so much, Biff—I can take what's coming to me. It's up to you!"

The man in the motor coat wheeled slowly about. For the first time, through

"It isn't a meal if I don't have Snider's"

Hundreds of thousands of cases of SNIDER'S CATSUP are manufactured within sight of the fields where the tomatoes are growing and ripening.

We carefully select our seed a year in advance. The tomatoes are grown by farmers who are taught, under our supervision, how to cultivate and the proper time to pick them.

A large quantity of our catsup is manufactured from tomatoes that are picked in the morning and promptly made into catsup, which is in cars going to its destination that night.

We claim that

Snider's Tomato Catsup

is a superior table condiment. It is delicious, wholesome and pleasing to the taste. We have thousands of customers who have used our catsup exclusively for a quarter of a century.

Mothers need not hesitate to allow their little ones to partake freely of SNIDER'S CATSUP. It is strictly pure and wholesome and in reasonable quantities will be beneficial to them.

You will find SNIDER'S CATSUP very useful in making your brown gravies; for adding to your soups just before removing from the stove; on your hot or cold meats; for your oyster cocktails, with the addition of a teaspoonful of finely grated horseradish and a few drops of lemon juice for each person to be served.

The good housewife knows thousands of other ways that SNIDER'S CATSUP can be used to advantage.

"It's the Process"

THE T. A. SNIDER PRESERVE COMPANY

CINCINNATI, U. S. A.

Let your next rough dummy develop into a Beautiful Booklet through the knowledge and inspiration to be gained from the

Paper Buyer's Guide

The section devoted to Warren's Cameo is a gold mine of suggestions.

It is the surface without gloss—warm, velvety and restful—that makes possible the truly wonderful effects advertisers are securing with Warren's Cameo Paper. Remember that the artist's painting does not shine. In order to preserve all of the quality of the original—the softness and true values—use

CAMEO PAPER

A Warren Standard

It enriches illustrations, deepens half-tones, dignifies type.

The Paper Buyer's Guide, our new Specimen Book, illustrates the possibilities of Cameo for half-tone printing in one, two and multi impressions; also the dignity and legibility which type matter acquires.

The other famous Warren Standards are shown, their texture, their uses, and in what class of work each fits best. The Warren Standards include every kind of printing paper needed for high-grade work.

You will find this book rich in suggestions for color treatment and typography. It will be sent without charge to managers. Write for it, using your business letterhead.

S. D. WARREN & CO.

162 Devonshire Street BOSTON, MASS.

the self-immuring fogs of his own misery, he seemed able to catch at some faint inkling of what the other man was trying to convey to him.

"It's up to me?" he echoed with his studious and abstracted eyes resting on Gentleman Joe's pensive-lipped face.

"It's up to you, Biff!" reechoed the man in the service coat. His tone implied that there was nothing more to say. The other man seemed to apprehend that the moment was climactic—that something vast and epochal was poised about them.

"Wait a minute—let me think this out!" he cried as though dazed for the moment by the sight of some Great Divide that must be scaled and crossed. He stared vacantly over at the pensive figure in the service coat. He stood there for several minutes in utter silence; but during that silence every wheel in the machinery of consciousness behind the moist frontal bone seemed purring with thought.

"Joe," he suddenly cried out, "you're right! I'm not that kind!"

"I knew it!" said Gentleman Joe.

"You're as good as I am! And you're going to get your chance! You've got to get your chance!"

"How?" inquired Gentleman Joe, watching the intent face that stared so steadily into his own.

"The only way I can give it to you," declared the man who had long since been known as both grim-willed and single-visioned. He was peeling off his motor coat. "Can you run a car?"

"Yes!" It was the second time, Gentleman Joe remembered, that he had answered that question in one day. "But what're you going to do?"

"I'm going to forget my own troubles and give you a chance. I'm going to try and do the square thing by a man who's down. But we've both got to cover our tracks. And to do that you've got to pull off another job, Joe. You've got to do it now—right here in this room. And I hope to Heaven it's the last job for both of us!" Gentleman Joe stared with wondering eyes as his old-time confederate drew off both coat and vest and tossed them over to him. "Listen! Get me into that big oak chair there and tie me down! Tie me up there, gag and all! There's a wallet in that coat. It's got a little over two hundred in it, and here's ten or twelve more. Take those clothes, watch and all! Clean me out! Then get out to that car of mine before any one butts in! Follow the driveway and take the first turn on the left. Then go north until you come to the Talbot Road. That's the main road east. Follow that right through to St. Thomas. Then push on along the lake shore until you swing up to Hamilton. Keep going until you reach the Bridge. When you get there put the car in the Niagara House garage. Then get across the river. Make Buffalo and buy a new outfit."

Still again Gentleman Joe was shaking his head sadly from side to side.

"It's no use, Biff! The stall won't work!"

"It's got to work!" cried the other. "It's our only chance!"

"It's too late!" maintained Gentleman Joe.

"It's not too late! And I can't lose time arguing about it. Quick! Tie me up here while we've got the chance!"

For one hesitating moment Gentleman Joe stood regarding the man, who had placed himself in the high-backed, heavily carved oak chair. Then with a little shoulder-movement that was almost a shrug of resignation he peered inquiringly about the room. His trained eye caught sight of a pile of table napkins on the Flemish-oak buffet.

He crossed to this buffet and flung the entire pile of napery into the middle of the room. Then he dropped to his knees in front of the man in the chair and, catching up one napkin after another, quickly and securely tied the man's ankles to the heavy oak behind them. With equally dexterous fingers he trussed and bound the two crossed arms to the chairback, adroitly knotting the twisted linen about the unprotesting wrists.

"Now the gag!" reminded the prisoner. "You'd better take my scarf-pin and cuff-links. And there's a pair of goggles in the motor-coat pocket there. But remember not to stop this side of St. Thomas, once you hit that Talbot Road!"

Gentleman Joe slipped the scarf-pin and the cuff-links into his empty hip pocket. Then without a word he knotted a table napkin tightly in the middle, reknotted it,

NOW

B. & M. FISH FLAKES is the very best fish product for making

Creamed Fish - Codfish Balls
Fish Soufflé - Fish Salad

and many other dainty and delicious fish dishes.

Burnham & Morrill Fish Flakes

10c—SIZES—15c
(Except in Far West)

It's a good plan to eat less meat or none for forty days—eat fish in some form or another—(Just try some Creamed Fish on Toast or Creamed Fish with Baked Potato tomorrow for Breakfast)—fish is digestible—wholesome—economical—highly nourishing.

DURING LENT

B. & M. FISH FLAKES makes the securing of fine, delicious fish most easy no matter if you live one mile or 3,000 miles from the sea—B. & M. FISH FLAKES once used becomes a Household staple of Diet.

Burnham & Morrill Co.
Portland, Me., U. S. A.

Send for Free Cook Book. Full Sized Sample sent for 10c to cover postage and packing.

A Good Pen
will often help poor writers to write evenly and smoothly.

SPENCERIAN Steel Pens

suit every hand. Fine and medium points, stubs and ball pointed. 12 different patterns sent postpaid on receipt of 10c. Ask for the metal box assortment.

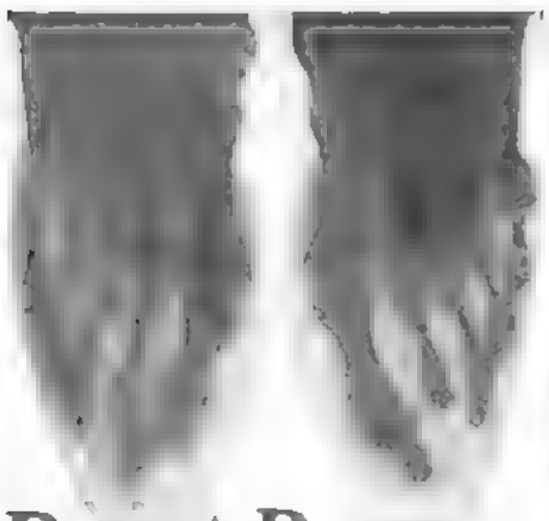
SPENCERIAN PEN CO.
349 Broadway
New York

AGENTS 100% Profit

GUARANTEED

FORGED STEEL Patented-Useful-Low Priced

THOMAS TOOL CO., 2268 West St., Dayton, O.



Bent Bones

Bring Foot Bondage

YOU can't feel fine and fit if your foot bones are bent and bound by narrow, pointed shoes, as in this X-ray photo.

Such shoes inevitably cause corns, bunions, calluses, ingrowing nails, flat-foot or other foot ills.

Get your feet into Educators and feel the difference. Educators let bent feet bones straighten out with a sigh of relief. And they let children's feet bones "grow as they should."

Nothing ugly about the Educator. It has foot comfort plus a fine boot-maker's look.

Prices from $1.35 for Infants' to $5.50 for Men's Specials. If your dealer doesn't keep genuine Educators—with "Educator" branded on the sole—write us for catalog and we'll see that you find a pair.

We also make the famous All America and Signet Shoes for men, and Mayfair Shoes for women.

Rice & Hutchins

EDUCATOR SHOE

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

RICE & HUTCHINS, INC.

World's Shoe Makers For The Whole Family

14 HIGH STREET, BOSTON, U. S. A.

That "Awful Smart"

Your Shaving Soap Did It

The free caustic found its way into the pores of your skin and that terrible smarting and drawing sensation resulted.

Use

MENNEN'S SHAVING CREAM

which contains no free caustic, and enjoy a *cool, comfortable shave.*

Mennen's Shaving Cream makes a lather which requires *no "rubbing in"* with the fingers to soften the beard. You *lather* and then shave. *Saves time,* and does away with tender faces.

For sale everywhere, 25c
Sample Tube Free

GERHARD MENNEN CO.
Newark, N. J.

Makers of the celebrated Mennen's Toilet Powder

and thrust the linen bulb gently in between the other man's relaxed jaws, drawing the ends of the napkin tight about the head and tying it securely at the back of the neck. But still he did not speak. There was no look of triumph on his face. His expression was more one of perplexity.

He was still silent and still uncertain in movement as he picked up the other's coat and vest, put them on, and over them drew the heavy fur motor coat. Reaching into the outer right-hand pocket, he lifted out the revolver he knew had been there all the time. He looked it over, carefully but quickly, and restored it to the pocket.

He crossed to the table and took up the cap the other man had tossed there. Then he looked a little wistfully about the room, like a prisoner looking about a place he was sorry to leave.

He even sighed audibly as he stepped back and carefully upset two of the chairs, as though they had been overturned in a struggle. Then he looked toward the door apprehensively. Beyond it, by that look, might have stood something unwelcome and unavoidable.

He waited for a moment, deep in thought. Then he crossed again to the man bound down in the chair.

Taking this chair by its heavy oak back, he swung it completely round, so that it faced away from the door.

Gentleman Joe could see the unspoken question in the other's eyes at this move, but he neither answered that look nor stopped to explain. He tiptoed quickly across the room to the door that opened into the hall and, with a deftness born of much experience, turned the key without making a sound. It took him but a second to slip through the door and close and lock it behind him.

He looked up slowly as he stood with his back to that locked door. He looked up without any appreciable change of expression, as though not uncertain of what he was to see there, so close to him.

The only alteration to those well-controlled features was a more studious squint to the worldly wise, seal-brown eyes as he stood studying the white face of the white-clad woman staring so vacantly into his own. He even had the courage to reach out and take her hand as she leaned with one nerveless arm against the dark-wooded door-frame. He swung her slowly and quietly about. The line of his mouth hardened a little as he drew her deeper into the shadowy hall. He was no longer afraid of her; they seemed on much the same footing now.

"So you heard it all?" he said. He spoke in little more than a whisper. "So you got it all—just as I knew you were getting it?"

"Yes!"

Her lips framed the word, though no actual sound came from them.

"He's given me my chance. You heard that?"

"Yes!" came the almost inaudible reply.

"Well, what're you going to do about it?"

Her free hand went up to her breast in a gesture of tragic helplessness that should have touched him to pity; but he seemed unmoved by either the pathos of the gesture or the misery on her white face.

"What can I do?" she asked. Her lack of comprehension seemed to anger the man holding her arm.

"Great God, woman! Aren't you big enough to spot bigness?"

"Bigness?"

"Yes! Didn't I try him out for you? Didn't you see he'd the right stuff in him, whatever you imagine he's been?"

"What can I do?" inappositely repeated the woman with the raptly agonized face. It was not a beautiful face now. It seemed drawn and puckered with pain, oddly aged for the moment with its look of suffering, and at the same time oddly childlike with its loose-lipped and tremulous indecision.

"Do? All you can do is face it out! Let him think you don't know a thing!" was Gentleman Joe's vehement whisper as he clapped on his motor goggles.

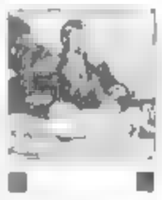
"But I have known!" she said in a small, dry voice, more poignant than any sob.

"You've what?" demanded the man in the goggles, with his hand already on the outer door.

"I've known it all—for years!" she whispered.

And into the night Gentleman Joe carried with him the memory of the woman's white and over-tense face, slowly softening with its earthlier look of pity—of motherlike solicitude—of love that street cats like himself knew little about!

The Many-Sided MULTIGRAPH



ADVERTISING, SELLING, SYSTEM, SAVING

IF you consider it simply as a machine for the rapid production of form typewriting, *you don't know the Multigraph.*

It has been developed into an office printing-machine by whose means your own employees can do 90% of your printing, at a saving of 25% to 75%.

And it has discovered so many applications—in advertising, selling, business-system, and saving—that it has become an invaluable adjunct to many an office.

The following brief outline of the various applications may suggest how you can add to the profits of your business.

THE ADVERTISING SIDE

IF you are already conducting an advertising-campaign in magazines, newspapers or trade journals, the Multigraph will produce just the kind of follow-up features essential to the sales-making success of that publicity. If you are not conducting a general-publicity campaign, the Multigraph will give you a complete campaign of direct-mail advertising.

Letters THE selling-power of form-letters produced on the Multigraph has been demonstrated time and again—alone and by comparison with individual letters typewritten on correspondence machines. But the mechanical perfection of the letter is not the only essential. It must be [illegible] with salesmanship on paper. Multigraph [illegible] detailed below, will help you to put salesmanship into your Multigraph letters.

Printed Advertising TO avoid undue length, and to vary the approach, your letter-campaign should be supplemented by printed advertising—envelope-stuffers, mailing-cards, booklets, circulars. These can be printed on the multigraph at a distinct saving. And with the means directly under your own control, you can try-out each feature upon a small portion of your mailing-list—get a line on the sales-efficiency of your copy before you launch your complete campaign.

House-Organ SOMEONE has called the house-organ "sugar-coated advertising." You can coat it thick or thin; but by suggestion, illustration and logic it can be made a helpful feature of your campaign. We find our two house-organs very effective. One, in booklet form, is issued once a week, or oftener, is printed from the machine's self-contained type, with chapter-heads in hand set type, and department-heads electrotyped. A sample of either will be sent you upon request.

IF you market through dealers, you can give a tremendous impetus to your sales by a well-matured series of dealer-helps. The goods are not sold until they move off the dealers' shelves. The quicker that's done, the sooner you'll receive re-orders; and the more certainly are you building for the future.

Dealer Literature BOOKLETS, circulars, envelope-stuffers, and package-enclosures to be distributed by the dealer will help to sell your goods. Avoid waste by making these features the dealer's own advertising, and not yours. You can do this quickly and economically on the Multigraph.

Business Cards SOME users advertise their goods and gratify the dealers by furnishing dealers' business cards printed on the Multigraph. They can be produced in attractive and effective styles at nominal cost for printing.

Suggestion Bulletins PRACTICAL suggestions concerning selling, window-trimming and counter-displays will be welcomed by the dealer. They can be produced most economically on the Multigraph.

THE SELLING SIDE

FEW salesmen develop 100% efficiency unaided. There is none too good to learn. As a class, they respond generously to helpful suggestions from headquarters, or from their fellow-salesmen. And the Multigraph is just the means for disseminating these suggestions.

Letters and Bulletins COMPLIMENTS for good work, encouragement and suggestions through a bad season, will help them to renewed effort. These, with information as to product and prices, and the interchange of suggestions and experiences, can be quickly circulated by Multigraph letters and bulletins.

Confidential House-Organ THE selling-helps outlined above might well be [illegible] in the form of a confidential house-organ for [illegible] as a magazine [illegible] or as a single sheet. But to assure timeliness it should be printed on the Multigraph, using the machine [illegible]

THE SYSTEM SIDE

SCIENTIFIC management of business calls for many system-forms as the only way of securing and analyzing detailed information concerning production and selling. You can produce 90% of your system-forms on the Multigraph, at a saving of 25% to 75%.

Outside Forms THE blanks that go outside your office, to dealers and other trade-connections, should be printed from electrotypes that reproduce the sort of printing you've been accustomed to use.

Inside Forms WITH many of the blanks used inside your own organization, efficiency is the only requirement. Typewritten forms would answer, except for the time and labor of producing them. Typewrite them on the Multigraph—at little more than the cost of the paper.

Experimental Forms MANY a form suggested by a thinking employee has been turned down because the cost of printing was too great for an experiment. With its own type-equipment the Multigraph will produce experimental forms at non-nalcost. When they have been proved successful they can be electrotyped for permanent use on the Multigraph.

THE SAVING SIDE

MANY users have installed the Multigraph solely because of its demonstrated ability to save money on their printing. After installation they find that it saves in many other ways.

Saving Money THE Multigraph saves 25% to 75% of the printer's charge for similar work—printed or typewritten advertising, selling-helps and system-forms; printed stationery; and the imprinting on labels and dealers' literature.

Saving Time ALWAYS under your own control, the Multigraph is ready to do your bidding. You can side-track stock work for the rush job—the form that's "just out"; the letter or price-list that must catch the next mail.

Saving Waste WITH much of the printer's muss and fuss eliminated, the Multigraph does not depend upon long runs for its economy. This means that you may safely carry a stock sufficiently large for immediate needs, without stocking the large quantities necessary to secure the printer's lowest price.

Saving Waste PRINTING only for immediate needs, you reduce the chance of a large stock of forms or advertising becoming out of date.

FREE SERVICE TO USERS

PRINTING and typewriting are effective only as a means of expressing thought. Realizing this, we have established a Service Department that concerns itself with the brain-work that the Multigraph translates into printing or typewriting. Without charge, it offers assistance with their problems in advertising, selling and business-system.

Monthly Bulletins AN important subject of interest to users is treated exhaustively each month in a loose-leaf bulletin that fits a standard binder.

Copy THE Service Department offers constructive criticism of user's copy for letters and printed advertising. It prepares copy for letters and small printed features. It gives suggestions for copy and layout of booklets and house-organs.

Composition WHEN users cannot conveniently have type set and electrotypes made locally, the Service Department executes orders and bills the work at actual cost.

Consultation THE Service Department offers advice on efficiency-systems, cost and accounting systems, sales management, hiring men, factory problems, advertising-campaigns, selling-prices, etc.

YOU *CAN'T* BUY A MULTIGRAPH UNLESS YOU NEED IT

This is our pledge of the square deal. It is your assurance that you can investigate the possible applications of the Multigraph to your business without fear that you will be talked into an unprofitable purchase.

Before we sanction any sale, known facts must point unerringly to your profit. *Your business must produce these facts;* but our representatives will be glad to help you with your investigation. It takes time to get the information. Begin your investigation today. Get in touch with our nearest branch office, or write us direct, on your business-stationery. Use the coupon.

What Uses Are You Most Interested In?

Check them on this slip and enclose it with your request for information, *written on your business stationery.* We'll show you what others are doing.

American Multigraph Sales Co.,
[illegible]

Printing:
- [illegible]
- Booklets
- [illegible] Stuffers
- [illegible]
- [illegible]
- [illegible]
- [illegible]
- [illegible]
- Bills, Statements
- [illegible] Checks, etc.
- [illegible]

Typewriting:
- [illegible] Letters
- [illegible]
- [illegible] Stuffers
- [illegible]
- [illegible]
- [illegible]
- Bulletins to Employees
- [illegible] System Forms

THE AMERICAN MULTIGRAPH SALES CO.

EXECUTIVE OFFICES
1800 East Fortieth Street, Cleveland

Branches in Sixty Cities—Look in your Telephone Directory.

European Representatives: The International Multigraph Co., 59 Holborn Viaduct, London, England; Berlin, W. 8 Krausenstr., 70 Ecke Friedrichstr., Paris, 24 Boulevard des Capucines.

Here Are Two Loaves of Bread Four Days Old, Each Baked the Same Day by the Same Baker

Loaf No. 1 is dry, stale and has lost its flavor.

Loaf No. 2 is fresh, moist and has kept its good flavor.

Let us tell you the reason for this difference.

Loaf No. 1 was made from flour not absolutely clean. Loaf No. 2 was made from absolutely clean flour. The cleaner the flour the longer the bread keeps sweet-tasting and fresh. For perfect cleanliness test

The Guaranteed Flour

OCCIDENT

OCCIDENT Flour makes bread which keeps fresh far longer than bread made from ordinary flour.

Because every wheat kernel is washed and scoured free from dirt, and only the choicest of the most nutritious bread wheat produced goes into OCCIDENT flour.

You can bake a double batch of bread when you use OCCIDENT and bake less often.

OCCIDENT costs only a few cents more than other flour and is guaranteed to give you more loaves to the sack and better tasting bread, biscuit, cake and pastry or your money paid back.

Test OCCIDENT Bread on Our Guarantee and send for our Free Booklet "Better Baking."

Russell-Miller Milling Co.
Minneapolis, U. S. A.

Costs More—Worth It

Tapeless Blouse

(Patented)

Is the answer to the demand for a blouse that [illegible]. With this adjustable, buttoned band your boy can dress unaided in ease and quickness. No hanging string, no torn hem; no crushed, untidy blouse.

Write for the Free Book

It tells all about the K & S—the [illegible]. A fine, but cool materials, splendid workmanship, and at [illegible] that you are supplied

SCHAFFNER BROTHERS
Cleveland, O.

Complete Line of Youths' Shirts Plaited and Negligee

This quick method means lasting tidiness. Nevermore will [illegible] are addicted to [illegible] ironing.

The [illegible] was started the boy pulled [illegible]

Set Six Screws— Save Furniture Dollars!

It takes six minutes to drive these six screws, and the saving is well worth while. We know of no easier way to save furniture dollars.

This advertisement is for those who want high-grade furniture at rock-bottom prices and approve a selling plan that actually saves big money.

Over 30,000 American Homes buy Come-Packt Furniture for these substantial reasons. Here is an example of Come-Packt [illegible]

This handsome [illegible] Quarter Sawn White Oak with [illegible] top, [illegible] 30 inches [illegible] 44x28 in. [illegible] In heavy [illegible] drawers, choice of Old Brass or Wood Knobs. It comes [illegible] at [illegible]

Our price $11.75. With a screw driver and six minutes you have a table of which you may well be proud.

$11.75

No. 300 Library Table
Come-Packt Price $11.75
Shipping Weight 150 lbs

Sold on a Year's Trial

SECTIONAL COME-PACKT FURNITURE

Free Catalog Shows 400 Pieces

for living, dining or bedroom. Color plates show the exquisite finish and upholstering. Factory prices. Write for it today and we will send it to you by return mail. (11)

Come-Packt Furniture Co., 214 Fernwood Avenue, Toledo, O.

THE ODD WOMAN

(Concluded from Page 8)

and cannot entertain her friends in her mother's home just as she would like, and feeling the friction of other strong personalities in that home—is it strange that she begins to have a clear vision of a little flat where she can keep house with one or two congenial friends—a little place to be begun on new lines and fitted to the personality of the odd woman? It is the surest way of getting relief from any emotional repression which she must exercise. It is the best recompense for what life has denied her. But the family that would let her go freely through marriage to express herself in a home opposes her because she is going to be alone or with another woman. To want one's own corner and one's own things is the most primitive of instincts, but convention has been loath to grant it to the odd woman, just because a man is not paying the rent of the flat. She has to fight convention as if it were some deadly sin. Society cannot easily give up the conviction that a woman must be an annex. If she cannot go to a husband's home let her stay in the home of a father or of a brother or of an aunt; she shouldn't be independent of her family life. She has to struggle against the old tradition which would make her submissively subsidiary to some one else's home, while, paradoxically, the new tradition pitches her into man's world, where with her financial independence she cannot fail to develop a personal and spiritual independence.

One clever young woman in the early thirties got her independent home by an ingenious method. She was able to earn her own living by arts and crafts work, but her life took her farther and farther away from her own family. She liked them, but they annoyed her. Her mother saw no reason why her daughter could not be interrupted in her work at any time, since she was in a sense her own mistress. This was the kind of mother who considered she got round the objection of intruding by putting her head only inside the door and interrupting in an undertone. The young woman's brothers were pleasant persons enough, but they did not like her friends and had nothing to say to them when they called. On the other hand they could not be depended upon to act as escort for sister if there was anything they could think up that would entertain them more.

The young woman was attractive enough to men, but she had become too critical of them matrimonially, and they could feel her antagonistic attitude. Friends she had, but no suitors. She wanted her home for her friends. Her family not only strenuously objected, but asked her how she was going to start her home without their help. This was a pointed question, for though she could earn her own living she had no capital whatever. Apparently she dropped the matter. Some weeks later she led before the family altar a fiancé. He did not seem much of a fiancé, but he was a man. She stipulated that the engagement was not to be announced for some time, and she collected the money for wedding gifts from the complacent family. When she had a studio-flat furnished she and the conniving fiancé placidly broke their engagement.

More and more the odd women by twos and threes are forming these homes of their own, getting a practicable basis for the sociability they crave. It is said that women are not clubbable; that they are able to live in close contact only when their instincts are appealed to through husband and children. But women in all classes are proving that they can exercise sociability and a life of the affections outside the family circle. Office girls, tired of an unpalatable boarding house, will be found, perhaps as many as four, sharing a little flat of three rooms and a bath, willing to eat in the kitchen, willing to make the little reception room into a bedroom by night, so that they may have a place they can call home and so speak of to their callers. Teachers forget the thin-lipped discipline of the schoolroom in little flats hung with pictures reminiscent of their one trip abroad and full of gracious invitation to ease and companionship. All of the big cities have studio-homes where young women, despite Bohemian tendencies, exercise the home-making and home-giving instinct.

Another human instinct that goes hand in hand with home-making is one to which the odd woman yields cautiously—the desire to care for a child.

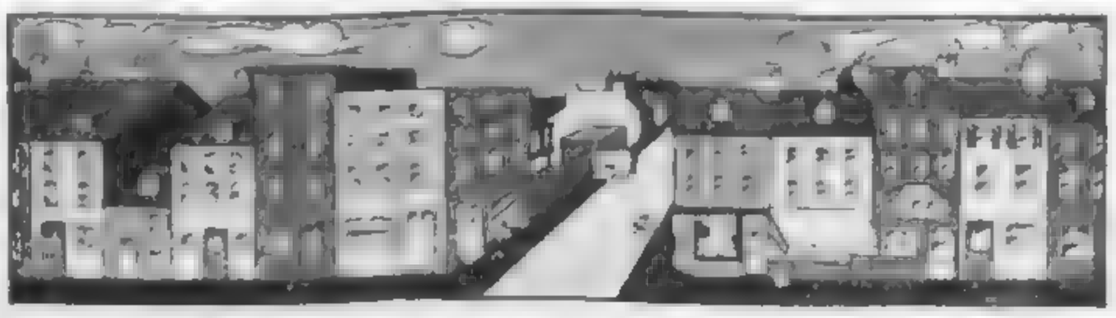
She probably gratifies it only partially by making a home occasionally for the children of relatives.

The married accept parenthood easily enough; yet even when she can afford to adopt a child the odd woman, considering the struggle she has had to adjust herself to all the problems of living, hesitates to assume the responsibility of guiding a child. But if she does have her home and her child the odd woman has made her final adjustment with life. She has given up the function for which she was born, and has made her compromises, transformed her physical and emotional energy into mental energy, translated her power into an expression which is primarily satisfying and which serves the world. She knows she makes a more effective appearance than the average married woman of her own age. Her sense of competence, her many interests, keep her young-faced. Here and there the forceful transfusion of energy from emotion into mind may show in a certain firmness of line, may diminish somewhat charm or grace, but it does not always. She has educated out of herself that old tenacious shrinking belief, inherited from thousands of her mothers, that nobody wants the woman who has not married. She has reached that self-respecting height where she feels that a woman should be considered as an individual without regard to her emotional relations. She expects to be measured by the fact of what she is and has accomplished. She can be content in her spinster world, though all the duties are without the highest compensations and all the pleasures lacking in the finest savor because there is nowhere the perfect solace of love and service to her intimate own.

It may be that, despite what use and wont have made of her, she has always a lift in her spirit ready to respond to the call of romance. It may be that at the touch of love all her old habits would fall, and she would sink down with the multitudes of married women as securely as if her spinster world had been only a brief passing state. It may be that no long duration of spinsterhood can do away with that touch of spiritual tentativeness which is the odd woman's secret signal to life that she has not yet been given her rightful challenge, that she is not a complete person.

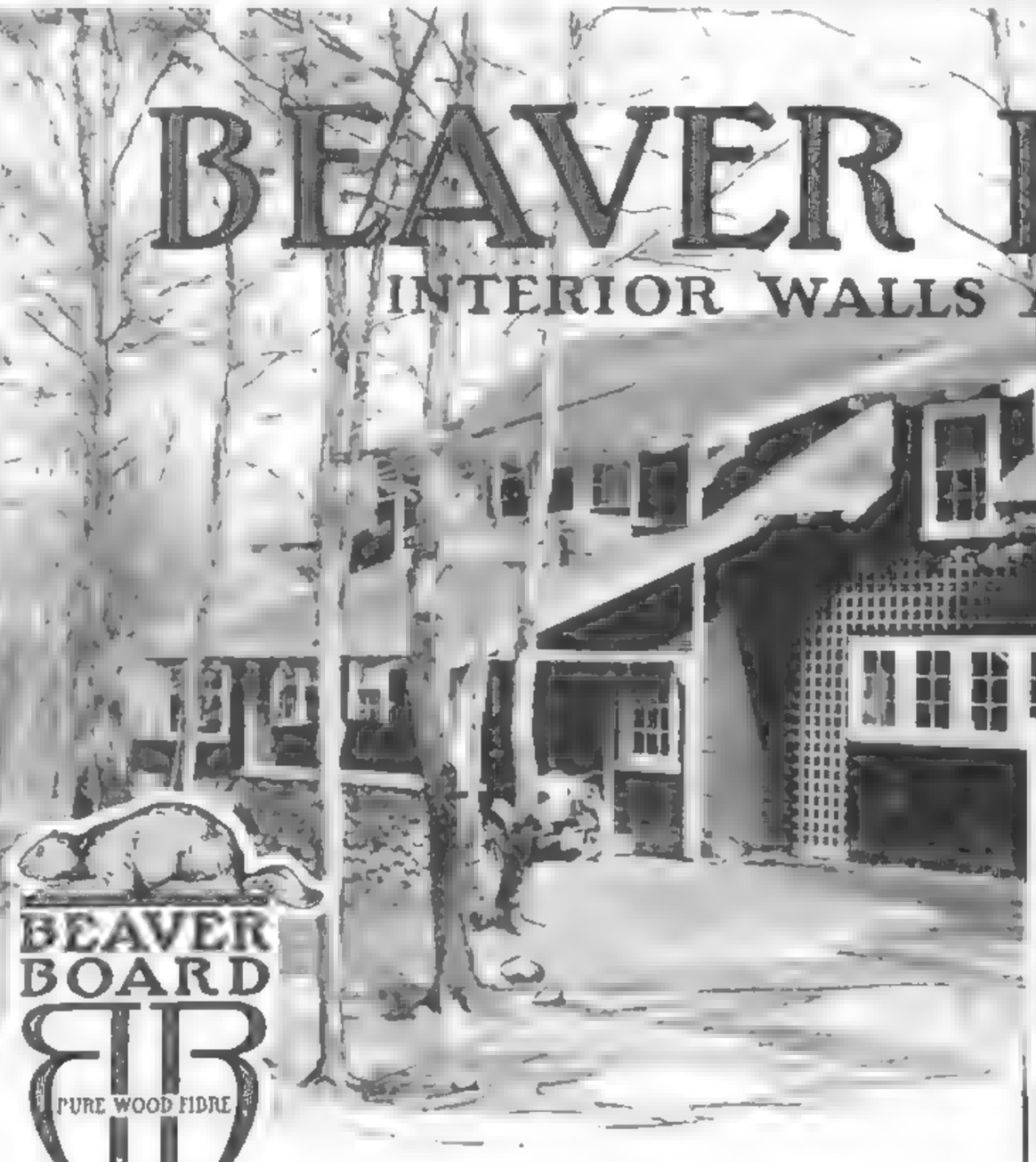
Perhaps she is always afraid of being thought sentimental, of showing a hurt because the dreams of her potential destiny have been long shattered. But if she is not complete the world does not know it. The grosser part of the world ignores her and thinks of her in the crude term of "old maid." The better part of the world is grateful to her, respects her and even reverences her. The world could tell her that there are few souls whom life lets off; that even persons with a complete life pay a heavy price for it.

That part of the world which reverences her, the understanding, sympathetic, idealistic part, would call her spiritually triumphant above other women, and blessed in that she gives so much more than she receives. Doubtless she finds her realities so different from her dreams, important and impressive, for to live is an incurably interesting process. For all that, she knows that she is an outsider in the pageant of life.



BEAVER BOARD

INTERIOR WALLS AND CEILINGS



BEAVER BOARD
PURE WOOD FIBRE

A Home that Reflects the Owner's Good Taste.

VISITORS find in this home an interior beauty in harmony with its outward attractiveness and picturesque setting among the trees of Forestdale, Mass.

Its owner, Mr. C. H. Clapp, has expressed the distinctive individuality of good taste in walls and ceilings of Beaver Board, their pebbled surface painted in enduring colors and designed to suit each room as well as the general plan.

BEAVER BOARD Walls and Ceilings Suit Any Type of Room in Any Building

ADAPTABILITY to the varying requirements of residences or commercial buildings; quickness and ease of construction; the durability and sanitary cleanliness of pure-wood-fibre; resistance to the passage of sound, heat and cold—these are among the 41 great advantages possessed by BEAVER BOARD over other wall and ceiling materials.

You are rid of the cracking, checking and deterioration of plaster.

You escape the unsanitary features of wall-paper and the nuisance of re-papering.

BEAVER BOARD displaces lath, plaster and wall-paper for the walls and ceilings of new rooms, and can be put over old walls of any kind.

Get the whole interesting BEAVER BOARD story by writing today for our illustrated booklet, "BEAVER BOARD and Its Uses."

GENUINE BEAVER BOARD is patented and has our registered trade-mark on the back of each panel and sample. It has also a light cream color all the way through, that comes only by the use of sanitary, durable PURE-WOOD-FIBRE. Insist on seeing both trade-mark and color before buying. Send for free painted sample.

Sold by builders' supply, lumber, hardware and paint dealers and decorators in sizes to meet all average requirements.

The Beaver Companies

UNITED STATES: 106 Beaver Road, Buffalo, New York
CANADA: 100 Wall Street, Beaverdale, Ottawa, Canada
GREAT BRITAIN: 4 Southampton Row, London, W. C., England

If you want to see the color treatment of the Beaver Board Walls and Ceilings you would like to see, we suggest the rooms of Mr. C. H. Clapp's home at Forestdale, Mass.

The opening of hall, fireplace and recess one another does not make Mr. Clapp's home hard to heat. The Beaver Board Walls and Ceilings make a comfortable temperature easier to maintain in winter and cooler in summer.

The arrangement of casement, fabrics and ceiling, as seen here in the dining room, can be carried out in any room.

Welsbach
LIGHTING
SERVICE

WITH THIS SHIELD

Do not impair your sight by using poor light. Discriminate. Accept only the Genuine Welsbach Mantle

Its steady, brilliant and rich tone of light enables you to see clearly without straining or fatiguing the eyes.

A poor light is positively injurious.

WELSBACH MANTLES FOR UPRIGHT AND INVERTED LAMPS—BEST QUALITY, 30c. OTHERS, 25c, 15c, 10c.

SOLD BY ALL GAS COMPANIES AND RELIABLE DEALERS

WELSBACH COMPANY
Gloucester New Jersey

Grades Roads, Makes Ditches, Cleans Streets—All at Low Cost

20TH CENTURY GRADER

also prepares subgrades, laterals, borders, levees, cuts sage brush, etc. Makes about one mile of good dirt road in 10 hours at cost of [illegible]

DOES 40 MEN'S WORK
Pays for Itself in 20 Days

Write for Free Catalog

THE BAKER MFG. CO
592 Hunter Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

Give Your Child This Camera

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UNDER THE WHITE PAINT

(Continued from Page 15)

wouldn't have to lay off. He made good money, and we didn't get so homesick as we thought we would.

The second season the show didn't go so big as the boss expected, and he decided that he had enough of Europe for a while. Chilvers had more dates for the second winter—he was a man grown when it came to money-getting—and we stayed to play them, sailing for New York in the spring, just in time to catch the opening at the Garden.

We took a six-day boat, first cabin; and there was considerable style to us. Chilvers had a lot of English clothes that made him look like a scarecrow, and some new diamonds. He used to say that diamonds were the same as money—only better if they were bought right. He claimed to know how to buy 'em right.

The first day out it was pretty rough and not many people were on deck. I missed Chilvers along about noon, and when I found him again there was a girl with him.

He never did tell me how it happened. Probably he got her a rug or a deck chair and they got to talking, accidentally on purpose. Things like that are always happening on a steamer, and the league rules about being introduced are suspended when folks are on the water.

And such a girl! If Chilvers could write this part of the story you'd get some idea of what she was like. Pretty doesn't begin to tell it—and style! A brand-new bandwagon didn't have a thing on her for style. But it wasn't her face or her clothes that struck me so much as the way she carried herself. Proud? Why, that girl could look right at you and never see you at all; yet she and Chilvers were chatting and laughing as if they'd known each other for years! He had his head pretty high in the air when I came along, so I didn't stop. Nobody had to tell me that she was miles out of my class, but Chilvers—that rascal could get away with anything; and if it was in the part he could be as high and mighty as any duke that ever beat a board bill. Now if it was me I wouldn't know how to talk to a woman like that; I'd be afraid of making some horrible break or other.

They were together again that night after dinner, and Tom didn't come into the stateroom until almost midnight. He thought I was asleep, but I wasn't; and when he got ready for bed I threw one shot at him for luck.

"Who's your friend?" I says.

Well, I wish you could have heard him rave! All about her eyes and her hair and her teeth! You'd have thought a girl never had those things before. As we say in London, he was fair balmy about her. Her name, he said, was Meadows; she was going to America to visit friends, and she must have money because she had a maid with her. I let him talk until I was tired of listening, and then I put the crusher on him.

"Does she know you're a circus clown?" says I.

"What's that to you?" says he. "Go to sleep, Pete!"

It didn't strike me then that the affair might have a serious side, even though it was the first time I'd ever heard him rave like that. The way I sized it up, she was so different from the sort of women he knew that it threw him off his balance; it was just like meeting somebody from another world. I heard him rolling and tumbling round for an hour before I went to sleep.

All the next day he was with her. The only chance I got to speak with him was at breakfast, and I noticed that he was wearing all his diamonds and the new silk vest with the little red flowers embroidered on it. My, but he was as proud as a horse!

He didn't show up at lunch and it wasn't until night that I found he'd got his seat changed so that he could be at her table. That was fine for me, because it left me alone with two old ladies, and a German who couldn't talk English; but the second day I met some nice folks from the West who thought it must be great to be in the show business.

That night, when Tom came in, he fooled round for a while as if he wanted to say something, but didn't know how to go about it. Finally out it came.

"Pete," says he, sort of shamefaced, "you haven't told anybody on the boat that we're in the show business, have you?"

"Huh!" says I. "What's the matter with the show business all at once?"

"Why, nothing—nothing," he says, fiddling round with his rings. "It's all right, of course; but—who did you tell?"

"I didn't tell anybody anything about you!" I said, kind of short. "I ain't ashamed of the show business if you are!"

Well, that winged him. I knew it would, for at heart he was all right if his head was wrong sometimes.

"I never said I was ashamed of it!" he flashed back at me mighty sudden. "I never said that—only I—oh, you don't understand, Pete."

I suppose I should have kept my mouth shut, but I didn't.

"Only you don't want her to know. Is that it?"

He wouldn't answer that one. I noticed that he took off all his diamonds, even the big ring that he always wore and was so proud of. It was the first thing he'd show to a stranger. He put them away in his pocketbook, and that ring hadn't been off his finger a minute in four years! It stood him eight hundred and he'd been offered a thousand for it.

"Aha!" says I. "Been called down, eh? Diamonds are vulgar when you haven't got 'em. Didn't you know that?"

He didn't say anything, but his face got red as a beet. I saw that I had winged him again and I let it go at that. I could see the fix he was in and I don't mind saying that it made me feel pretty rotten. Here was a fool boy—he was thirty-one, then, but he'll never be much older than fifteen at heart—ashamed of the line of business he was in; and all on account of a girl he never saw before and probably wouldn't ever see again after the boat landed on the other side. And him with a reputation on two continents! It was sickening!

I've never pretended, even to myself, that there is anything particularly noble or elevating about daubing white paint on my face and cavorting round like a fool to make people laugh; but, hang it all, it's honest and it's decent—and a man who is a good clown, and funny, hasn't any real call to be ashamed of it, any more than an actor or a writer, or anybody else who makes a living by amusing the public. Many's the time I've been sick and tired of doing the same fool things in the same old way—the running and the yelling and the horseplay—sore on my job and disgusted with myself; and then along would come a big laugh from the crowd that would brace up my self-respect and make me think better of myself, and send me back into the dressing room feeling good all over. And if a dub like me can get that much real satisfaction out of cheap comedy, how much more ought an artist like Chilvers to get out of his work! And yet here he was, despising the whole thing—and for what? A slip of a kid in a Paris makeup!

The third day it was the same thing. I kept as far away from them as I could and didn't talk circus much. I didn't even let on that I knew Chilvers. Not that it would have made any difference if I had. He didn't cut me, or anything like that; he just didn't seem to remember that I was on the boat, and that comes pretty hard when you've worked with a man for years and shared the same room with him part of the time. The more I thought about it, the hotter I got; and the third night I went after him.

"Well, have you told her yet?" says I when he came in.

He wouldn't answer; and then I let him have it straight from the shoulder. I thought it would make him mad; but when I saw the way he was taking it, meek as a pup, with nothing to say for himself, I had to ease up. I didn't have the heart to rub it in. Honestly he made me think of Billy—my sheep that died—taking a dressing down for balling up the act!

When I told him what I thought of a man who would let a mere acquaintance, and a scraped one at that—yes, that's what I said, and I saw him flinch—make him ashamed of an honest job and friends that really cared for him, he threw up both hands and flopped down on the edge of his berth.

"Go on, Pete!" he says. "Give it to me! You can't make me think any less of myself than I do already. You say that I'm ashamed of being a circus clown. It's true! I am. But sometimes I'm more ashamed of being ashamed. Honest, I didn't know I was that kind of a yellow dog!"

Well, what can you say to a man when he's got as good a line on himself as that? It isn't pleasant to look yourself in the eye some day and find there's meanness in you that you didn't know was there. It's tough to be disappointed in a friend, but it's ten times tougher to be disappointed in yourself. I know, because I've been there; and the man who says he hasn't is a liar by the clock—or else a fool!

He went on raving, and I let him. By that I knew he hadn't reached the love-making stage and was only getting the things off his chest that he wanted to say to her—and didn't dare.

"Can you imagine it, Pete?" he says. "Here I've waited ten years for the right girl"—he hadn't, of course, but he thought so then—"and when she comes along she's so high above me that I don't even dare tell her what I am! If that ain't tough I don't know what is! She's the only girl I ever wanted to marry, and I can't even ask her until she knows that I'm a common clown—something for kids to laugh at!" It wouldn't have been healthy for me to call him a common clown, but when a man gets to lying to himself he's pretty far gone. "If I'd only had another start in life," says he, "I might have been somebody now; but I was raised in the show business and I didn't know anything else. I wasn't ashamed of it before because I never looked at things in the right light. Pete, if you only knew her you'd see how different she is somehow. She ain't our kind of people; she's got that pride that comes from breeding and education and being with nice folks. She'd think it was a disgrace to let a clown look at her! I know she would! Can you imagine a woman like that?"

To be honest, I couldn't, and I wouldn't think much of that kind of a woman; but I tried to tell him that when a girl really cares for a man it isn't what he does so much as what he is. I didn't get far with that argument.

"That's it!" he says, jumping up and trying to walk in six feet of floor space. He made me think of a polar bear in a cage. "When she cares! I don't know whether she does or not, Pete; and how am I going to tell?"

I thought the best way would be to ask her straight out, but he said he couldn't do that until he'd told her the other. Then I gave it up. It was too deep water for me. The next night he had another crazy line of talk. He was going to quit clowning and do something respectable. Then he remembered that she'd have to know some time, and that it would come all the harder for having deceived her.

"If I only had the nerve to tell her?" says he, groaning like a sick camel. "If I only had the nerve! What do you think she'd say, Pete? Would there be a little chance for me?"

I said there would be if she really cared; and then we had to have it all over again. Did she or didn't she? And what was the best way for a fellow to tell beforehand? I don't want any more sea trips like that one! I'm getting old and I have to have my sleep.

Well, in the end he decided to tell her before the boat got in. He said he was going to do it because it was the square thing, but I think it was mostly because he was afraid of losing her anyway when the boat docked. We jawed for hours, and finally agreed that the best way was to tell her the truth and let her decide. If she wanted to go any farther with it, then it was up to her.

Well, of course he put it off. I knew he would, because it's human nature to let the unpleasant things slide until the very last minute. I watched them pretty close for two days, because I wanted to get a line on her if I could; but what I saw didn't help me any. She seemed to like to hear him talk, and she had a way of looking at him once in a while that might have meant almost anything; but what can you tell about a girl by looking at her eyes?

The last night on the boat he came in later than usual and began to slam his things into his trunk. If he'd told her and she had turned him down he wouldn't have been mad about it—only sorry; so by that I knew he was sore at himself for letting his best chance slip away from him. We were going to dock at nine in the morning, and here he'd let the moonlight slide by and would have to take a chance on telling her the first thing after breakfast! Any fool would have known better than that.

The next morning everything was hustle and bustle, and she didn't turn up for breakfast, though Chilvers waited at the table until the boat was almost off the Battery. Then he rushed up on deck like a wild man, hunting everywhere for her.

The gangplank was out before I caught sight of her, hanging on to the arm of a swell stranger with a black mustache and imperial. Chilvers saw her about the same time and tore through the crowd like a lunatic, but she was down the gangplank and gone before he could reach her. He was the sickest mortal I ever saw in my life—actually green in the face!

"Did you see that fellow with her, Pete?" he asked me. "Where was he all the way across?"

I could relieve his mind that much anyway.

"He didn't come over on the boat," says I. "He got on at quarantine with the men from the revenue tug. If you hadn't stayed in the dining room so long you'd have seen him shin up the ladder."

"And I never said goodby to her!" It came out of him with a yell. "Oh, why didn't I tell her last night? Why didn't I? And I don't even know her address in New York!"

"Well," I says, quite sharp, "did you give her yours?"

Of course I knew he hadn't, and that stopped him again. Then he remembered that she ought to be down on the pier somewhere getting her trunks examined. He hunted up the "M" stall, but she wasn't there; and I thought for a minute he was going to jump into the river.

"I've got to find 'em!" says he, all wild and excited. "This ain't any joke with me, Pete! This is the real thing! I've got to know!"

I let him rave himself out; and by-and-by, after the customs people got through with us, we went uptown in a street car. Chilvers was as limp as a rag—no life in him at all. I bought the morning papers—golly, but they looked good to me after two years—and hunted up the show news. There was quite a piece about the circus and I tried to get Tom interested. I might just as well have tried to warm up a marble statue by talking to it.

"I see the boss has landed that big aërial act we saw in Berlin," I told him. "And they've got a new big thriller for the finish—an automobile act. Billy Mason is still the equestrian director; they didn't can him after all. And they've got those Spanish acrobats, and the new bareback act—the Wilsons, from abroad somewhere. I don't think I ever heard of 'em before—did you? And—oh, yes! Listen to this: 'The great and only Chilvers, king of pantomime, fresh from his continental triumphs!' I guess that's bad—eh? Looks like a big show this season, Tom! What do you think?"

It wasn't any use. He only grunted and looked at his shoes. As a homecoming it was an awful frost; and it was a pity, because we'd been looking forward to it for so long. It was more like a funeral. I couldn't stand it; so I left Tom at the hotel and went over to the Garden, and the minute I poked my nose inside the door and got a whiff of the place I knew I was home again.

"Where's Chilvers?" says the boss. "Confound it! You boys should have been here a week ago. Here's a lot of the acts reporting late—and the last rehearsal tonight! I ought to fire you both—and I will if you're not here at seven sharp!"

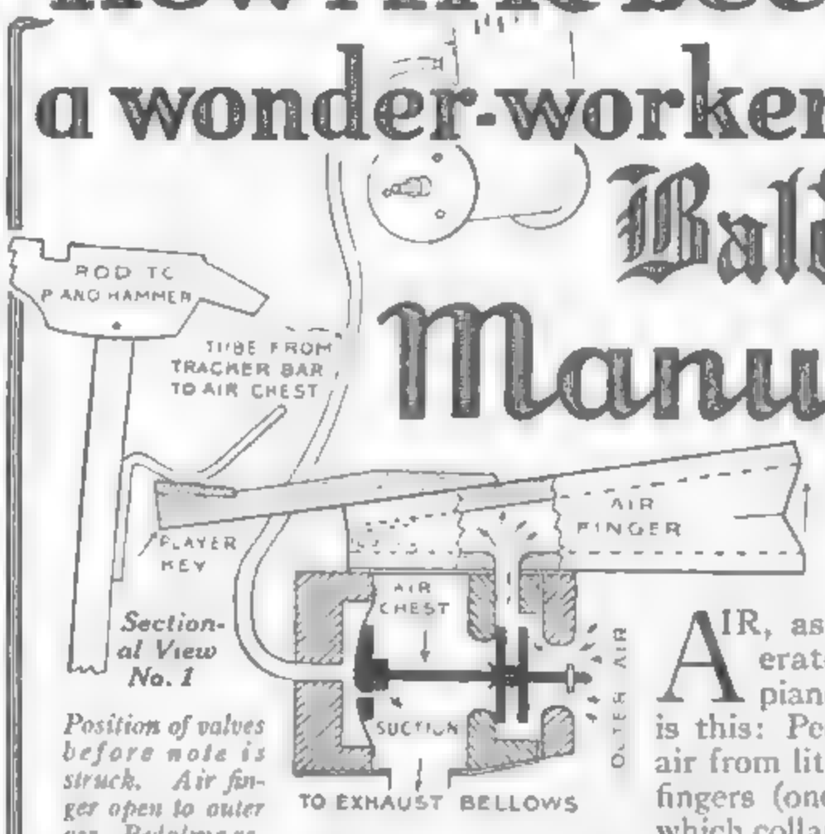
Of course he didn't mean that. It was just his way of starting the season right. Late that afternoon I went after Chilvers. He was lying on his bed, looking at the wall paper.

"How can I work," says he, "feeling the way I do? Can a man be funny when his life has just been ruined? I've rung up all the hotels in this infernal town and there ain't anybody by the name of Meadows registered from anywhere! Was that lobster with the fuzzy hat and the French whiskers some relation of hers, or just a friend? And do you think she saw me in the crowd?"

"I think you'd better get a hump on you and show up at the Garden," I says. "Your friends are over there—your real friends! They'll be glad to see you again, no matter if you are only a clown. Get your hat and come on!"

Well, I got him started at last, and after he'd been in the dressing room five minutes he was almost human again. The boys were tickled to death to see him, and when he got to bragging about his diamonds and the new stuff he was going to put on I knew that his life wasn't near as badly ruined

How AIR becomes a wonder-worker in the Baldwin Manualo



Sectional View No. 1

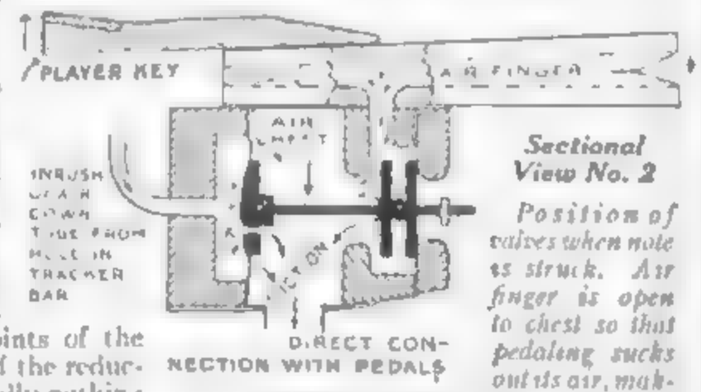
Position of valves before note is struck. Air finger open to outer air. Pedaling reduces the air pressure in chest and tube so that when a perforation in music roll passes over a hole in tracker bar, air rushes down tube and pushes valves over to position below.

The Player-Piano that is all but human

AIR, as you know, operates most player-pianos. The principle is this: Pedaling sucks the air from little bellows or air fingers (one for each note) which collapse and make the piano hammers strike the strings. Then outer air refills the air fingers for the next striking of those particular notes. But—

Whether the air fingers make *every* note sound depends upon how quickly and surely they are sucked out and refilled. And whether they make the notes sound with varied expression and accent like hand-played music depends upon whether or not your instinctive changes in the force of your pedaling makes them collapse with varying force similar to the various degrees of energy in hand-playing.

With air, as with electricity or any other power, its efficiency in doing this work and its obedience to your control depends upon how much resistance it meets and how much of it leaks through the valves and joints of the mechanism. It is because of the reduction of resistance to practically nothing and the successful elimination of leakage that the Baldwin Manualo is absolutely perfect in its fingering and instantly responsive to every change in your pedaling.



Sectional View No. 2

Position of valves when note is struck. Air finger is open to chest so that pedaling sucks out its air, making it collapse and raise player key which, in turn, makes the hammer strike the string. As soon as hole in tracker bar is closed, air in tube escapes through pin hole (X), outer air pushes back valves as in View No. 1 and air finger is refilled.

Resistance has been made negligible:

1st. By reducing turns in air passages to the *least* possible number.

2nd. By *rounding* all turns and eliminating sharp angles.

3rd. By shortening the passages so that the air fingers are in practically *direct* connection with the pedaling.

Leakage has been overcome:

1st. By using vertical, instead of horizontal, valve faces. No dust can settle on them. They cannot stick to the valve seats. They cannot help but work perfectly and instantly at all times.

2nd. By sealing the air chests and joints with rubberized fabric, glued on; a patented construction exclusive to the Manualo.

All of which means that through the pedaling you actually can control the air which operates the Manualo and make the music follow your every wish no matter what the intricacies of the composition or the subtleties of your interpretation. There is no limit to the Manualo's technique because not even the *same* note can be repeated too rapidly for the Manualo air fingers to collapse and refill in time to make every one of the repeated notes sound.

And there is nothing your pedaling cannot secure in expression from murmuring pianissimos to thunderous fortes because every change in your pedaling, no matter how slight, is transmitted instantly and without loss to the air fingers. Their air is sucked out and they collapse, making the hammers strike the strings with a force proportionate to your pedaling the same as if your hands struck the piano keys with identical force.

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as he thought it was. Didn't I tell you he wasn't any more than fifteen at heart?

I hustled into my costume and started for the ring to see some of the new people work; and when I got into the runway who should I meet but Maggie! Honest, I had to look at her twice to make sure. She wasn't any more like the tired, shabby little woman who quit the show two years before than a butterfly is like a moth. She'd taken on ten or fifteen pounds; there was pink in her cheeks and a sparkle in her eyes; and the new blue suit she wore never was bought on Fourteenth Street. It had Fifth Avenue written all over it—and so did her hat and furs. The fellow who says clothes don't make a difference in a woman is crazy. They don't improve a bad woman much, but they can make a good one a lot more attractive.

Maggie was just as glad to see me as I was to see her; but while we were talking I saw her eyes light up, and I didn't have to turn my head to know who was coming. I think that Chilvers would have gone right on by if she hadn't called to him.

"Why, Tom!" says she. "Don't you know me?"

He stopped and stared at her for a second and his mouth sort of fell open.

"The jumping Jehoshaphat!" he says. "If it ain't Maggie!"

He was in his clown rig, but he wasn't made up; otherwise it wouldn't have happened. He grabbed both her hands, and just as I turned my back I saw her hold up her face to him.

Well, that was nothing of course. I told you a circus was like a big family; and, besides, she hadn't seen him for more than two years. I'd been gone two years myself, but she didn't offer to kiss me.

When I turned round Tom's face was as red as fire, and Maggie wasn't exactly pale. I guess it was the first time, at that. He kept hold of her hands, looking her up and down as if he couldn't get enough of her. That made her blush more than ever, but she was laughing all the while.

"My goodness, girl!" says he. "What have you been doing to yourself? Where on earth did you get the swell clothes and the good looks? Why, Maggie, you're as pretty as a picture! You haven't married a millionaire, have you?"

"Not yet, Tom," says she; "but I may some day. You didn't know they've struck oil down on the farm, did you?"

Well, that was news! But it didn't seem to interest him just then.

"By golly, but you look awful nice, Maggie!" he says.

I'll bet it was the first time he ever took a real good look at the girl in his life—the first time it ever struck him that she wasn't a rider, but a woman.

"Yes," says Maggie—"they've got four wells down already, and ——"

"Huh!" says Chilvers. "No wonder you can come round here all dolled up like an heiress! Ain't you ashamed of yourself, Maggie Delaney! I knew you when you was poor. I suppose if you should see an old clown on the street you wouldn't speak to him! Oil, eh? My, but we're getting on in the world!"

"Oh, hush your foolishness!" says Maggie, and they both laughed like kids. Then they began to chatter a mile a minute. Maggie had all the show news down pat. It seems that she had attended all the rehearsals, coming down from the Waldorf every day. Couldn't get the sawdust out of her blood, you see—not even by mixing it with oil.

"They've got some great new acts," says she; "but I'm mostly interested in the riding. The Wilsons are going to be the headliners this season. I haven't seen them work yet. That's why I'm here tonight. These must be their horses now. Pretty good-looking stock—don't you think so, Tom?"

We turned to look down the runway and Chilvers began to say something; but the words sort of dribbled away to nothing and he stopped in the middle of a sentence. I don't pretend to know how he felt, but I think my own heart went out of business for a few seconds.

Behind the horses came a man, all in blue silk tights. He had a mustache and an imperial, and he swaggered a little bit in his walk, as if he thought well of himself. But it wasn't the man who gave me the jolt of my life. It was the girl who came tripping along behind him, neat and dainty as a fairy in her short riding skirt—the girl from the boat!

Chilvers went white—as if he'd seen a ghost—and backed up against the wall, with the palms of his hands pressed hard to the boards. The girl didn't look up until she was very close; and when she did Chilvers took a step toward her and his lips moved, though he didn't make a sound. I don't believe he knew what he was doing; it was just the shock of the thing.

If the girl was surprised to see him again, and in the costume of a clown, she didn't show it. I saw her eyes take him in, from his face to his ridiculous clown shoes—one scornful flicker like the slash of a whip—and she was gone. She didn't even change color; and if he had been the dirt under her feet she couldn't have shown her contempt for him any plainer. It was the coolest and the cruelest thing I ever saw in my life.

Chilvers stared after her an instant; and then he turned to me, sort of dazed and pitiful, like a child that has been whipped and doesn't know why. The whole thing was over in a second; but, for pure pantomime that meant something, it couldn't have been beat!

And there was Maggie. She didn't understand, of course, because she hadn't seen Chilvers' face, but she had seen the look the other woman gave him and she was mad clear through.

"Well, of all things!" she snaps out. "Did you ever see such a stare in your life! I know that most of these English riders think a clown is the scum of the earth, but there wasn't any excuse for that—the brazen baggage! The boys have been telling me that her husband is awfully stuck on himself ——"

"Her—what?" says I, kicking Tom on the ankle to keep him quiet.

"Oh, they're married," says Maggie; "and from the way they behave I guess they're well mated. Come on, Tom, let's go and see if they can ride well enough to have a right to be swelled up."

Chilvers shuffled along behind her like a man in a trance. I slipped up and pinched him hard.

"Wake up!" says I. "Are you going to let a married woman see that she's made a fool of you? Be a man or a mouse, or a long-tailed rat!"

Well, sir, he looked at me for a couple of seconds and then he grinned. It did me good to see his front teeth again.

"A bareback rider—and married!" he whispers. "She hasn't got anything on me, at that. I told her I was the son of a millionaire, traveling for my health. It's horse and horse!"

The Wilsons went ahead with their act; and I will say for Fanny Wilson that she could ride—none better have I ever seen. She did the jump-up; the "jerks"; the backward backs; went over the wide banners and through the hoops, and wound up by doing a "forward"—the only woman I ever saw who could do that trick. Even Maggie admitted that she was good.

"Huh!" says Chilvers. "Call that riding? Why, she never saw the day she could ride with you, Maggie! It's a good thing for her that you've quit the business, or she'd have to go back where she came from!"

"Oh, Tom!" says Maggie. "You don't mean that!"

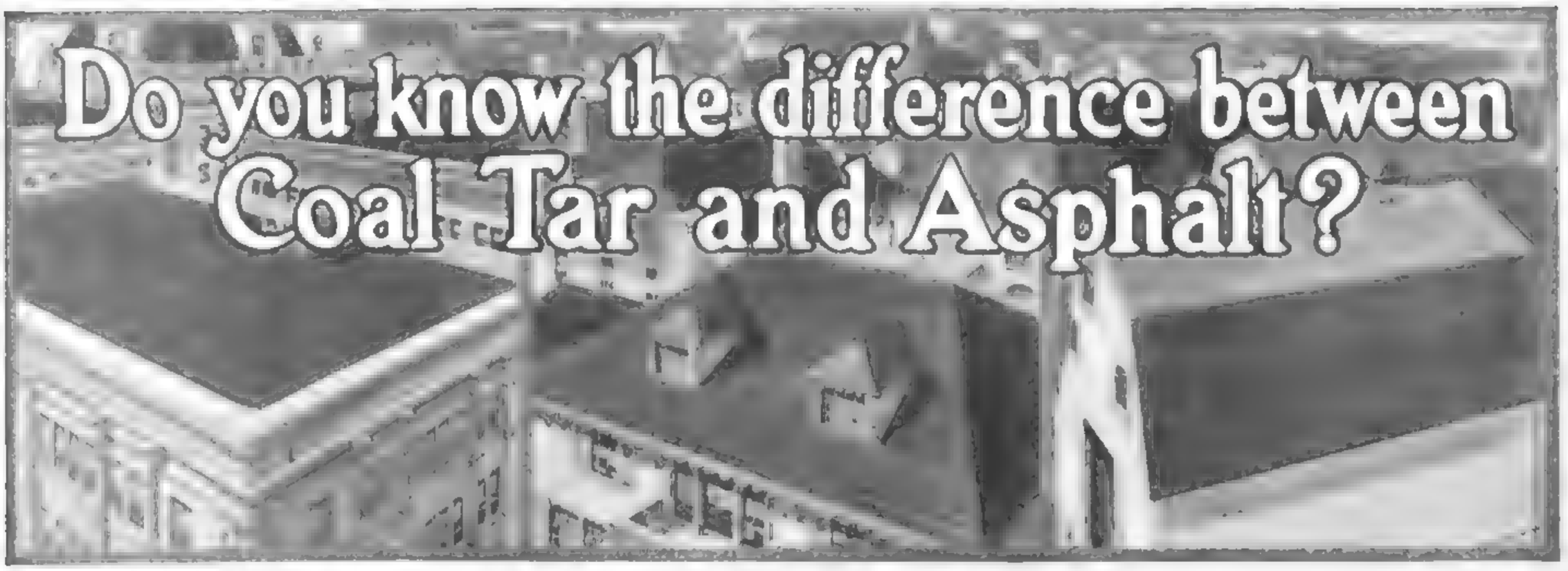
"I dare you to look at me and see whether I do!" says he.

Well, she looked at him and he looked at her, and I looked at both of 'em. I saw enough to know that they didn't need me any more; so I sneaked out into the runway and turned cartwheels to ease my feelings. If it hadn't been for the Wilsons' horses I'd have yelled!

. . . . . .

They needed me later though. Chilvers swore that there wouldn't be any wedding unless I stood up with 'em. The boss gave Maggie away, and Chilvers gave himself away—afterward. Of course he didn't have any more sense than to tell her the whole story—as a joke, mind you—and what did she do but make him quit the show business! She said that if he didn't have any more decency than to flirt with a married woman he wasn't fit to be trusted out of her sight! Can you imagine that?

We see them every season when we play the Garden. They come down from Yonkers in their big automobile and bring the kids with them. Chilvers sits on a bucket in Clown Alley and brags about his diamonds, and Maggie goes over to the women's dressing room and talks scandal and kids by the hour. Chilvers never so much as looks at any of the bareback women though. Maggie would skin him alive if he did. That's what a married man gets for telling everything he knows!



The "General" says:—"Coal tar is a by-product from gas works and coke ovens. It is driven out of the coal as a gas, then as the gas cools the tar is condensed into liquid form. Being of a gaseous origin, it dries out rapidly when exposed to the sun and weather. *Asphalt*—the basis of *Certain-teed* Roofing is a blend of mineral asphalts and mineral asphalt oils taken out of the earth. These asphalts were never a gas—they dry out very slowly. Nearly a quarter of a century of experience and tests have proved that these asphalts make an ideal and durable roof."

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By R. E. Olds, Designer

In Reo the Fifth, we bury at least $2,000,000 a year where few men ever see it.

That's somewhere about $200 per car.

It is not merely hidden. It is spent on extremes—on over-caution, some way.

And it may take months—even years, sometimes—to discover all that this buried money buys.

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This hidden cost is not added to your bill. The price of this car will show that.

We save it all—and more besides—by unusual factory economies.

In one way alone—by building only one model—we save about 20 per cent.

By not changing models in any radical way we save a great deal more. That comes from right designing.

We build all our own parts.

And our factory efficiency is so well known that engineers from everywhere come here to inspect it. Magazine articles have been written about it.

That's the whole reason why a car like this can be sold for $1,095.

You Get Twice What You See

In Reo the Fifth you see a beautiful car—roomy and rich and impressive.

The body is finished in 17 coats. The upholstering is luxurious. Every detail shows the final touch.

Flush electric dash lights instead of the side lamps. Nickel trimmings, even under the hood.

But don't judge a car by these showy externals. That's mere body-building—easy, usual and cheap.

What to Consider

The chief points in a car are endurance and safety. And those depend largely on steel.

So I have steel for each part made to my formulas, based on 26 years of experience. Then I analyze each part—analyze it twice—to prove its accord with those formulas.

Then I give each important part vast overcapacity. I employ the same tests as are generally used for a 45 h. p. engine.

Instead of steel castings, which cost half as much, I use in this car 190 drop forgings. Thus hidden flaws are avoided.

Roller Bearings

I might say Timken bearings and use only two. But I use them for endurance, not claims.

There are no ball bearings in Reo the Fifth, save in the clutch and fan. There are 15 roller bearings. The usual ball bearings would cost one-fifth as much.

I use a $75 magneto.

I use a centrifugal pump.

My carburetor is double heated—with hot air and hot water. That saves a world of trouble.

I use 14-inch brake drums. I use 2-inch, 7-leaf springs.

Tires 34x4

This car is vastly over-tired, and tires, as you know, are expensive.

I spend on tires about $60 per car more than other experts think necessary. But nobody doubts that I save my users from three to five times as much.

Then my tests and inspections are immensely expensive. I test my gears in a crushing machine with 50 tons' capacity. I test my springs in another machine, for 100,000 vibrations.

Each engine is tested 20 hours on blocks, and 28 hours in the chassis. I use three 10-hour tests which are very unusual.

Each car in the making gets a thousand inspections.

Parts are ground over and over to get utter exactness. And our output is limited to 50 cars daily, so no man is ever rushed.

Ideal Center Control

The leading cars, as you know, have come to left side drive. Also to center control.

But center control, in Reo the Fifth, doesn't mean the old side levers moved to the middle.

Our center control is a sort of cane handle. All the gear shifting is done by moving this handle only three inches in each of four directions. It's as easy and simple as moving the spark lever.

No reaching, no levers in the way. Both brakes are operated by foot pedals. Thus both front doors are clear.

The driver sits on the left hand side, close to the cars he passes. Yet his right hand controls the car.

This exclusive feature costs nothing extra. But if it cost $100 men would pay it, I believe.

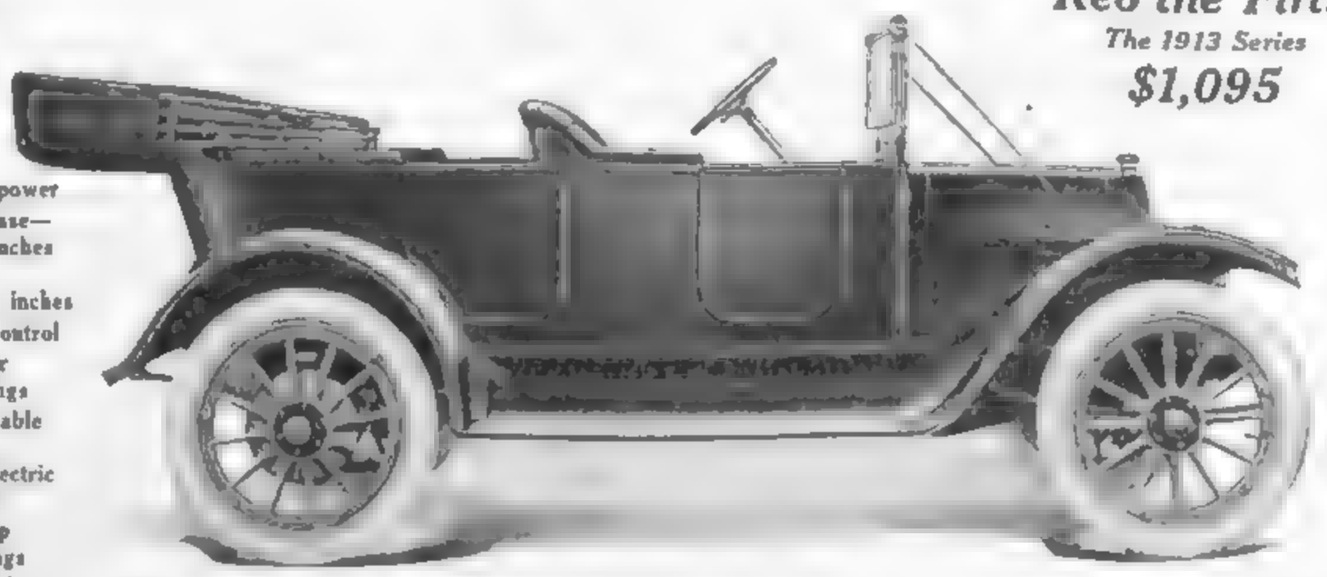
My Idea of a Car

This is my idea of an honest car. It is the final result of 26 years spent in building cars.

I would not buy a car built otherwise myself. So I shall never build one.

My success is due to these extreme ideas. So are my legions of friends among motor car users. This year I am seeking for 10,000 more such friends.

A thousand dealers handle Reo the Fifth. Write for our 1913 catalog and we'll give you the address of the nearest.



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The 1913 Series
$1,095

30-35 Horsepower
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Center Control
15 Roller Bearings
Demountable Rims
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Made with 5 and 2 Passenger Bodies

Top and windshield not included in price. We equip this car with mohair top, side curtains and slip cover, windshield, gas tank for headlights, speedometer, self-starter, extra rim and brackets—all for $100 extra (list price $170)

R. M. Owen & Co. General Sales Agents for **Reo Motor Car Co., Lansing, Mich.**

Canadian Factory, St. Catharines, Ont.

THE FLIRT

(Continued from Page 21)

her eyelids flickered as if from a too sudden invasion of light—the look of one perceiving the close approach of a vital crisis. But there was no surprise in her face.

"Come in," she said.

When Corliss arrived at about eleven o'clock that morning Sarah brought him to the library, where he found Cora waiting for him. He had the air of a man determined to be cheerful under adverse conditions; he came in briskly and Cora closed the door behind him.

"Keep away from me!" she said, pushing him back sharply the next instant. "I've had enough of that for a while, I believe."

He sank into a chair, affecting desolation.

"Caresses blighted in the bud! Cora, one would think us really married."

She walked across the floor to a window, turned there, with her back to the light, and stood facing him, her arms folded.

"Good Heavens!" he exclaimed, noting this attitude. "Is it the trial scene from a faded melodrama?" She looked steadily at him without replying. "What's it all about today?" he asked lightly. "I'll try to give you the proper cues if you'll indicate the general nature of the scene, Cora mine."

She continued to look at him in silence.

"It's very effective," he observed. "Brings out the figure too! Do forgive me if you're serious, dear lady; but never in my life was I able to take the folded-arms business seriously. It was used on the stage of all countries so much that I believe most new-school actors have dropped it. They think it lacks genuineness."

Cora waited a moment longer, then spoke:

"How much chance have I to get Richard Lindley's money back from you?"

He was surprised.

"Oh, I *say!*"

"I had a caller this morning," she said slowly. "He talked about you—quite a lot! He's told me several things about you."

"Mr. Vilas?" he asked with a sting in his quaint smile.

"No," she answered coolly. "Much older."

At that he jumped up, stepped quickly close to her, and swept her with an intense and brilliant scrutiny.

"Pryor!" he cried.

"He knows you pretty well," she said. "So do I—now!"

He swung away from her back to his chair, dropped into it and began to laugh.

"Old Pryor! Doddering old Pryor! Doddering old ass of a Pryor! So he did! Came to you, did he? Blood of an angel, what a stew! What a stew!" He rose again, mirthless. "Well, what did he say?"

She had begun to tremble—not with fear.

"He said a good deal."

"Well, what was it? What did he tell you?"

"I think you'll find it plenty!"

"Come on!"

"*You!*" She pointed at him.

"Let's have it."

"He told me," she burst out furiously—"he said you were a professional sharper."

"Oh, no! Old Pryor doesn't talk like that."

She came toward him.

"He told me you were notorious over half of Europe!" she cried vehemently. "He said he'd arrested you himself once in Rotterdam for smuggling jewels; and that you were guilty, but managed to squirm out of it. He said the police had put you out of Germany and you'd be arrested if you ever tried to go back. He said there were other places you didn't dare set foot in; and he said he could have you arrested in this country any time he wanted to, and that he was going to do it if he found you'd been doing anything wrong. Oh, yes, he told me a few things!"

He caught her by the shoulder.

"See here, Cora, do you believe all this tommy-rot?"

She shook his hand off instantly.

"Believe it? I know it! There isn't a straight line in your whole soul and mind; you're crooked all over. You've been crooked with *me* from the start. The moment that man began to speak I knew every word of it was true. He came to me because he thought it was right; he hasn't anything against you on his own account; he said he *liked* you! I *know* it was true, I tell you."

He tried to put his hand on her shoulder again, beginning to speak remonstratingly; but she cried out in a rage, broke away from him, and ran to the other end of the room.

"Keep away! Do you suppose I like you to touch me? He told me you always had been a wonder with women! Said you were famous for 'handling them the right way'—using them! Ah, that was pleasant information for *me*—wasn't it! Yes, I could have confirmed him on that point. He wanted to know if I thought you'd been doing anything of that sort here. What he meant was: Had you been using *me?*"

"What did you tell him?" The question rang sharply on the instant.

"Ha! That gets into you, does it?" she returned bitterly. "You can't overdo your fear of that man, I think; but I didn't tell him anything. I just listened and thanked him for the warning, and said I'd have nothing more to do with you. How *could* I tell him? Wasn't it I who made papa lend you his name and got Richard to hand over his money? Where does that put *me?*" She choked; sobs broke her voice. "Every—every soul in town would point me out as a laughing-stock—the easiest fool out of the asylum! Do you suppose *I* want you arrested and the whole thing in the papers. What I want is Richard's money back, and I'm going to have it!"

"Can you be quiet for a moment and listen?" he asked gravely.

"If you'll tell me what chance I have to get it back."

"Cora," he said, "you don't want it back."

"Oh! Don't I?"

"No." He smiled faintly and went on. "Now all this nonsense of old Pryor's isn't worth denying. I told you I'd cut quite a swath when I first talked to you about myself. Let it go for the present and come down to this question of Lindley's investment ——"

"Yes. That's what I want you to come down to."

"As soon as Lindley paid in his check I gave him his stock certificates and cabled the money, to be used at once in the development of the oil-fields ——"

"What! That man told me you'd promoted a South American rubber company once among people of the American colony in Paris. The details he gave me sounded strangely familiar!"

"You'd as well be patient, Cora. Now that money has probably been partially spent by this time on tools and labor and ——"

"What are you trying to ——"

"I'll show you. But first I'd like you to understand that nothing can be done to me. There's nothing 'on me'! I've acted in good faith, and if the venture in oil is unsuccessful and the money lost I can't be held legally responsible; nor can any one prove that I am. I could bring forty witnesses from Naples to swear they have helped to bore the wells. I'm as safe as your stubborn friend, Mr. Trumble, himself. But, now then, suppose that old Pryor is right—as of course he isn't—suppose it merely for a moment, because it will aid me to convey something to your mind. If I were the kind of man he says I am and, being such a man, had planted the money out of reach for my own use—what on earth would induce me to give it back?"

"I knew it!" she groaned. "I knew you wouldn't!"

"You see," he said quietly, "it would be impossible. We must go on supposing for a moment: if I had put that money away I might be contemplating a departure ——"

"You'd better!" she cried fiercely. "He's going to find out everything you've been doing. He said so. He's heard a rumor that you were trying to raise money here; he told me so and said he'd soon ——"

"The better reason for not delaying, perhaps. Cora, see here!" He moved nearer her. "Wouldn't I need a lot of money if I expected to have a beautiful lady to care for, and ——"

"You idiot!" she screamed. "Do you think I'm going with you?"

He flushed heavily.

"Well, aren't you?" He paused to stare at her as she wrung her hands and sobbed with hysterical laughter. "I thought," he went on slowly, "that you would possibly even insist on that."

She stamped her foot, and with both hands threw the tears from her eyes in wide

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How to reduce them

Complexions otherwise flawless are often ruined by conspicuous nose pores. In such cases the small muscular fibres of the nose have become weakened and do not keep the pores closed as they should be. Instead these pores collect dirt, clog up, and become enlarged

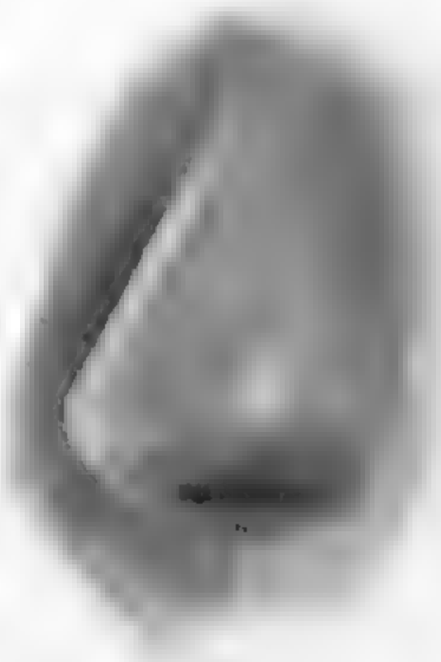
Begin tonight to use this treatment

Wring a cloth from very hot water, lather it with Woodbury's Facial Soap, hold it to your face. When the heat has expanded the pores rub in very gently a fresh lather of Woodbury's. Repeat this hot water and lather application several times, *stopping at once when your nose feels sensitive.* Then finish by rubbing the nose for a few minutes *with a lump of ice*

Woodbury's Facial Soap cleanses the pores. This treatment with it strengthens the muscular fibres of the nose pores so that they can contract properly. But do not expect to change in a week a condition resulting from years of neglect. Use this treatment *persistently.* It will gradually reduce the enlarged pores and cause them to contract until they are inconspicuous.

Tear off the illustration of the cake shown below and put it in your purse as a reminder to get Woodbury's and try this treatment. Try Woodbury's also for general toilet use. See what a delightful feeling it gives your skin

Woodbury's Facial Soap costs 25c a cake. No one hesitates at the price *after their first cake.*



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For 4c we will send a sample cake for 10c, samples of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Facial Cream and Powder. For 50c, a copy of the Woodbury Book and samples of the Woodbury preparations. Write today to the Andrew Jergens Co., Dept. [illegible] Spring Grove Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio, or to the Andrew Jergens Co., Ltd., Perth, Ontario, Canada

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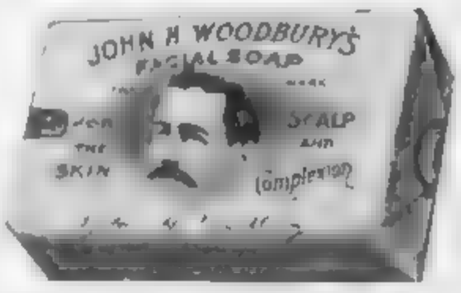

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A small town station agent writes: "Send me a Burroughs C. O. D."

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Mr. Anderson paid for this machine out of his own pocket and therein is the story.

He had long wanted an adding and listing machine, but did not know he could buy a Burroughs for less than $375—therefore he "got along without one."

When we advertised, in October, that we had 1,097 Demonstrating Samples of regular $375 machines which we were offering at $250, he didn't wait, *but sent his order by mail.*

It is already at work saving money and time and worry for Mr. Anderson.

Mr. Anderson's was but one of a great swarm of orders that greeted that announcement—several came by telegraph, many by mail, but most by 'phone to our branches in many cities. Nearly all of those Demonstrating Samples are gone. A few, like the one pictured, are still available.

But the point is not that we can furnish a few Demonstrating Samples at $250, but that we have a score of different styles of *new* machines at $250 and *under*.

We have 9-column non-listing machines for $150; 9-column machines that print and add, for as little as $225, all *new* machines.

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Makers of adding and listing machines; listing and non-listing calculating machines; keyboarded visible-printing adding machines—80 models in 400 combinations of features—$ to $10 in U. S. Easy payments.

and furious gestures. "He told me you were married!"

"Did you let him think you hadn't known that?" demanded Corliss. "I told you I'd been married; I told you before I ever kissed you. You understood."

"I did not! You said you *had* been. You laughed about it. You made me think it was something that had happened a long time ago. I thought, of course, you'd been divorced ——"

"Cora," he interrupted, "you're the most elaborate little self-deceiver I ever knew! I don't believe you've ever faced yourself for an honest moment in ——"

"Honest! *You* talk about honest! You use that word and face *me?*"

He came closer, meeting her distraught eyes squarely.

"You love to fool yourself, Cora; but the rôle of betrayed virtue doesn't suit you very well. You're young, but you're a pretty experienced woman for all that; and you haven't done anything you didn't want to. You've had both eyes open every minute, and we both know it. You are just as wise as ——"

"You're lying and you know it! What did *I* want to make Richard go into your scheme for? You made a fool of me!"

"I'm not speaking of the money now," he returned quickly. "You'd better keep your mind on the subject. Are you coming away with me?"

"What for?" she asked.

"*What for!*" he echoed incredulously. "I want to know if you're coming. I promise you I'll get a divorce as soon as it's possible ——"

"Val," she said in a tone lower than she had used since he entered the room—"Val, do you want me to come?"

"Yes."

"Much?" She looked at him eagerly.

"Yes, I do." His answer sounded quite genuine.

"Will it hurt you if I don't?"

"Of course it will."

"Thank Heaven for that," she said quietly.

"Cora," he cried, aghast, "what's the matter with you? You're too many for me sometimes. I thought I understood a few kinds of women! Now listen: I've offered to take you and you can't say ——"

"Offered!" It was she who came toward him now. She came swiftly, shaking with rage, and struck him upon the breast. "Offered! Do you think I want to go trailing round Europe with you while Dick Lindley's money lasts? What kind of a life are you 'offering' me? Do you suppose I'm going to have everybody saying Cora Madison ran away with a jailbird? Do you think I'm going to dodge decent people in hotels and steamers, and leave a name in this town that —— Oh, get out! I don't want any help from you! I can take care of myself, I tell you; and I don't have to marry *you!* I loathe you! I'd kill you if I could! You made a fool of me!" Her voice rose shrilly. "You made a fool of me!"

"Cora ——" he began imploringly.

"You made a fool of me!" She struck him again.

"Strike me," he said. "I love you!"

"Actor!"

"Cora, I want you. I want you more than I ever ——"

She screamed with hysterical laughter. "Liar, liar, liar! The same old guff. Don't you even see it's too late for the old rotten tricks?"

"Cora, I want you to come."

"You poor, conceited fool!" she cried. "Do you think you're the only man I can marry?"

"Cora," he gasped, "you wouldn't do that!"

"Oh, get out! Get out *now!* I'm tired of you. I never want to see you again."

"Cora!" he begged. "For the last time ——"

"*No!* You made a fool of me!" She beat him upon the breast, striking again and again with all her strength. "Get out, I tell you! I'm through with you!"

He tried to make her listen, to hold her wrists; he could do neither.

"Get out! Get out!" she screamed. She pushed and dragged him toward the door, and threw it open. Her voice thickened; she choked and coughed, but kept on screaming: "Get out, I tell you! Get out! Get out, damn you! Damn you! *Damn* you! Get out!"

Still continuing to strike him with all her strength, she forced him out of the door.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

You Won't Have This Trouble if You Wear the Anti-Run Top

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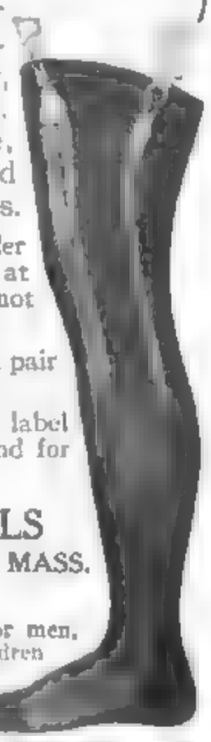

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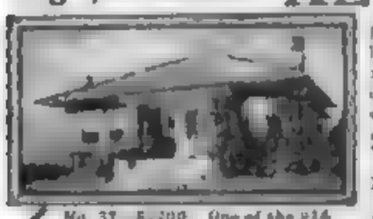

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The Oldest Agricultural Journal in the World
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she says: "Neighbors are few and precious in the country. We must cultivate them as we do a garden. It takes two wings for a bird's flight and two at least to do any neighboring."

To the Woman Who is Skimped
she says: "Elect yourself the buyer of the farm and suppress the election returns. Your husband will be the seller anyway, and it is only fair that you should be the buyer."

To the Woman Who is Tired
she says: "Don't hold yourself too cheaply. Perhaps you could improve your present condition by changing places with your hired girl. She lives in the same house and does not work too hard."

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The Country Gentlewoman is only one of *many* contributors who write of subjects that interest country women

Money Making Ideas: A Home Baking Business; A Living from Ten Acres; $3 a Year per Hen; The 5-cent Egg and How to Get It; Canning for Profit; Dairying for Dollars; and similar ideas that go to add to the family income. These are ways in which the farmer's wife may help too.

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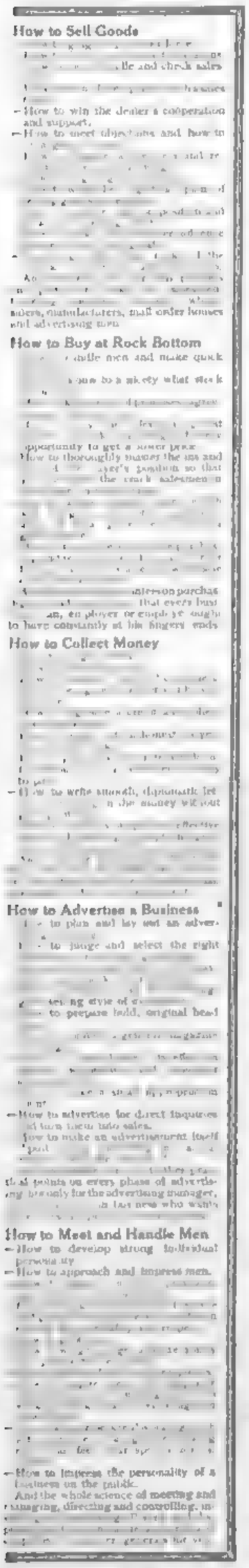

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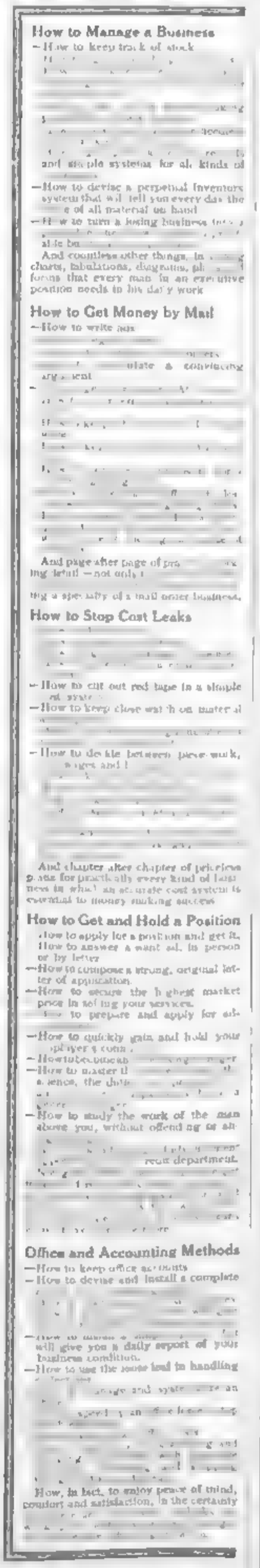
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The Country Gentleman

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GOLDEN WATER

(Continued from Page 17)

thousand as good as gold bonds, the rest of uncertain value at the time and for some time afterward. So he, who had only twenty-five thousand dollars in 1890, stood in the year 1898.

The Big Fellow made good his promise about district management. William G. Chesborough, under the old régime, had drawn a comparatively modest salary as president and general manager. He found his salary nearly doubled now; it would serve, he calculated, to keep him and his family while he schemed further to expand that six hundred thousand. The Carmania plant had become only one of his interests. He lost his old, intimate touch with the factory. Even when certain economies came into practice, when a few workmen he had known from their apprenticeship were let out for lack of space, the matter touched him but lightly; in fact, he was in Pittsburgh at the time. More and more his part of the work took him to that center of the American metal business—until, a year after he entered the trust, he moved away from Carmania altogether.

His stock lay in the vaults, gathering or waiting for dividends. It did not long lie undivided. "There's more to follow," the Big Fellow had hinted. And just before the melon-cutting he made good his hint in a tip of three words. There are tips and tips. Sometimes one knows that the tipster is insincere and sometimes he suspects; but in certain fashions of speech the most unperceptive human being can read sincerity. So the Big Fellow spoke when he said:

"Sheet steel next!"

IV

EXCITING, gratifying times for William G. Chesborough, promoter, those closing years of the century; but gray, monotonous times for Robert Smith, millman in the Homestead works! When we left him his wages had sunk from the affluence of seven dollars and forty cents a day, paid before the disastrous strike and the hard times, to a figure that fluctuated about four dollars a day. The management of the steel company, now finished with unionism and master of its own properties, was scheming in every way to increase output and reduce working costs. Everywhere the machine supplanted the man—even, to a certain extent, in that old-fashioned mill, never very much improved, where Robert Smith earned his daily bread on a working schedule of twelve hours a day. The output, from the old average of ninety tons, went up to one hundred—to a hundred and twenty—to a hundred and fifty; but with each increase the scale went down, so that Robert Smith averaged only his four dollars a day.

Once the workmen would have protested and forced—now they merely asked. The superintendent, however, was approachable. After one of these cuts Robert Smith talked it over with him.

"I don't see where we get off any better for making more steel," said he.

"That's the intention," said the boss, not unkindly; "they figure in the office that your job is worth just about four dollars a day. We expect to keep it about there. You might as well get used to that. The automatic machinery is increasing the output—not the men."

"Well, I ought to get some of the benefit," grumbled Smith.

"Who paid for the automatic machinery—you?" shot in the boss with some irritation. Smith went back to his lever and swallowed his protest.

Blind drifters through the infinite, like the rest of us, the worldly wise, efficient men in charge of these improvements could catch by very stature something of the direction in which the mass was drifting. Though the steel business was passing through a period of free competition, they saw combination coming—in what form no man could know, but coming certainly! The necessity for meeting combination, or being able to bargain with it on commanding terms, was one spur to their flanks. From four million dollars their profits rose to five millions—to six; and finally, in that great year which set them above all trusts, to twenty-one! The automatic machinery was doing it—that, and their control over a working force made fluid to their uses.

To Robert Smith, casting his eye about in his few hours of leisure, it seemed that his world was growing grayer and duller

Sunshine

Toasted Whole-Wheat Wafers

Nothing sweet nor soft about them. Every bite has the satisfying goodness of specially milled whole wheat. Hard, crisp biscuits that have been buttered and salted just enough to make you relish their nutty flavor—then toasted to an appetizing brown.

Send for the Sample Box that will Appeal to the Men Folks

They are the real things in a man's biscuit, but women and children like them too, served with cheese, a beverage or in a dozen other ways.

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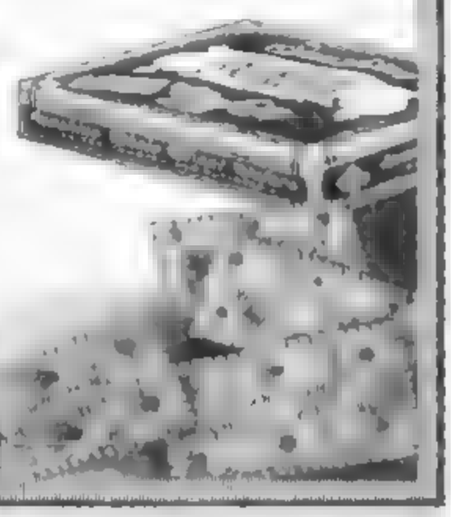

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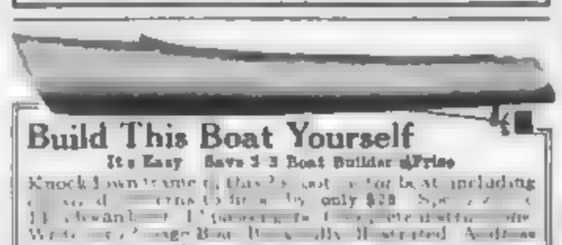

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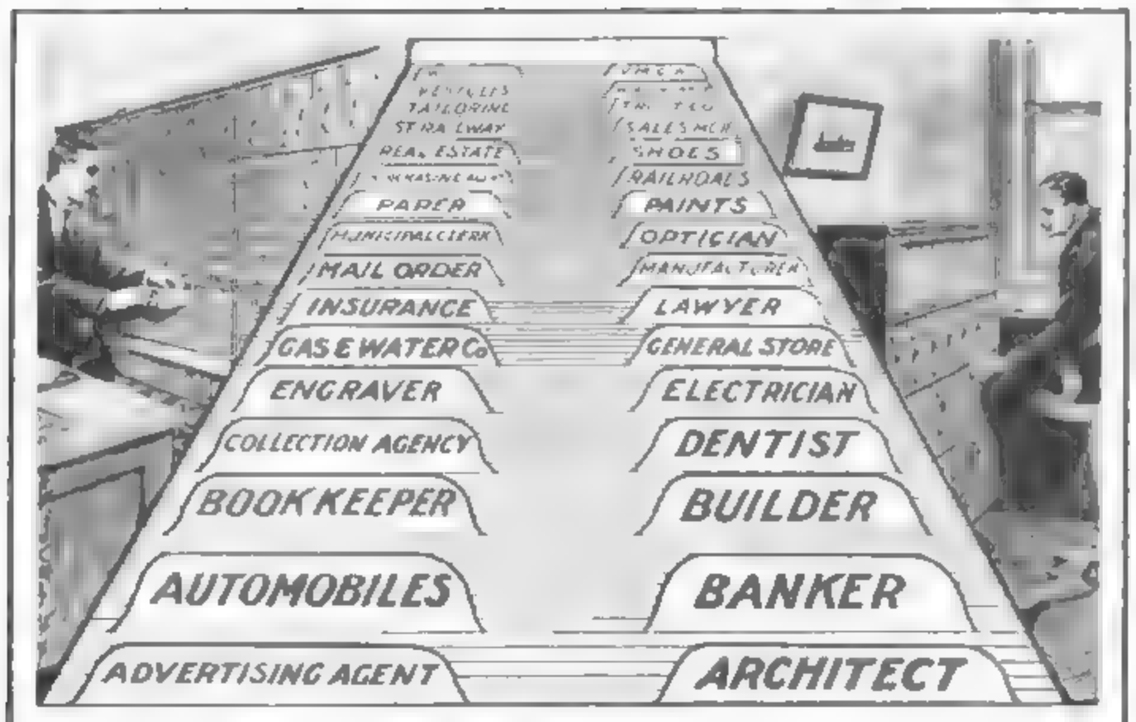

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with strongly-built locomotive, tender, two cars, track, rheostat and battery connections. Any boy can secure one, free of charge. Let us explain. Address Sales Division, The Curtis Publishing Company, Philadelphia, Pa.

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Liquid Cream 50c **HINDS** Honey and Almond **CREAM** *Cold Cream* 25c

Relieves at once, quickly heals, makes clear, velvety skin. Complexions are greatly improved by its use. Endorsed by refined women. Soothes infants' skin troubles. Men who shave prefer it.—Is not greasy; cannot grow hair; is absolutely harmless. At all dealers.

Write for Free Sample Bottle and Tube. A. S. HINDS, 39 West St., Portland, Maine

An Ambitious Woman

chose to be independent. She lived in Springfield, Massachusetts. She was not rich—not even well-to-do. The little money she earned brought her bread and butter but not the amusements and the little luxuries she wanted and to which she felt she was entitled. In looking for something to "help out" she read one of our advertisements explaining Curtis work in home towns. The dignity of the work impressed her, also the permanency of the plan. She is now our "part time" representative, a regular member of our pay-roll, and supplements her present income by $10.00 a week.

If your income is limited, we will arrange so that you can represent our publications in your locality and earn the money you need.

AGENCY DIVISION

The Curtis Publishing Company, Philadelphia

with every year. His own mill, barring a few general improvements, remained about as it had been; but in the more important units of the steel company machinery steadily supplanted the man and those who fell away were not common laborers, at the wages of common labor, but high-priced operatives. He would hear how this or that department in one of the greater mills had shut down for improvements of this or that process; when it resumed, six or seven manipulators would be out of jobs—clean gone from the plant or shelved to some lower-priced position. Nothing in his home district appeared quite so bright and prosperous as it had been. The entertainments of Mary's church became less frequent and more economical; the lodges gave fewer banquets; he thought he felt it in the very clothing of the inhabitants as he saw them on the streets.

Another thing conspired to make Homestead and all its fringe of steel towns less like the old abiding place than before—the foreigner was pouring into the mills. People of strange faces and unknown tongues—Hungarians, Poles, Lithuanians, Czechs—dwelt in the old frame houses where he had visited his mates and their sisters during his young manhood.

Unionism in the mills was paralyzed, but not yet wholly dead. So unreasoning is all humanity, so ingrained is the suspicion of strangers, that this foreign influx did something to revive it. The feeling came to a head in Bob Smith's case when he found the bosses promoting certain efficient Hungarians from the common labor at which they had begun to the semiskilled positions formerly occupied by Americans.

By now, Robert Smith had three children, and he was entering upon that stage in family life when children cost more every year. That alone, of course, was enough to keep him and Mary skimping and scheming to match up both ends of twenty-eight dollars a week. Yet it did not wholly account for the increased drain on his budget. Hard times were over; the full-dinner-pail era of prosperity had arrived. Robert Smith understood only dimly—if at all—the rule formulated by old-fashioned economics that prices are low in hard times and high in times of prosperity. It works this way, I believe: In hard times the average laborer gets low wages and pays low prices for food, shelter and clothing. In good times he receives high wages and pays high prices for his commodities. So, like the girl in George Ade's fable, he finishes just about where he begins—except for one thing: Conditions of labor are more stable in this era of prosperity; there are fewer layoffs, fewer days of forced idleness. Now Robert Smith, in his regular, steady job, felt one effect of prosperity—higher prices. As for the increase in wages, it seemed that some unbenevolent god were keeping that from him!

The Smith family could afford steak less often—and that not so much because the children were draining their resources as because the actual price of steak was higher. Mary Smith, past the lingering girlish vanity of her bridal days, entering that period of voluntary self-sacrifice which motherhood means in the working class, would have bought fewer clothes than of old in any event; but she found even simple fabrics rising toward the limit of her means. And in the course of these events happened a tiny incident that Robert Smith has probably forgotten, but which will be a guidepost for us.

Little Bobbie Junior, six years old, had been left to watch the kettle. Too young for even this responsibility, he went about his own childish devices until Mary, washing in the back yard, was warned of calamity by the smell of burning. She dashed indoors to find the tin pot melting over the red-hot stove—its solder gone, its joints loosened. After the first flash of her anger she did not blame Bobbie. She herself had forgotten. But that night she told Robert about it.

"And I'll be needing more money," she said. "I had to buy a new one; it cost seventy-five cents."

"That's more than you paid for the old one, ain't it?" asked Robert Smith.

"Yes; the old one cost fifty cents—just the same thing too. A quarter's difference! It's awful what things cost!" replied Mary.

You perceive my meaning, I suppose? That quarter had flowed away into the stream of golden water!

Editor's Note—This is the second of three articles by Will Irwin. The third will appear in an early issue.

Can you depend on your glasses?

REMEMBER THE NAME **Shur-on**

EYEGLASS & SPECTACLE MOUNTINGS

H-7 Shur-on Guards make eyeglasses a pleasure and comfort for those who have been unable to even wear eyeglasses.

After 35 years' experience the first Shur-on was made 12 years ago. Today, with new guards and improvements, Shur-ons, always the best, are better than ever.

Write for "How to Buy Glasses Intelligently."

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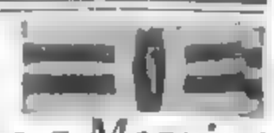
The New Poison in the Tube

RAT BIS-KIT PASTE

Kills Rats, Mice and Roaches Instantly

[illegible] THE RAT BIS-KIT CO. [illegible]

A Club or Fraternity Hat Band Has a Meaning



It is an identification—and a distinction. Prepare *now* for Summer. Interview your club associates—find [illegible] members will need. Let WICK [illegible] or send your [illegible] will design [illegible] exclusive use [illegible] one dozen or more, 75c [illegible] 60c] regular stock patterns in WICK bands, 50c a band. Order each [illegible] designs or stock patterns through your hatter or direct from Dept. S.

WICK NARROW FABRIC CO., 931 Market Street, Philadelphia

(Originators of the Fancy Hat Band business)

Cedar Canoes $20 and Up

Detroit Canoes can't sink

All canoes cedar and copper fastened. We make all sizes and styles, also power canoes. Write for free catalog, giving *prices direct from factory to you.* (15)

Detroit Boat Co., 118 Bellevue Ave., Detroit, Mich.

WANTED high grade salesmen to sell the improved Clipless Paper Fasteners, hand and stand machines.

CLIPLESS PAPER FASTENER COMPANY, Newton, Iowa.

No-Rim-Cut Tires 10% Oversize

All Tiredom Records Broken

This Coming Season

Will You Still Over-Spend for Tires?

Will you who don't know No-Rim-Cut tires waste a pretty large share of your tire money?

Note this convincing evidence:

Men who do know bought last year 918,687 Goodyear tires. And they wanted 400,000 more.

They bought more than men bought in the previous twelve years put together.

The demand has broken all records of Tiredom, after countless mileage tests.

Now, isn't it time that you made a comparison?

Is it wise to face, for another season, blow-outs and rim-cuts and waste?

The evidence is that No-Rim-Cut tires save close to half of one's tire money. Stop and consider what that means to you.

If you question such savings, make mileage tests. And remember that hundreds of thousands have made them, with some two million Goodyear tires.

Look at This Tire

You can see that rim-cutting is made completely impossible.

There are no hooks on the base as with old-type tires. The removable rim flanges are set to curve outward.

The tire, when wholly or partly deflated, rests on a rounded edge.

The tire is held on by our patented feature—by six flat bands of 126 braided wires vulcanized into the tire base. That makes the tire base unstretchable. The tire can't be forced off, and yet it slips off like any quick-detachable when you remove a rim flange.

We control this patented feature.

See the Oversize

You can see that these tires are oversize, compared with clincher tires.

We claim but 10 per cent. But careful comparison of air capacity shows an actual average oversize of 16 7 per cent. We compared with six makes of clinchers.

Even 10 per cent oversize, under average conditions, adds 25 per cent to the tire mileage.

See the Non-Skid

Compare this Non-Skid with all other non-skids. You can see for yourself the tremendous advantages.

Note that we here add a complete extra tread, making a double-thick tread.

This extra tread is a very tough rubber. So the non-skid feature is immensely enduring.

The blocks are deep-cut and sharp-cut. Countless edges and angles grasp the road surface with a bulldog grip.

Then these blocks widen out so they meet at the base. They don't center the strains on a part of the fabric. They distribute the strains as with smooth-tread tires. That means a long-lived tire.

Five minutes spent in a Goodyear shop will convince you that these things mean less tire cost.

What Mileage?

We can't prophesy the mileage, beyond our warrant, which you'll get from No-Rim-Cut tires.

That depends too largely on things we can't control. It depends on tire size as compared with car weight. It depends on roads and usage.

We can only say how the mileage compares with other tires under the same conditions. And that you can prove by comparison.

Statistics show that 23 per cent of all clincher tires become rim-cut. Our patent tire never does.

Usage proves that 10 per cent oversize, with equal tires, adds 25 per cent to the tire mileage.

Reason will tell you that double-thick non-skids, with the strains distributed, will outlast the common non-skids.

Now we ask you to learn, by odometer test, what all this means to you.

Do It Now

Don't go on paying excessive tire up-keep, if this way really ends it.

Tires should be judged by the cost per mile. Else what is the use of working out these economies?

Here are tires that can't rim-cut. Here are oversize tires. Here are double-thick non-skids. Reason says they ought to save money. Legions say they do. And these tires, on sheer merit, now outsell all others.

You owe yourself a trial of such tires.

Write for the Goodyear Tire Book—14th-year edition. It tells all that we know, after fourteen years, about cutting down tire expense.

GOODYEAR

AKRON, OHIO

No-Rim-Cut Tires

With or Without Non-Skid Treads

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, AKRON, OHIO

Branches and Agencies in 103 Principal Cities
More Service Stations Than Any Other Tire

We Make All Kinds of Rubber Tires, Tire Accessories and Repair Outfits
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Handy 5¢ Bags—or one pound glass Humidor Jars

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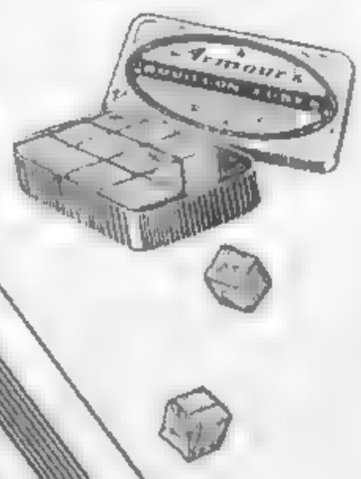
As simple as

Armour's

Your first cup of Armour's Bouillon will teach you more about its excellence than any words can do. Let us send you **free samples** of both beef and chicken flavor.



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Simple as A B C to make. Just drop a cube in a cup of boiling water and you have a delicious consommé which is a perfect blending of beef and vegetable flavor with proper seasoning.

In boxes of 12, 50 and 100.

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For the flash of white that makes a smile wholesome and winsome.

Even more important than good looks is good health—and for that good teeth are necessary. Give your teeth the care they deserve—clean them twice a day with Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream—the complete dentifrice.

Delicious in its flavor, making its use a pleasure and a habit easily formed.
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Safe in its thorough cleansing because it has no harmful grit to scratch the enamel.

Let each member of your family have an individual tube—a box of half a dozen from your dealer will give the household a start toward good teeth, good health and good looks.

Send a 1c stamp for our booklet, "Oral Hygiene."

COLGATE & CO. Dept. P 199 Fulton Street, New York City

Makers of Cashmere Bouquet Soap—luxurious, lasting, refined.

COÖPERATION THAT FAILS

(Continued from Page 18)

the creditors do not get nearly so much as seventy-five cents on the dollar. Sometimes the salvage is higher. But fully half such associations, I am satisfied, fail. In fact some wholesale credit men, made pessimistic by many disappointments, declare flatly that they all fail sooner or later. The undeniable fact that a great many of them fail prejudices coöperation generally. The word is not in good repute. Unquestionably a coöperative concern, to get the same credit, must make a decidedly stronger showing of assets than would be required of a non-coöperative concern. Some wholesale houses are reluctant to sell them at all.

The high mortality rate gives the competing non-coöperative dealer an advantage. He can say to his customers: "No use starting to trade with the coöp, because it's sure to blow up before you get any rebate on your purchases."

Incidentally coöperation suffers more or less from the considerable number of concerns which use that word on their signs, but are not really coöperative at all. An inquiry not long ago among one hundred establishments which purported to be coöperative showed that the greater number were simple corporations, distributing whatever profits they made among their own stockholders in proportion to the money investment, like any other corporation.

The plain fact is that any small solitary coöperative buying association which begins at the top, like Doctor Tinley's experiment at Lily Park, has a hard row to hoe. So long as it is small and solitary it can do relatively little in the way of giving its members cheaper living.

The Necessary Middleman

Here are two grocery and meat shops side by side. One is coöperative, the other is not. Now the coöperative shop cannot buy goods any cheaper than the other shop. If the non-coöperative shop has a shade the better management, or more cash, it can underbuy the coöperators. At most the coöperators can only save and distribute among their patrons the profits of the non-coöperative shop, and such profits are seldom large. Probably a majority of small independent grocers and butchers make only fair living wages for themselves and an ordinary rate of interest on the capital invested. But the coöperators undertake to pay their manager fair living wages and an ordinary rate of interest, usually about six per cent, on the capital invested. If they do that and can still sell goods on the whole decidedly cheaper than the non-coöperative shop, it is only because they have very superior management, and taking it by and large superior management has not been a characteristic of small coöperations.

You can't make very much, in short, by eliminating just one middleman. If that middleman is a retail grocer or butcher you must immediately hire somebody to tend shop in his place. You will save just the difference between the hired manager's salary and the retailer's profits over and above a salary. In a great many cases that difference is not large, the retailer's profits amounting to little more than a fair salary.

There is a rather popular but entirely mistaken notion that the middleman is a quite superfluous person. However undesirable economically any particular middleman may be, it will be found ninety-nine times out of a hundred that he actually performs some necessary work in the distribution of goods. The real problem is not simply to eliminate him, but to find a substitute that will do his work more cheaply.

For example, there was a country canning factory owned partly by farmers, who disposed of their corn, peas and tomatoes to it—a first-class establishment for its size too. In the beginning the factory sold its output to wholesale houses; but after a couple of years it decided to eliminate the middleman and sell directly to retailers. The first year under the new system it met with losses from bad debts which absorbed all its profits. A wholesale house, handling a great many products besides canned vegetables, could afford to maintain an elaborate credit department that would be quite out of the question for a small canning factory. In this case the wholesaler's profit covered whatever loss might arise in selling canned tomatoes to retailers. When the canning factory assumed that risk it found that it might better have paid the wholesaler to assume it. So eliminating the middleman is never the perfectly simple feat that some people imagine. The real question is to get the middleman's work done more cheaply.

It should not be forgotten that the middleman himself is often a great coöperator. There is more actual coöperation, for example, in a big wholesale grocery than in any solitary coöperative retail shop. I mean there is more actual working together. One credit department answers for a hundred different lines of goods; one shipping department handles canned corn, sugar, spices, flour, and what not, moving to a hundred different destinations; one sales organization distributes everything. By spreading the cost of each necessary function over a great volume of goods of different sorts the tax on each item and line is made small.

The little solitary coöperation at the top cannot make much impression. Suppose the patrons of every retail grocery, butcher and fruit shop, by themselves supplying the capital to run it and assuming the trouble and responsibility of its management, could save all the profits over and above, say, six per cent on the amount invested and sufficient salary for the manager to attract a competent man. How much would they reduce the cost of living, supposing the shops to be managed with the same degree of competence as at present?

Not very much, in my opinion; for I don't believe the retail grocer's profits, above a fair interest on the investment and a fair salary, average very large.

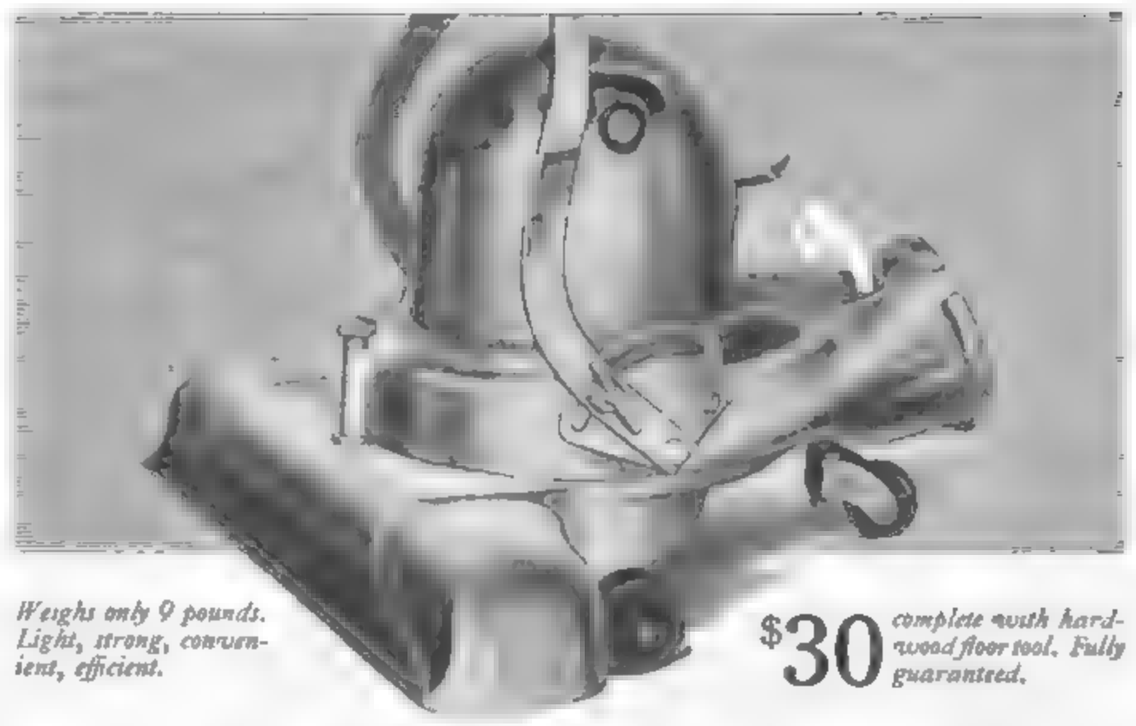
But if you had one hundred, two hundred, five hundred coöperative shops all working together and buying together, that would be a very different proposition. One way of stating it is that the united buying power of a hundred people amounts to relatively little; but the united buying power of ten thousand or fifty thousand people amounts to a great deal. Then, no doubt, you could underbuy the small, independent non-coöperative shop in many cases. If you sold, as coöperators usually do, at the ordinary retail price you would be able to distribute rebates that your patrons would appreciate, and the larger the rebates the more patrons.

A Problem to Wrestle With

But if the solitary store doesn't succeed how is one to get a dozen, fifty, a hundred stores? That is the problem for coöperation to wrestle with. A great many people believe in coöperation. It is not so very difficult to start a single, initial buying association. If that association succeeded, distributing substantial profits among its shareholders and patrons, it would be easy to start a second, third, tenth, twentieth store. The more stores there were—given competent management—the larger the profits ought to be and the easier it would become to extend the system. But it is extremely difficult to make any notable success of the small initial store, and if that store fails nobody will go in for more stores. It's a good deal like having to drown as a condition of learning to swim.

Nevertheless the coöperative idea persists; in fact as cost of living mounts it seems to grow stronger. Countless small associations are formed, and it is true that some of them meet with considerable success. It is impossible to get in touch with all of them. A good many unfortunately soon disappear so completely that only an indistinct memory is left behind. Without pretending to have all the facts I believe the greater proportion of the successes are among foreign-born folk. In a list of small coöperative concerns that have achieved sufficient permanency to become a matter of commercial record I find such adjectives as Bohemian, Slavic, Lithuanian, Servian, Swedish, even Finnish, in a majority of the titles. Which naturally reminds one that successful coöperation has pretty generally been a child of necessity. It was a handful of poverty-stricken weavers, who had to buy food cheaper or go hungry, that started the great Rochdale movement which is now the world's greatest example of successful coöperation.

Possibly because the Rochdale weavers started with foodstuffs, or because food is the first item in cost of living, most of these buying associations take the shape of groceries or combined groceries and meatshops.



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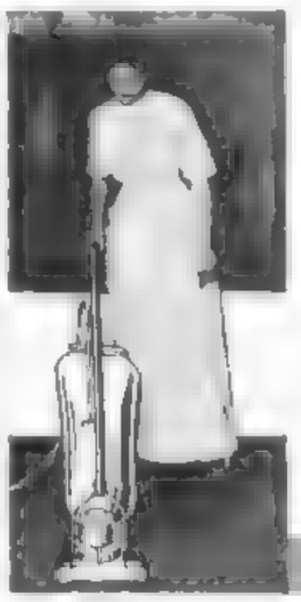

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Have a clean House Easily, Every Day in the Year

The Frantz Premier will help you. It goes under furniture, into corners. Attach it to any lamp socket. It uses little current, and can be kept in a small closet.

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Descriptive catalog with attractive prices mailed free upon request. Either style of pins here illustrated with any three letters and figures, one or two colors of enamel. STERLING SILVER, 25c each; $2.50 dozen; SILVER PLATE, 10c each; $1.00 dozen.

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Strong, durable and cheaper than wood. Hundreds of patterns for lawns, churches, cemeteries, public grounds. Write for free catalogue and special offer. Complete line of Farm Fence, Gates, etc.

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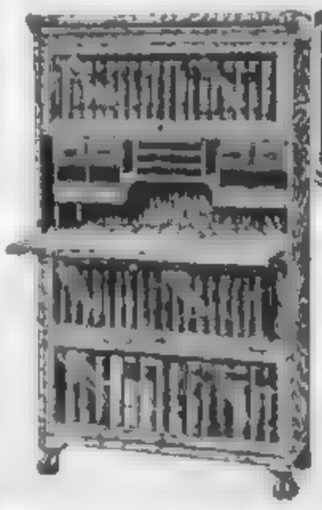

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BUY THIS PAPER AND BUY QUALITY

There is but *one* grade of Scotch Linen Ledger—the very best that we know how to make. We have made paper since 1853 and in all that fifty-nine years our aim has been to make better papers all the time. Scotch Linen Ledger is more than a *name* with us, it is our *reputation*, sustained by quality.

Scotch Linen Ledger

is tough, strong, pliable. It has a wonderful writing surface and can't be beaten for insurance policies, checks, drafts and all legal documents. It is in a class by itself for blank books and ledgers and the lighter weights make business stationery of characteristic distinction. Colors are white, buff or blue—the buff being best for sensitive eyes. Ask your stationer or printer to get it for you from his jobber.

You may pay more, but you cannot buy better value.

PARSONS PAPER COMPANY
Holyoke, U. S. A.
Established 1853

There are, of course, many other forms: sometimes a coal-buying association; sometimes a league of housewives to get butter, eggs and vegetables direct from the country. But generally the coöperation begins only at the top, after the article has reached the last stage of its journey from producer to consumer. The Rochdale association, it should be remembered, now owns factories, plantations, ships, and as to many articles has complete control from production to consumption.

True, this association started in a very small way and had a desperate struggle for existence. It managed to survive; partly, without doubt, because the weavers saw absolutely no hope for themselves except in coöperation. One reason why coöperation often fails in the United States is that the people engaged in it are really able to keep house quite comfortably without coöperating. They will not make the sacrifices of time and convenience that are necessary to get the movement started right.

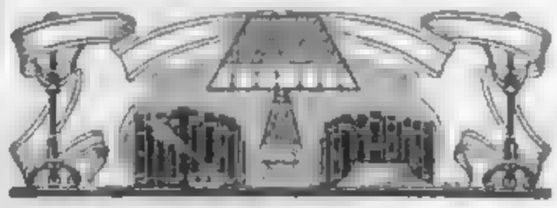
Of course it is to be hoped the right start will be made sometime from which a big movement will grow. With that hope a typical and very interesting experiment was launched in Chicago last year under the title of the United States Coöperative Company. T. P. Dudley started the enterprise from altruistic motives and assumed the presidency. He enlisted a number of professors at the Chicago University; G. C. Chritton, a patent lawyer and banker; C. O. Boring, who is both a wholesale drygoods man and an enthusiast for coöperation; L. A. Stebbins, an insurance lawyer; D. C. Williams, a contractor, and others of similar standing. It was necessary to incorporate under the coöperative law of Wisconsin and get admitted to do business in Illinois as a foreign corporation, because the Illinois corporation law requires that every share of stock have one vote and that profits be distributed among stockholders in proportion to their investment, whereas the coöperators wish every stockholder to have one vote, irrespective of the number of shares he holds, and to distribute profits among patrons in proportion to their purchases.

Chains of Stores

This company's first and so far its only store was opened on Sixty-third Street last July—a combined grocery and meat shop. Mr. Dudley enlisted about two hundred shareholders in the vicinity of the shop, which should have given the establishment a very good volume of business. So far it has not come up to expectations. Many of the shareholders trade elsewhere whenever they can make an immediate saving of a few cents on a given purchase. This shop has met with the same tribulations which seem to beset all new coöperative ventures.

However Mr. Dudley and his associates are valiantly pushing on and expect to succeed eventually. As soon as the Sixty-third Street store can be got on a paying basis—as soon, that is, as it can distribute any profits among its customers—they propose to establish a second store, then a third, a fourth, and so on, until they have a long chain of coöperative shops, all the buying for which will be done by one organization. With a dozen, twenty, fifty shops buying as a unit, profits will increase, and as patrons receive substantial profits or rebates the movement will spread of itself. But the present problem is to get the first shop on a paying basis.

In the Northwest, with headquarters at Minneapolis, there is already a very well-established chain of coöperative retail stores—about one hundred and fifty in all—known as the Right Relationship League. This chain of stores has been in existence several years and may fairly be considered a success. For the last two or three years, however, its growth has not been very rapid, and as yet it gives no tangible indication of supplanting the old non-coöperative retail system to any widely important extent. A good many retail shops started under the league's auspices have failed, and though the league on the whole may be considered successful, its experience shows the difficulties that beset coöperative buying even when it has spread over considerable ground.



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ALLEN, grower of true-to-name strawberry plants ... years' experience ...

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Roses, Plants, Seeds,

Bulbs, Vines, Shrubs, etc., by ... postpaid. ... arrival and ... of Fruit and Ornamental Trees. 1 200 acres, 60 in hardy roses—none better grown. 47 greenhouses of Palms, Ferns, Begonias, Geraniums, etc. Immense stock of Superb Cannas, the queen of bedding plants. Large assortment of hardy Perennial Plants, which last for years.

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Our big Catalogue of Flower ... Bulbs, and rare new Fruits ... only. We are the largest ... world of Gladiolus, Cannas ...

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$7.55 Buys World's Champion 140-Egg Incubator

... cases all over, best copper tank, ... Belle City Incubator Co Box 77 Racine, Wis.

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when "Peter Henderson Seeds" began to establish a reputation for high quality and dependability. "Sterling" on **Silver**, "18k" on **Gold** and "Henderson" on **Seeds** are the marks which stand for **Best.**

START RIGHT. The success of your garden depends upon the reputation behind the **Seeds.** By the time poor seeds have proved themselves worthless it is usually **too late in the season** to start all over with **good Seeds. Start right,** and prevent disappointment.

What We Want to Send You

One copy "Everything for the Garden," our annual catalogue and a real dictionary of the garden. Weight one pound, 204 pages, magnificently illustrated with over 800 photo-engravings and 8 plates in natural colors. The most beautiful and most complete catalogue you can imagine. Full of practical hints and instruction.

One copy "Garden Guide and Record," a book that should be in the hands of everyone, whether planting for pleasure or profit. Tells just "How and Why." Planting schedules, cultural directions, garden plans, and even household recipes which will be appreciated by every housekeeper.

One packet Ponderosa Tomato	One packet Invincible Asters
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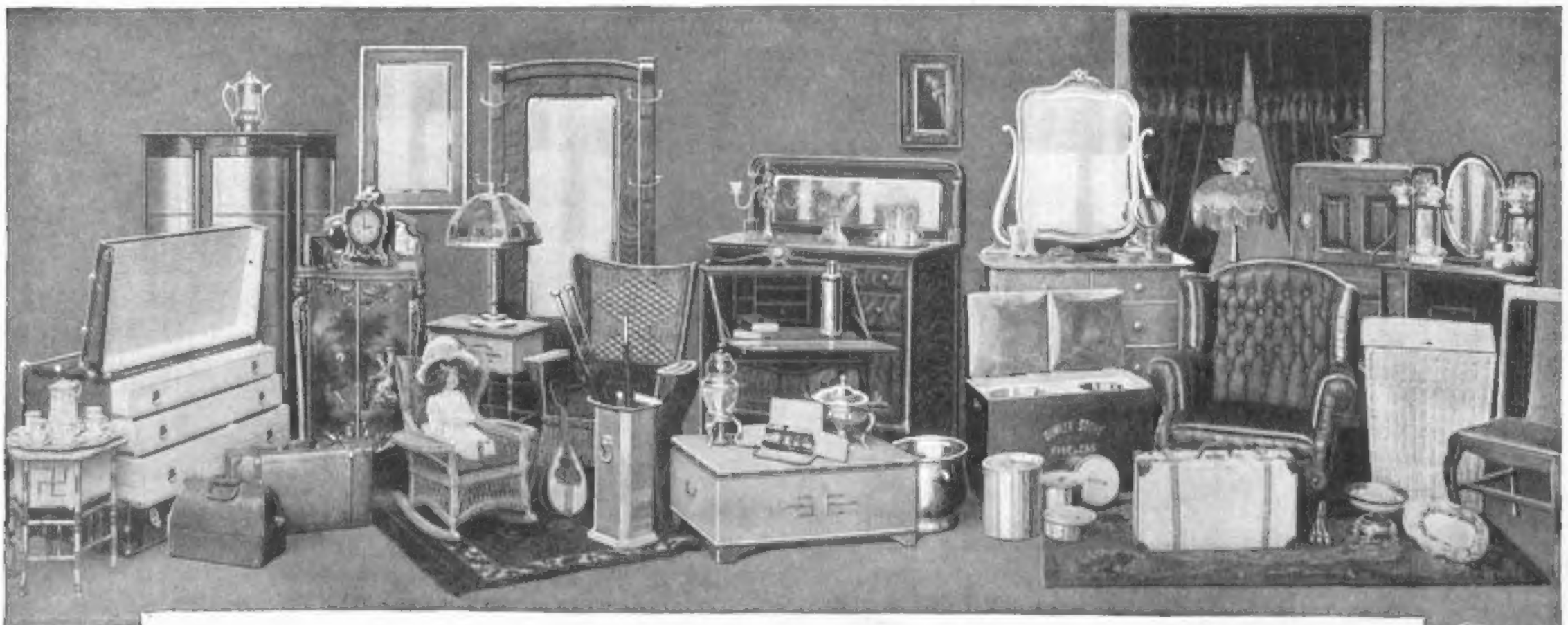
[Packed in a Coupon Envelope, which will be accepted as 25 cents in cash toward payment on your next order amounting to $1.00 or over.]

All we ask is—tell us where you saw this advertisement and enclose 10 cts. in stamps to only help pay cost of sending *all the above to you.*

PETER HENDERSON & CO. 35 & 37 CORTLANDT STREET NEW YORK CITY EST. 1847



A co-operative profit-sharing plan used by leading manufacturers to increase their volume of sales

Any article shown above and a thousand others given free in exchange for Hamilton Coupons

25 coupons and a handsome premium catalog given to all who send the corner card from this page

IF you are not collecting **Hamilton Coupons** begin now. They are packed in standard, popular brands of grocery products, toilet specialties, and other merchandise such as you are buying almost every day.

The goods carrying these coupons cost no more than goods that do *not* contain **Hamilton Coupons**—and yet you obtain, *without a cent of cost*, furniture, silverware, rugs and other elegant articles for your home. The coupons represent a big money-saving discount on your purchases—a discount which the manufacturers give to increase their volume of sales. Highest quality—guaranteed purity—full weight—full measure—elegant premiums—and a saving on the cost of living—you get all this when you buy goods containing

Hamilton Coupons

High-Class Premiums for You

The premiums are articles of the kind sold by the best stores. By purchasing in immense quantities, we get the first choice of the latest styles and finest qualities of furniture, silverware, cut glass, jewelry, etc., at wholesale prices—and *you* get the benefit of this big buying power. Your **Hamilton Coupons** will, therefore, go farther than cash. Our *Premium Catalog* gives lists and illustrations.

Hamilton Coupons are soon collected

Because so *many* manufacturers pack **Hamilton Coupons** you can soon have a large collection. It's not like the slow gathering of the wrappers, labels or coupons of *one* manufacturer. The *best* goods of all kinds contain these coupons. You are always sure of getting *quality* when you select them. Every good store carries **Hamilton Coupon** goods. You need not wait. Begin collecting today.

Look around your home. How many places there are where you could put a Morris chair, a couch, a reading lamp and many other things you have always wanted. Think how easily you can get them without expense, simply by collecting **Hamilton Coupons**.

Partial List of "Hamilton Coupon" Goods

Swift's Borax Soap
Runkel's Cocoa
Argo Starch
Gorton's Cod Fish Cake
Electro-Silicon Silver Polish
Golden Egg Macaroni
Runkel's Sweet Chocolate
Swift's Wool Soap Chips
Mapl-Corn Flakes
Clicquot Club Ginger Ale
Union Leader Smoking Tobacco
Sealpackerchief Handkerchiefs
Salvation Matches
My Wife's Salad Dressing
Jellycon Jelly Powder
Swift's Pride Cleanser
Send for Complete List

A Hamilton Premium Parlor near you

One of our 500 Premium Parlors is in or near your city—so you can easily select what you may want in exchange for your coupons. You can fill your house with choice, useful and decorative furnishings, and you can obtain, without cost, many gifts for friends.

We will send 25 Coupons FREE to start your collection

Just fill out and send the corner card and we will mail you 25 of the **Hamilton Coupons**, our fine *Premium Catalog*, and a list of the goods in which these coupons are packed; and we will tell you the location of our nearest *Premium Parlor* where you can make your selections.

More than *eight million people* are already beautifying their homes without expense by means of **Hamilton Coupons**—and you can do likewise. *Always ask your dealer for* **"Hamilton Coupon"** goods—and send today for the twenty-five free coupons.

The Hamilton Corporation

Guaranteed Resources, $1,000,000.00

2 to 6 West 45th Street New York City

S. E. P.

The Hamilton Corporation
2 to 6 West 45th St.
New York City

Gentlemen:
Please send me 25 **Hamilton Coupons**, your Premium Catalog, list of **"Hamilton Coupon"** goods and address of nearest Premium Parlor.

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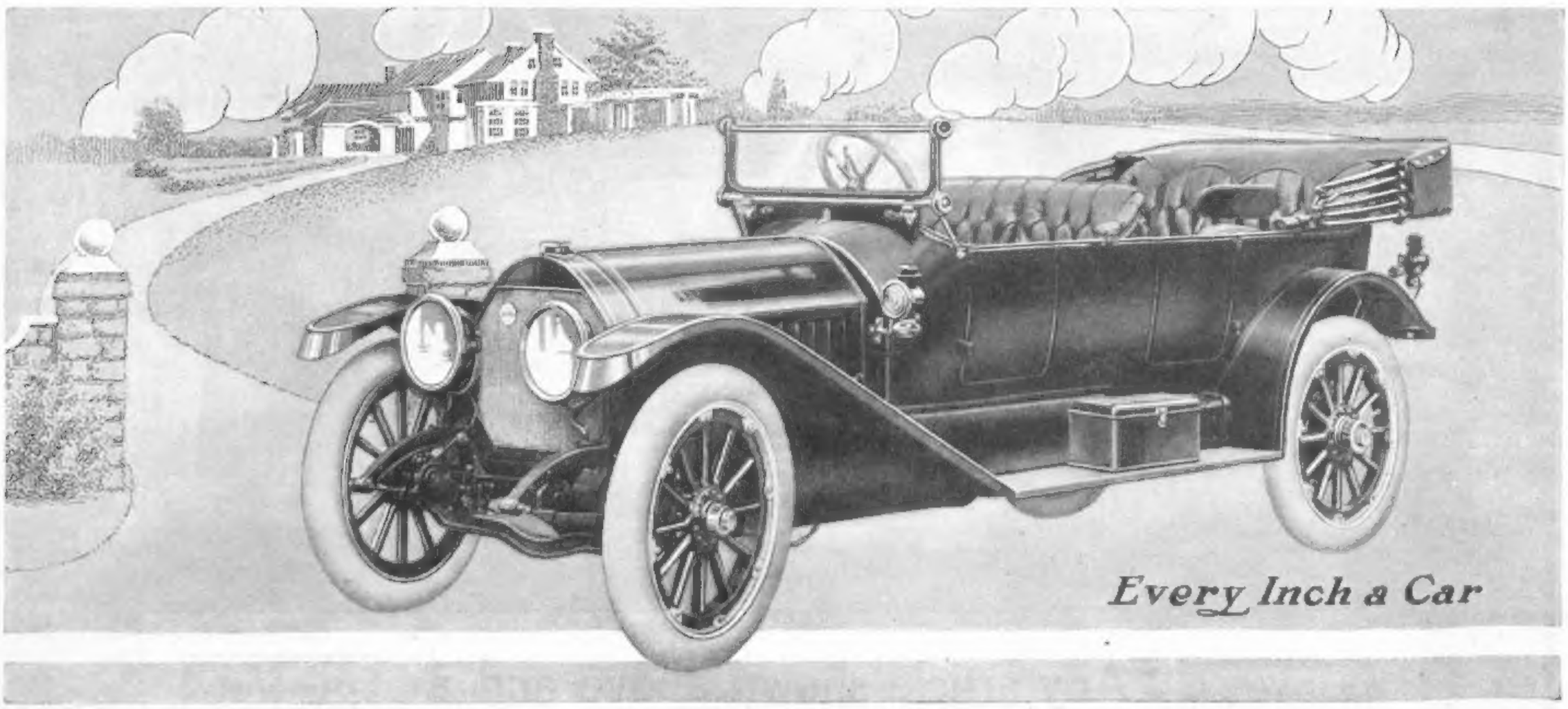


The long stroke 60 H.P. "Six" KisselKar—a history maker of the industry—a car of advanced standard—of comfort, flexibility and distinction.

No other car has made such an impression on the industry as this $3150 KisselKar 60 H. P. "Six." This model has had much to do with the new trade-wide impetus toward sixes, and the readjustment of prices.

The KisselKar "Six" was early to disclose the effectiveness of manufacturing economies in producing the highest type automobile at from one to two thousand dollars less than the former price standards on six cylinder cars. It was the modern-priced "Six", and it set a new standard of value which the industry has accepted, and, while its price is approximated, it is still conspicuous because of advanced standards of comfort, roominess, flexibility and distinction.

KISSELKAR

The new favor of the "Six" is simply the appreciation of the smoothness of six cylinders—the steady stream of power obtainable only in a six cylinder motor.

—And with this superiority of six cylinders, the KisselKar motor includes the flexibility of the long stroke.

Throw out the clutch, let the car stand and the engine race—the engine vibration is hardly perceptible. That's the unequalled smoothness of the long stroke KisselKar six cylinder motor.

Throw in your clutch—see how easily the car picks up speed. Leave your gears in high (4th geared-up speed) and see how *slow* you can go. Take a stiff hill on "high" at the same easy speed; no rushing—up you climb with unfaltering steadiness. And if you want speed, you can get more than you will often care to use, except as reserve power. This is the extreme of engine flexibility—easy control and masterful ability.

Liberal design is another factor of KisselKar leadership. Every model of the KisselKar line is roomier, easier riding and more attractive because of liberal design.

The generous wheelbase makes possible the roomy tonneaus and unusually deep seats, which give a new distinction and riding comfort to the KisselKar, and gives the car the perfect "balance" which makes it easy steering and "light on its feet" in picking the road.

Liberality of design extends to every part, providing bigger wearing surfaces and greater safety margin, which mean greater durability, and lower upkeep.

Every KisselKar model offers a *distinctive* value, an advance standard of comfort, and an engaging individuality which belongs to the KisselKar exclusively.

"Thirty"	$1700	"Forty"	$2000
"Fifty"	$2500	60 H.P. "Six"	$3150

Electric Lighted and Started—
Fully Equipped and Appointed

Write for 1913 catalog, illustrating all models. It will give you a new standard for comparison, and aid you in judging automobile values.

1500 lb., 1 ton, 2500 lb., 2, 3, 4, 5 ton Trucks, Delivery Wagons, Fire Department Apparatus, Hearses, Ambulances, Police Patrols, etc. Write for special truck catalog.

KisselKar Service

KisselKar Service is supplied by the manufacturer through a national service organization, with specially equipped buildings as service-centers at principal points. The detailed care given every KisselKar, both pleasure model and truck, sets a new standard of obligation assumed by the manufacturers.

Every dollar of KisselKar value is increased by KisselKar Service. This service means expert care for your car, such as retards depreciation, insures uninterrupted efficiency, minimizes running cost, and conserves every dollar of your investment.

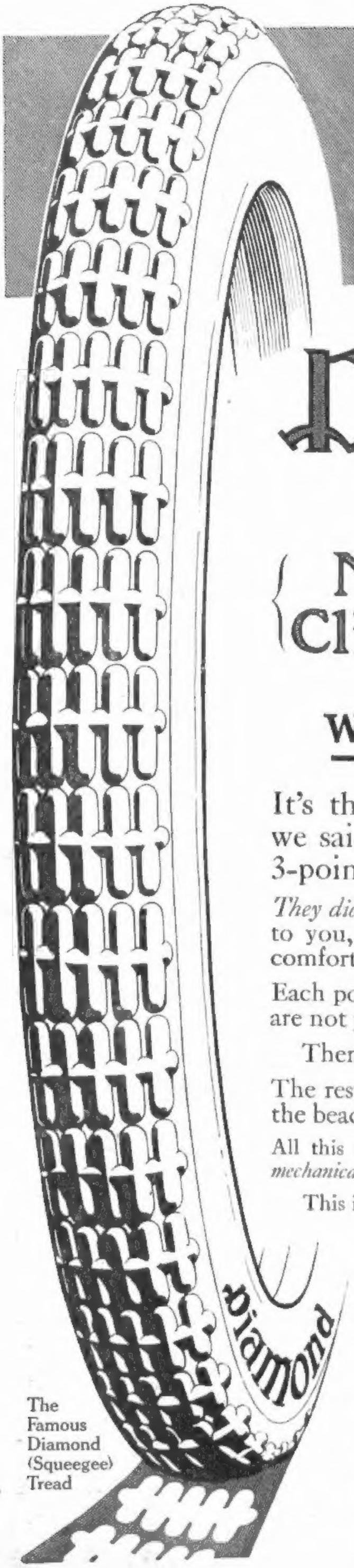
KISSEL MOTOR CAR COMPANY, 400 Kissel Avenue, HARTFORD, WISCONSIN

Boston New York Chicago Milwaukee Kansas City Los Angeles Minneapolis St. Paul Dallas

Philadelphia, Cleveland, Detroit, El Paso, San Antonio, New Orleans, Baltimore, Omaha, Butte, Denver, San Francisco, Seattle, Portland, Duluth, Buffalo, Pittsburg, Hartford, Conn., New Haven, Albany, Troy, Montreal, Quebec, Toronto, Winnipeg, and 200 other principal points throughout America.

Tire bill payers!

You have demanded a vise-like rim-grip - with no cutting or breaking above the rim-and here it is

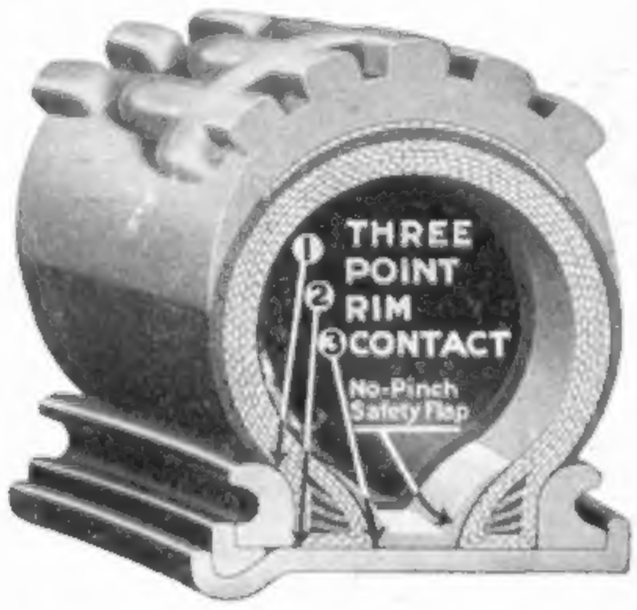


The Famous Diamond (Squeegee) Tread

Diamond

Vitalized Rubber

{No Clinch} Tires



with Perfect 3-Point Rim Contact

It's the *rim* as much as the *road* that wears out your tires. So we said to our Engineers: "You must build us a tire with perfect 3-point rim contact."

They did—and now we offer you a sane, sensible, No-Clinch tire that will appeal to you, as a hard-headed, shrewd tire buyer—a man who insists on easy riding comfort and good liberal mileage.

Each point of rim contact in a tire is a point of support. Where the points of contact are not perfect, undue pressure is brought to bear at an unsupported point of the tire.

Then what happens?

The result is a terrific strain on the tire that will cause rim troubles, breaking above the bead and separation of the tread from the carcass.

All this is overcome in the "Diamond" because the three points of rim contact are absolutely *mechanically perfect*—the annealed steel cabled wire bead holds with a vise-like rim-grip.

This is only one Diamond advantage.

You get additional More Mileage advantage without extra expense in the Diamond *Vitalized Rubber*—a scientific combination of pure, lusty, young rubber and a secret toughening compound—nothing inferior in rubber, fabric or workmanship—the No-Pinch Safety Flap inner tube protector—and, if you desire, the now famous Safety (Squeegee) Tread—made to fit all types of rims.

So this time specify "Diamonds"—you can get them at any of the

25,000 Diamond Dealers
always at your Service

"More Mileage" Book FREE

If you are not entirely satisfied with the mileage you are getting now—if you wish to reduce your tire upkeep—send today for our new book, "How to Get More Mileage Out of Your Tires." It is free to every tire user. No matter what tire you ride on, you simply cannot afford to be without this valuable book, so send the coupon today.

Mail This Coupon TODAY

THE DIAMOND RUBBER COMPANY, 108
Akron, Ohio.

If there is a way for me to get more mileage out of my tires, I would like to know it. Without obligation on my part, send me free and postpaid, by return mail, your new book, "How to Get More Mileage Out of Your Tires."

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Address _____

Baby's First Bath

In a famous hospital, three babes are born daily. The care of these infants has become an exact science.

The nurses use nothing but soft tepid water and pure olive oil for baby's bath the first week of its life.

After that Palmolive naturally follows.

* * * * *

Baby's first soap and water bath should be always a Palmolive bath—smooth, soft, creamy suds, of warm fresh water and Palmolive Soap.

Many physicians recommend Palmolive as the perfect soap for a Baby's delicate skin, because it is made of the two necessary palm and olive oils.

And because it does not contain free alkali, or anything that can injure the tenderest skin.

Palmolive Soap refreshes and invigorates the skin, preventing redness, irritation or chafing.

Its delicate green color is the natural hue of the pure materials from which it is made. Its faint perfume is dainty and refreshing.

Since Palmolive Soap is best for the tender skins of children, it certainly is best for grown women and men.

Palmolive Soap is *unlike* any other toilet soap—because of the soothing, cleansing, softening effects of the wonderful palm and olive oils. That is why more Palmolive is used than any other high-grade toilet soap.

PALMOLIVE SHAMPOO is delightfully cleansing. It stimulates the hair to healthful lustre and luxuriant growth.

PALMOLIVE CREAM is pure and delightful. It whitens and softens the skin, and imparts a soft and delicate refinement to a woman's toilet.

Send two 2-cent stamps for sample cake of Palmolive Soap and free booklet, "The Easy Way to Beauty"

PALMOLIVE is sold by all good dealers

Made by B. J. JOHNSON SOAP COMPANY

MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN